

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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FOR FRANCE TO ANSWER

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL P. R. C. GROVES

I

SINCE the Armistice Europe has experienced a period of unparalleled turmoil. The kaleidoscope of international affairs has shown us ultimatums, wars, revolts, revolutions, and dictatorships. Diplomacy has frequently connoted the point of the bayonet. Vilna, the Ruhr, and Corfu are typical of the spirit which prevails. On the other hand the pact arrived at after the recent convulsion has proved to be no settlement: the Treaty of Versailles is in danger of crumbling, and the League of Nations which it created is far from being that greater barrier to conflict which its promoters intended.

A survey of these sombre facts and of the developments in European armaments results in the conclusion that the post-war chapter of history bears the same heading as all previous chapters — namely, 'Armed Force is the dominant factor in human affairs.'

To appreciate the increasingly sinister significance of air power in Europe it is necessary to note an inevitable corollary to this axiom. This corollary, which is often overlooked, is that the 'diplomatic value' of force is proportional not merely to the size of that force but also to its readiness for action. Witness the crises which in the past

have been solved by the threat of a British naval demonstration; or the diplomatic value of the German Army before the war. Or, as an example of the obverse, witness the discounting by Germany of the enormous potential power of the United States. That Germany miscalculated is beside the point. The value of force as a diplomatic counter is also proportional to its nature — that is, to its war value in terms of speed, range, and potentials for destruction.

Clearly the nature of air power renders it the perfect instrument for diplomatic pressure. It is also the key weapon in war; for, owing to its development, war has altered in character. Hitherto primarily an affair of 'fronts' it will henceforth be primarily an affair of 'areas.' The increase in the range, carrying capacity, speed, and general efficiency of aircraft, together with the actual growth in their numbers and the potentialities of production, implies that on the outbreak of war between any of the principal European Powers whole fleets of aircraft will be available for offensive purposes. Each side will at once strike at the heart and nerve centres of its opponent: at his dockyards, arsenals, munition

factories, mobilization centres, and at those nerve ganglia of national morale — the great cities.

In the opinion of Marshal Foch, contained in a statement given to the writer in January 1921, air force alone may be decisive at the outset in any future European conflict: —

‘The potentialities of aircraft attack on a large scale are almost incalculable, but it is clear that such attack, owing to its crushing moral effect on a nation, may impress public opinion to the point of disarming the Government and thus become decisive.’

The protagonists of the older forms of force are inclined to discount the new arm and contend that its claims are based upon prophecy, not upon accomplishment. It might as well be claimed that the armament programmes of all States are based on prophecy!

The predominance of air power is warranted by an array of facts the mere enumeration of which would fill a volume. Salient among these are: —

(1) That the strategic aerial weapon, namely the long-distance weight-carrying aeroplane, has undergone great technical development since the Armistice. At a moderate estimate its general efficiency as a weapon of war has doubled. This is due to improvements in the designs of the aircraft themselves, to the increasing use of steel and lightweight metal alloys in their construction, and to more powerful and more efficient engines. In 1918 the most reliable aircraft of this type carried two engines giving a total of between 700 and 800 horsepower. The giants of to-day are driven by several engines of which the total horsepower may be as much as 2700. A 4000-horsepower machine will soon be in the air. The significance of these figures will be seen if they be compared with the horsepower of the railway locomotive, which, in Europe, averages 1000.

The armament of the bomber has also developed, both in regard to the number of small-calibre guns it carries for its own protection, — now as many as eight, — and to the size and efficiency of its bombs. The largest bomb yet manufactured was made by the Aircraft Armament Division of the United States Ordnance Department. The following account of a recent test illustrates the immense potentials for destruction of aerial bombardment: —

This 4000-lb. demolition bomb is of much the same design as the 2000-lb. bomb used so effectively against the ex-German battleship *Oestfriedland*, destroyed last year in aviation tests. The bomb actually weighs about 4300 lbs. complete with nose and tail fuses, loaded with approximately 2000 lbs. of TNT.

The bomb, when dropped in a recent test, was fitted with time fuses and fell in a firm sandy soil from 4000 feet altitude. The fuses functioned perfectly, delaying the detonation of the charge until the bomb was well buried, and the explosion threw a dense cloud of earth to a height of over 1000 feet. The crater averaged 64 feet in diameter with a depth of 19 feet below the original level and a rim about 5 feet high. The volume displaced was over 1000 cubic yards.

(2) Experiments carried out on both sides of the Atlantic have proved that battleships can be sunk by aircraft attack on a scale which is quite small compared with that which is now possible. This aspect will be considered more fully later.

(3) There has also been a marked development both in the performance and in the armaments of that class of aircraft, heavier than air, known as ‘Fighters.’ But it should be noted that, on the whole, the offensive has gained on the defensive in the sphere of aerial armaments. This is due principally to the above-mentioned development in the strategic aerial weapon.

In the future war of areas the only effective defense against aircraft attack

will be the aerial counter-offensive, and the only effective safeguard against aerial aggression will be the threat of reprisals in kind. The truth of this postulate will be apparent from the following considerations:—

At the Armistice the air defenses of London consisted of 11 specially trained night-fighting squadrons of aeroplanes, 180 guns on the ground, 10 balloon aprons, and a large number of searchlights. The number of aircraft was nearly 300, and the total number of men employed was some 30,000—that is, the equivalent of two divisions of infantry. In addition there were a number of specially prepared night-landing grounds, extensive telephone installations, and a large headquarters staff to coördinate and direct the whole defensive organization. These defenses were found to be inadequate to protect London against the Lilliputian air raids of that period, the largest of which was carried out by only 36 aeroplanes.

It would obviously be impracticable in peace time for any European State to maintain air defenses, even on this totally inadequate scale, not merely for the defense of its capital but for every city, town, dockyard, arsenal, munition factory and other nerve centre within its frontiers.

The experience of all the belligerents during the Great War proved that ground defenses are of little value against aircraft. Balloon aprons cannot reach high enough. Anti-aircraft guns may or may not help to reassure the population and demoralize the invaders, but their material effect is negligible. Very frequently weather conditions preclude the gunners from seeing their targets, and even under good conditions of visibility the percentage of hits of the total number of rounds fired lurks in the depths of decimal notation. Early in the late conflict the British Ministry of Munitions esti-

mated that in order to score a direct hit upon an aeroplane flying at 8000 feet and capable of a speed of 100 miles per hour no less than 162,000 guns would have to fire simultaneously! The experience of the war bore out that estimate. There is a difference of opinion as to the number of aeroplanes brought down by anti-aircraft fire over Great Britain in the course of the recent conflict, but the total can be placed fairly safely at under six.

If, in the full light of our present knowledge of the battle values of aircraft, we apply to navies the lessons of the war in regard to aerial defense, we are driven inexorably to the conclusion that the efficiency of sea power in European waters is dependent primarily upon command of the air. Naval bases cannot be defended adequately except by aircraft. Surface craft of every description are liable to be destroyed by torpedo-carrying aircraft, by the direct hit or near miss of colossal bombs, and by mines laid by aircraft. Admiral Sir Percy Scott, one of Britain's leading experts on ships' armor, has stated that it is impossible to protect battleships against sub-surface attack, on the scale which may now be anticipated, without so reducing their speed as to render them useless. Cruisers are even more vulnerable than battleships because their higher speed involves weaker armor. Picture an attack by even one thousand up-to-date aircraft upon any naval squadron lacking adequate air defense.

The use of smoke clouds and smoke screens—the latter made by smoke buoys dropped in large numbers—would render the attackers intermittently invisible. The ships would soon be manœuvring in a mist, and shortly would themselves be moving clouds of dense smoke caused by the impact of phosphorous bombs. But the attackers owing to their great mobility would

still be able to see their objectives. Innumerable opportunities would occur for close-range attack. The partially or completely blinded ships would be subjected to continuous smashing from above and below the water line. Their only defense would be their anti-aircraft armaments. Owing to the necessarily unstable platforms afforded by surface craft the anti-aircraft gunner is even more handicapped at sea than he is on land, and his chances of hitting targets moving at speeds ranging up to 200 miles per hour are indeed small.

Certain it is that a squadron attacked by 100 modern aircraft, *and itself inadequately defended from the air*, would be in extreme jeopardy. At sea the manœuvres of the surface craft would handicap the attackers to some extent, but could serve only to prolong an unequal contest. In port, annihilation would come more quickly.

The results of the bombing tests carried out against the battleships Virginia and New Jersey this year, of the tests carried out off the Virginia capes last year, of similar tests carried out in European waters, and of the ascertained efficiency of torpedo-carrying aircraft, afford ample warrant for taking a recent statement by General Patrick as a decisive ruling in regard to the vulnerability of surface craft to aerial attack:—

The air service does not for a moment assume to say that battleships, or any other component parts of a naval establishment, are obsolete. We merely rest on the conclusions of the Joint Board, that, under proper conditions, we can put out of commission or sink any naval craft that floats.

Opposition to this view in naval circles throughout the world is perhaps inevitable. But the view is justified by hard facts; its truth will therefore prevail despite the opposition of great vested interests and the bias of naval

traditions; for, sooner or later, facts must be faced, however unpalatable or however incredible they may appear.

The actual position of air power in the sphere of armaments has been summed up by Admiral Sims in a single sentence, 'The command of the air means the command of the surface, whether it be sea or land.'

II

It follows from the various considerations reviewed above that any great European Power which possesses air supremacy is, *ipso facto*, in a position to dictate to Europe. But Europe has never yet tolerated a dictatorship. She has always sought to check aspirants to such authority by means of a counterpoise of force; when this method of maintaining the 'balance of power' has failed, the result has invariably been war—as examples, the wars ending 1815 and 1918.

A review of the rise of air power in Europe will show that the danger which a dictatorship connotes has again appeared, and that international suspicions are once more seething.

At the Armistice the aerial strengths of the principal European belligerents were approximately as follows:—

Aeroplanes and seaplanes

GREAT BRITAIN	22,000
FRANCE	20,000
ITALY	5,000
GERMANY	18,000
AUSTRIA	5,000

The first three figures quoted above were supplied to the Supreme Council at the Peace Conference by the Governments concerned. The remaining two are estimates made by the aeronautical authorities of the Allied Powers. In each case only about one seventh of the total numbers of aircraft was actually in service at the

Armistice; the remainder consisted of reserves and training machines.

The Peace treaties forbade the Central Powers to possess any military or naval aviation. Interallied Aeronautical Commissions of Control were appointed to give effect to this ruling, and during the three years which followed the Armistice most of the aircraft of the Central Powers were destroyed, removed, or otherwise accounted for and a clean sweep was made of most of their aeronautical installations.

On the side of the Allies, Great Britain and Italy rapidly reduced their air services to mere skeleton organizations. France also reduced her air force, but simultaneously inaugurated a thorough and far-reaching policy of rearmament and reorganization.

By the end of 1921 the Central Powers possessed no military or naval aviation, although Germany possessed a few 'commercial' aeroplanes of negligible military value.

In October of the same year the actual strengths of the principal Allied Powers in all categories of aircraft heavier than air were stated at the Washington Conference to be:—

	<i>At home</i>	<i>Abroad</i>	<i>Total</i>
FRANCE.....	1036	686	1722
GREAT BRITAIN..	545	503	1048
ITALY.....	454	40	494

The publication of these figures—which, it should be noted, included aircraft allotted to training establishments—caused uneasiness in Great Britain, where it was pointed out that they implied that France held an aerial supremacy over Britain of three to one so far as Europe was concerned; because the bulk of the French aircraft 'abroad' were merely across the Mediterranean; whereas British aircraft under the same heading were principally in Mesopotamia and India, too far afield to count for purposes of home defense.

In December 1922, a little over a year later, a statement issued by the British Air Ministry caused something of a sensation:—

The strength of the Royal Air Force at present stationed in Europe, including units temporarily in the Constantinople area, is approximately fifteen squadrons; that of the French Air Service one hundred squadrons. The average establishment of the British squadron is, however, twelve machines, while that of the French is nine. The total number of British active service squadrons is thirty-two; of the French active service squadrons one hundred and twenty-eight.

By the following May the aerial strengths of the two Powers were stated in the House of Commons to be: France 140 squadrons, Great Britain 35 squadrons—of which 7 were available for home defense.

This implied that in service aviation alone the aerial strengths of France and Great Britain were in the proportion of 15 to 1 if measured in terms of 'first-line' aircraft available in Europe. But even that comparison does not show the full extent of Britain's inferiority, for it is not by service aviation only that air power must be measured. France has developed her Civil aviation in a very remarkable manner: her subsidies to Civil flying in the current year are eight times as great as those of Great Britain. The result is that France possesses a Civil air fleet of some 800 machines which, together with their personnel, form a valuable reserve to her service organization. Britain on the other hand has approximately 150 commercial machines. The disparity in aircraft industries, which are in effect the foundations of air power, is equally illuminating: in 1922 the total output of the British Aircraft Industry was 200 machines, while that of the French was 3300.

In addition to the great disparity in

air force is the fact that, owing to the new provisions of military geography, Great Britain is probably the most vulnerable nation in Europe. From the point of view of aerial defense her insular position is a disadvantage, for the seas which surround her favor surprise attack by aircraft and render it difficult to observe their lines of retreat. The bulk of her population is crowded together in great cities within a comparatively small area. London, her most vital nerve centre, has an area of 700 square miles, making it the largest aircraft target in the world. At the same time, owing to its geographical situation, it is Britain's most exposed great city. There is no harbor in the country which is not within aircraft range of France and, in the event of war with that country, Britain's sea-borne supplies of food and raw material, upon which she is absolutely dependent, would be liable to be sunk by aircraft attack both in harbor and in home waters.

These considerations, together with the immense preponderance of French air power, resulted in an increasing agitation for larger air defenses in the British Parliament and Press. In response to this popular pressure the Prime Minister announced on June 27, 1923, that the Government had decided to adopt a one-power standard in the air, and that, as a first step toward the attainment of that standard, the Royal Air Force would be expanded to a total of 82 squadrons, of which 52 would be allocated definitely to home defense. Thirty-four of these squadrons were to be raised by the end of 1925. The conclusion of his speech is noteworthy:—

‘The question of further addition to this force will depend upon the character of the programmes of foreign Powers. France has plans for increasing the military air force to 220 squadrons, and the naval force to 50

squadrons, within the next few years, and this country is obviously interested in knowing what proportion of the increase will be bombing squadrons. If any substantial addition is made to that particular arm, the home-defense programme of the Government may have to be considered.’

This speech and the announcement it contained met with a hostile reception in several prominent organs of the French Press; one of these printed its comments under the headline, ‘England builds up a formidable air force against us while Germany rearms’—an example of the enmity which this sinister contest has fomented between two allies who, only a few years ago, were fighting side by side in the cause of liberty and justice.

On June 29 the Chamber of Deputies voted an increase of the Military Air Vote by 36,920,000 francs in order to add 68 squadrons to the French Air Force and bring it to 208 squadrons.

Meanwhile Italy had also embarked on a new air programme the details of which have not been published; but a statement made by Signor Mussolini at Rome on November 4, 1923, is significant:—

‘If others arm in the air Italy also must arm in the air. The other day 300 aeroplanes flew over Rome without mishap. Next year their number will be three times that figure. We are forced to embark on this aviation policy.’

These facts speak for themselves.

With the best will in the world it is no longer possible to support the claim that French air policy, which is the driving force behind this new and fervid competition in armaments, is dictated by the danger of a camouflaged development of air power in Germany. It is true that, during the three years immediately following the Armistice, Germany's constant attempts to evade the execution of the

Air clauses of the Treaty and to build up commercial aviation on a convertible basis gave the Allies cause for uneasiness. But by the end of 1921, if not earlier, France was amply ensured against that potential danger. Although the danger has not materialized, French air power has increased to an extent which has caused her neighbors misgivings and has obliged them to embark on policies of aerial expansion.

The Interallied Aeronautical Commission of Control, appointed by the Supreme Council to ensure the execution of the Air clauses of the Peace Treaty, completed its task in May 1921, and withdrew from Germany. It was replaced by an Interallied Aeronautical Commission of Guaranty which was charged with the duty of ensuring that Germany should not build up air power in any form. That Commission is still in Germany; if France is in a position to state that, despite its efforts, and despite the intelligence to the contrary received in Great Britain from various sources, Germany, although she is apparently in a state of chaos, is actually building up air power, the publication of such a statement, supported by a few concrete facts, would go far to allay the growing uneasiness in Great Britain and in Italy.

It is often hinted in the French Press nowadays that the real air menace to France lies not so much in Germany herself as in German coöperation with Bolshevik Russia. If this is the case, let the facts be stated. If it can be shown that there exists, anywhere in Europe, an air menace which justifies French air policy, not only will goodwill toward France be reestablished, but her old allies will immediately rally beside her in order to meet what would amount to a common danger.

But in the absence of some such justification it is, unfortunately, no

longer possible for France's most ardent supporters in Great Britain to refute the contention that French air policy, for some time past, has been dictated, to a decreasing extent, by the fear of German aggression, and, to an increasing extent, by a desire to ensure that none shall be in a position to query her mandates in Europe.

III

In Great Britain the need for immediately embarking on a large air programme has given rise to considerable bitterness, not only because that necessity has unpleasant implications, but also on account of the great expenditure it must involve. Aviation calls for the services of personnel from fifty different trades. In France these men are obtained under conscription at a nominal wage. In Great Britain, where there is no conscription, they must be paid a market wage. Herein lies the answer to the oft-repeated indictment that Great Britain has spent more on aviation than has France. It has been estimated that the French air policy will force British air estimates, which total £23,000,000 for 1923, to £100,000,000 per annum within a decade—an irritating prospect for a country which is struggling with unparalleled economic depression. Great Britain has at present only 70 per cent of her pre-war trade; her people are the most highly taxed in the world; she has nearly one and one-half millions of unemployed to support; and she has undertaken to repay to the United States a sum of £40,000,000 annually. In these circumstances it is, perhaps, not unnatural that the average Britisher should argue as follows:—

'France is by far the greatest military power in Europe. Even without the assistance of her Continental allies, Poland and Belgium, her military

domination on the Continent is absolute. We recognize her need for military insurance and we therefore do not venture to criticize her military hegemony.

'But she has also spent many milliards in building up a great air fleet, a fleet to which she is still adding although it is already far in excess of the requirements of her army and out of all proportion to any aerial danger which threatens her. She explains that her air policy is dictated by fear of aerial attack from beyond the Rhine. Obviously, if such a danger exists, it threatens us equally; yet, when we decide to increase our nominal air defenses by 34 squadrons, France immediately votes to increase her air fleet by 68 squadrons, in spite of the fact that her aerial strength in Europe is already at least fifteen times as great as our own. What does this mean?'

In view of the short period which elapsed between the British Premier's speech and the announcement of the new French programme, it is highly probable that the latter had already been decided upon when the speech was made. Nevertheless, coupled with the remarks in the French Press already referred to, it had the effect of increasing public misgiving in Great Britain. This in turn reacted upon the British Government's decision to develop a one-power standard in the air, and the decision was widely acclaimed. Britain's new programme includes the raising of a number of squadrons on a territorial basis with a view to overcoming the handicap due to her lack of conscription.

There is no doubt whatever that Britain will now rapidly make up leeway. At the end of the war she possessed the largest air force in the world, and, if need be, her greater industrial resources and better credit will enable her again to outstrip European rivals.

Certain it is that Italy also will come

to the front. Signor Mussolini has sounded the alarm and has added the post of Air Minister to his numerous duties. His energy and the new temper of his people will ensure the rapid execution of his new programme.

But, to those who realize fully the present and future potentials of air power, this new competition in armaments, accompanied as it must be by ever growing enmity, is of the most ominous portent. The science of aviation is still in its infancy. Its ally, chemical science, stands merely on the threshold of its possible application to explosives and poisons. The air weapon which these sciences have created is already the paramount form of force, and is developing; indeed the whole apparatus of air warfare is constantly changing in a swift and stupendous progress toward perfection. Meanwhile tensions are growing between the leading European Powers. Unless these processes can be curbed it is highly probable that they will culminate in a 'war of areas.' In such a contest each of the belligerents would be in a position to inflict upon its opponent destruction on a super-cyclonic scale. If they were fairly equally matched, devastation might continue until the collapse of the entire social and industrial system of both combatants. The victor would probably suffer almost as much as the vanquished. The struggle could hardly be confined to the original combatants, for aerial bombardment precludes discrimination. The loss of life and property amongst neutrals residing in the theatres of war would be so great that their Governments would find it difficult to refrain from intervention. But, even if the conflagration did not spread, its baneful effects would be world wide, for, as the recent conflict proved, all States are now in some degree economically interdependent. It follows that a 'war of

areas' between two or more of the leading European nations would involve incalculable damage to the common fabric of civilization.

Certain it is that a danger of such a war is growing; the explosion may be delayed for a decade or more, or it may flare up earlier; but it is clearly inevitable unless the Great Powers make a concerted effort to prevent it.

Despite the skeptics, the Washington Conference succeeded in effecting a general limitation of naval armaments and banished competitive naval construction for a period of fifteen years. A general limitation of aerial armaments to a reasonable scale — that is, to a scale based on the defensive requirements and national responsibilities of each State — is equally practicable. Such limitation would be more

difficult to arrange owing to the spirit which prevails in Europe, and because of the many technical difficulties to which the Air committee of the Washington Conference drew attention. But nevertheless there is no doubt that a compromise could be arrived at.

There is urgent need for a conference of the Great Powers to consider this cardinal issue; the air problem is central to the whole complexity of Europe's problems to-day, and until it is solved no measures for stabilizing the European situation can be other than palliative. And if Europe is not stabilized soon, the result may prove to be that recently predicted to an American audience by Mr. Lloyd George: 'Civilization is doomed within this generation to a catastrophe such as the world has never seen.'

THE AMERICAN MALADY

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

I

At a clinic for children, recently held in a county town in Virginia, the capable woman physician was called upon to examine a wretched, very little child of the unfortunate poor-white class. Having looked him over, she handed him back to his barefoot sister, and, instead of noting his several specific defects on the card under her hand, she wrote the words: 'Everything all wrong. Hopeless.'

I was reminded of this scene in reading that formidable compilation of critical protest, recently published, entitled *Civilization in America*. The book

contains thirty essays, on thirty subjects, by thirty dissatisfied experts, and is in the nature of a critical clinic held upon the rest of us. As I galloped through this series of essays in dissent, I saw as in a vision these United States passed, anxious, naked, and bawling, to the laps of the thirty authoritative gentlemen; and I seemed, by that inner audition granted to the visionary, to hear the sad expected comment of all thirty of them: 'Everything all wrong. Hopeless. Next nation, please!'

The co-authors of *Civilization in America* set out to diagnose our na-

tional disease: to tell us what is wrong with our America, with the life we lead. A good deal seems to be wrong. We seem to be in a bad way. On a first, hasty reading, we might imagine, or hope, that this consensus of unfavorable opinion was the product of European travelers. But not so. Four fifths of the writers are American-born and of the original stock.

The fact is pertinent to any unfavorable opinion we may form about the book. For home truths by home people are one thing, and comment upon us by foreigners another.

We feel sure of it, since most of us have heard or read how, in our hot and sensitive youth, the great Dickens and the delightful Mrs. Trollope, setting foot on our shores, with diagnostic intentions, glanced hastily at the Yankee patient, and using no very obscure or technical terms, said: 'Coarse, crass, ignorant, impudent, barbarous, green yet corrupt, and strangely embarrassed with a superfluity of spittle.' And our fathers further informed us how the patient rocked with rage on his invalid couch of the Alleghany slopes, and the two doctors returned, calm and complacent, to the perfections, the infinite mercy and charm of the London slums. In our own day Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Wells, and a number of Continental writers have turned the glasses of their attention upon our moral landscape, but without, we feel, affording us much insight into our own case; the truth, if I am in any way wise in such matters, being that the European mind cannot much avail us. It is too full of false expectation.

The word by which we so splashily indicate our state of affairs — the word 'democracy' — is to the European a stumblingblock. We and he employ the one word, but by it we intend disparate things. The European sets foot on our soil predisposed to find Euro-

pean democracy in full flower and power. Instead, he finds a republic; a thousand years of tradition and usage, of unwritten, even unspoken agreements; and he finds, too, something subtle yet powerful; profound but innocent; something continually and freely criticized, and yet apparently impregnable to radical change; something religious, and yet cynical. A year ago, in Paris, the editor of one of the more popular French dailies said to me very nearly as follows: —

'Yes, I have traveled in your country. But your countrymen are not good at explaining things, and there is so much in America that needs explanation. For example: your democracy — is it democracy? If so, why do you open the session of your Congress with a petition to a Supreme Being? And is your President a High Priest, that he comes forth, as it were, robed in a sort of sacerdotal style, a few days previous to that Feast of Gratitude you hold in November, and delivers a national prayer? And I ask you, is it democracy when the Governor of one of your States appoints — he, of his own volition, appoints a Senator ad interim? What I seemed to see was, for me, not democracy at all. I don't know what it was, or is. But democracy, as we conceive it, no.'

His face was grave, and he sighed much as a man might sigh who had been disappointed in an affair of the heart.

It is conceivable that European democracy is one thing, our own another. We Westerners must, therefore, turn to our fellow countrymen for the mirror which shall show us our own deficiencies. I go even further. Those men, whether or not born and bred among us, who are *European-minded*, can avail us little by their critical comment.

'No, I don't feel at home in America.'

The words, precisely as I quote them, were spoken to me by a well-known young poet. 'I hate America; I hate the people. I'm going to Paris, to live in the Latin quarter.'

I was sorry for this young American; sorry for the Latin quarter. We may, some of us do, love European countries. We rejoice, and should, in the richness, the completion, of European civilization. But whither, toward what, does it all seem to move? As we regard it and reflect upon it, having, possibly, the historic sense, we are convinced that Europe is not moving in our direction, but in another direction. We feel — even if we do not know — that whatever flower of culture we may produce, it will not be a European flower. We may come to perfection, or not, but we must take our way to it by paths other than the paths the European treads.

Civilization in America affords no very bright and shining outlook, but it is a field of sunbeams compared with the dark and rapidly gathering storm of critical disapproval which confronts us in the novels of what is called 'the younger set.' And if it were not so, our American attitude toward mere critics is that they are professional faultfinders; so that disposes of them. But that our writers of fiction should be out of sympathy with their own country-folk is another horse entirely, if only because we read fiction when, being tired, we have nothing else to do — and why should a tired man be pinched at and pessimized? Moreover we feel, however obscurely, that novelists, being dedicated to an art of understanding, can have but one criterion of any action or state of affairs: whether, namely, it tends to increase or diminish the well-being of a man. This inclines us to consider their account of us, however fleetingly. What is their account? How do they see us?

Well, the authors of *Main Street* and *Miss Lulu Bett*, of *Cytherea*, of *This Side of Paradise*, and — turning to the older set — of *Ethan Frome* and *Unleavened Bread*, in portraying our American environments, undoubtedly register disapproval or dismay or dislike. They declare our circumstances to be destructive of human happiness and perfection. And it may be of moment that so many of the newer poets agree with them. So, too, do many members of the professional class; and this class creates, or sustains, our material civilization.

I can imagine that at this point the American drummer, with whom I frequently consort, — and find him no fool, — will call me a calamity-howler, tell me to go chase myself, or, even worse, ask me if I hate my own country.

I suppose that in confessing something more than a sneaking affection for our common country, a writer may subject himself to being called a conservative, even a patriot. But I will go boldly at it, and declare at once that I like the race which — when we wish to irritate the Jew or the Celt to frenzy — we call the Anglo-Saxon. I like the American, and, if I am narrowly inquired of, I shall reply with malice and candor that the American I like is the American-American. The strange habits and preferences of our people do not irritate me beyond bearing. I retain my calm in the presence of their monstrous religiosity and their occasional extremism in politics. I am not moved so much as — I fear — I ought to be, when they accept Mr. Ford and Mr. Bryan as exemplary men, fitted for leadership and public office. Even the total blank and vacuity of the American mind after it has submitted itself to four years of college education leave me in a friendly and amiable mood; and there is a positive aspect to my tolerance.

These United States are a man's country. The wilderness is not too far away; it invites and can be enjoyed without paying a ransom. If you are weary of the college campus, or of suburban felicities, or of what Philadelphians call the 'Main Line,' you take the train to New Brunswick, or the Navajo Reservation, and refresh yourself with hardship and the simple life. To sum up my patriotism, I believe that I like American life for many of the same reasons for which the sailor likes what he calls dirty weather: there is, in our state of affairs, something chaotic and adverse which calls for action and provokes high spirits.

If a writer of much vogue and authority—for example, Mr. Stuart Sherman—should thus open his heart and declare his ease in Zion, we can all readily imagine the outcry that would follow. Not only the poets, but all those others I have mentioned, would chorus their protest at him the instant he appeared on the back platform of the Pullman car on his way to the Painted Desert; and Mr. Sherman would find his firm and lucid style and all his wit quite drowned in the tumult of dissention protest.

'What!' he would hear. 'These base and brutalizing sports are your ideal! Let us tell you then, mountain sheep and mackerel are not America. The America we know is a morgue of mind. Republican institutions are as outworn as chain armor, democracy is the dream of a drunken fool, and our people are corrupt and contented. To be at home in a country can mean only that you are at ease, satisfied with its mind, its spirit, its social habits. But perhaps you exuberate merely. Well, if you do, cease from exuberation, quit throwing your style; else live hereafter and forever in a wicky-up or a teepee and leave to us to create, by antipathy, by indignation, by compassion, criti-

cism, and a justified anger, the future you care nothing about: that better Time and State which you are incapable of even imagining. If we mistake you, then say in plain words whether or no you agree with us that something is extremely wrong with America and American life.'

Mr. Sherman, being no doubt hardened to the hailstorms of invective and tolerably indifferent to supplication, would probably make no answer to these suffering voices.

But if the young and famous addressed me in these terms, I should certainly feel reined up. I should cease from throwing my style, if I had any to throw, and I should try to give an account of my opinions in the plainest language.

Well, then, I agree with them. There is something wrong with our American life, unconscionably wrong. I am aware of it as they are, and I feel indignation as they do—or, at least, an ardent desire for a better state of things. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. Harold Stearns, among those who have contributed to *Civilization in America*, indicate clearly enough that our America is not doing and being all she could; that something is very much the matter with us.

Again, the writers of fiction have, I believe, observed us correctly. I cannot think that *Main Street* and *Babbitt* are false pictures of our life. The sordidness, gloom, and almost unrelieved *tedium vitae* described or indicated in the *Spoon River Anthology* are not something manufactured by Mr. Masters, but something observed and felt.

Our state of things justifies and calls for such sentiment. It is only when these writers come to specify and point out the evils at work in our life that I find myself no longer at one with them. I feel that their attitude is the product of European-mindedness.

We are, indeed, sick; but not because we are Americans; or because we are so largely of the Nordic race; or because we inherit the Common Law and the Bill of Rights; or because Patrick Henry — as is often asserted — was a windbag, or Jefferson a worse one, and Washington apparently a truthful, perhaps even a continent, man.

II

The virtues and values of a people do not constitute their weakness. On what point, then, shall we fix our attention, in order to discover the true nature of our ailment?

A French writer has said of China that it is not a country or nation, but a civilization. And what a flood of light is thrown by this observation on the whole field of thought in which we now find ourselves! There is, then, a thing called civilization, apart from the political organization. And this civilization may, possibly, be something apart or aside from religion. So that, if both Church and State were abolished overnight, there would still be this civilization. The American mind can hardly conceive of such a state of things. The sectarian churches, the President, the public schools, the Supreme Court, Congress, this and these, or what proceeds from these, are civilization, and there is and can be nothing left over, or outside these.

Well, China is too remote a dream for our interpretation. Let us, therefore, take France herself as an example of the truth of this French observation. If the French Government ceased, or changed into some other form; if the Roman Church passed away like smoke, French civilization would not be radically or immediately affected. It would continue to function. French art, science, and literature, French social habits, would not suddenly stag-

nate. They might even increase the energy of their activities.

And so in every country, though an organized polity and a traditional religion are primary, and possibly, in the long run, necessary, as being conservators of civilization, yet they are not the thing itself. They are not all of man's life — not even half. In our country, as in others, men live only semioccasionally in political thought and action; still more semioccasionally in the sphere of religious feeling and belief. When the idea that politics and religion are not eight tenths of civilization offends the American, we have to remind him that a man's love of his mother is not an effect of politics or of piety. Science, art, literature, thought, and the pleasure we may possibly take in fishing, are not the products of Church or State.

And so, if we want to know what the American Malady really is, we must — at least, in my opinion — avert the eyes of the mind from our self-governed ecclesiastical establishments and from the State. We must turn our thoughts upon the life men lead, aside from the ecclesiastical and political spheres. We must, in short, look into our civilization. Instantly we feel that we are on the right track. For the American man is really contented with the political state of things: he casts his vote without tears or nausea; and he is not more than gently critical and dissatisfied when, in a pew, he sings a hymn of which the burden may be that life is a vale of tears, and the sooner over the better for all concerned. In his heart he is aware that life and the world mean much to him.

But — and here we have it — when he locks the door of his office, when he leaves the church or the voting-place, he is confronted with his own leisure; and instantly the poor fellow is struck to the heart with the most intolerable and inescapable boredom. He may

not know why he is bored, but he knows that he is, and he makes no bones about it. Time and himself hang heavy on his hands.

The proof that this is so is on every street-corner in every town, where, when our citizens are not politically or religiously engaged, we shall see them loafing, idling, and wondering what next, and where they look the discontent they feel. This discontent is so universal and so notorious that we sometimes pride ourselves on its ravages, the idea being that we shall be the more ambitious, and work the harder. Children, artists, and morons, we think, may glow with the happiness of mere being, or with the love of their games; but not the rest of us. We know and appreciate the value of being under the lash; of being gnawed upon by dissatisfaction. Boredom energizes, for we have to escape it, and, reflecting that to-morrow will soon be here, we itch for the relief that its routine labor will afford us.

Thus, if I am right, our leisure hours have no good meaning for us. We meet them as a man meets a dun or the shadow of death. But, in Heaven's name, what is the reason why a robust, self-governing, and sufficiently pious people is subject to intolerable tedium in those hours when it is not at work, or being voted or prayed for? It will be understood that I speak of the mass of our people — not of those who are set apart by their possession of wealth or education, and decidedly not of those few who have been bred up in European or Colonial traditions of the conduct of life; for these latter know how to live with satisfaction to themselves.

Again, it must not be thought that all of us, on leaving our work at the stroke of five, sink at once and supinely into a state of coma or into boredom; that we make no conscious effort to come at diversion and pleasure. This

may happen with many. But others of us, when the day's task is finished, seek distraction, pleasure, and interest, as eagerly, as feverishly as any of the peoples of our earth. Yet we rarely obtain what we seek because we do not know how to entertain ourselves; and, wanting this great art of civilization, we try to kill time and obviolate care by speed, by yet more speed, or by doing a variety of things, none of which we care much to do.

Fixing our attention now on the mass of our people, who, if I at all know them, are habitually discontented, we need not be deeply read in Freud to be aware that a continuous, an habitual, discontent is a symptom of something extremely wrong with the person so afflicted, or with the life about him. It is as much a symptom of a disease or a morbid state of the soul and mind, as a subnormal pulse would be an indication of some physiological disturbance. Such a symptom implies a cause. What then are the causes — or is there perhaps a main cause — of our spiritual tedium?

Every son of man seeks to live a good sort of life: seeks, that is, so to build up and arrange his life that solid good shall be attained. But, in our country, many and powerful forces obscure the knowledge of what is a solidly good, desirable life. We often speak, in an excellent idiom, of having a good time. In that matter the Latin man seems a happy throw of nature. So, too, the Negro. Not long since I was having a heart-to-heart talk with a magnificent black fellow who, as is so often the case, expressed to me in simple Negro language a profound truth. 'White folks can do a lot,' said he, 'but they don't have a good time.'

Yet the white folks' forefathers did once have a good time. What are the influences which have brought the sons of these forefathers to the point

where they live a meagre and miserable life, so little responsive to the hungers and thirsts of the mind and soul that, in leading it, they are eternally dissatisfied?

To begin with, we are, through the lack of tradition incident to our emigration, — followed by repeated immigrations, — a folk cursed with bad cooking, and, as a result, with malnutrition, far beyond anything observable among the peasantry of France or Germany. Thus our citizens are tortured with what they are pleased to call stomach trouble. Again, our newly-rich, rising rapidly into their new-riche, rise as they may, have nothing to rise into. Having, that is, through the acquisition of money, attained to the possibility of a greater degree of self-perfection, — and therewith happiness, — they make no effort in that direction, preferring to remain what is called 'plain'; which is to say, really, unfinished; which is to say, half-baked; rather than to grow and mould themselves into a more completed and worked-upon humanity. They have no Ideal Man, no single loved and admired character, on which to model themselves. They remain as they were, but, wishing to look different, their tailors gratify the last *libido*.

Furthermore, the American family has no intellectual interests. It does not even know what such things are.

Still further, we are nomads, and the Ford car, with other inventions, invites and indurates the nomadic habit. But a rich, deep, and powerful civilization cannot be founded on a tribe of nomads, who pitch their modern shacks to-day along the Susquehanna, and, exhausting the soil, move tomorrow to the Wasatch Range.

Lastly, there emanates from our great cities a peculiar moral effluvia of vulgarization, an *odor mortalis*, of which London and Berlin also are

capable. Our mountaineers, it is true, are ignorant and our country people miseducated; but they are not vulgar. The Arab of the Arabian Desert is not vulgar, and neither is the Apache. But that our cities vulgarize is too plain to need proving; though, if proof were needed, our spoken English and manners would suffice. And we should not forget that vulgarity is no trifling matter, for it is composed of ignorance and of belief in it; of incapacity for intellectual distinction; of distaste for moral and all other refinements; and it is usually attended by insolence and ill-will. A vulgarized human being is thus a damaged soul, an infection to his fellow men; a danger to the State; a contributive cause to the decline or corruption of the moral well-being that we try to embrace in the word 'culture.'

Now, if many of us are vulgar, and multitudes of us are nomadic; and if these vulgarized nomads suffer from stomach trouble and have no intellectual interests; and if, when they make money, and are thus free to do and be what they choose, they then choose to do and be only what they have hitherto done and been, leaving ideals, noble behavior, intellectual enjoyments, the pleasure of the arts, and the pursuit and practice of the simple life, to their chauffeur — well, all this does not precisely make for a rich and Athenian culture, not even for the thrice-hammered hardihood of Rome.

III

I have mentioned above a very few of the forces which are adverse to that larger, freer, more fruitful life, the essentially good life I speak of, and to the contentment which must follow on leading such a life. But these, though contributory, are all negative powers. Whatever it is that brings us to a suffering and dissatisfaction so debilitating

and so general must itself be positive and operate upon great masses of our population. With this conception in mind, no one will be astonished when I say that a false conception of what makes for a good life is the main and active cause of our great American malady of boredom. This false conception, apart from its sources, is as positive and powerful as any believed-in truth. For error is as creative as truth, only it creates evil. And here we are at once in the sphere of ideals, and in that sphere we know well enough that the fruit of a false conception of things is not often, or for long, anything true or excellent.

If a naturally truthful man imagines that he can take up with a course of lying, and does take up with it, the result will be that he will lower his pride, poison his serenity, and weaken his force. With a born liar, not so. His lies may even conceivably intensify his health. But the truthful man will be undermined by his own error.

So a tender-hearted man may indulge in this error: he may imagine that he can kill an old woman and, stealing her hoard of gold, live happily ever after. The hero of *Crime and Punishment* imagined that he could do this, and he tried it. His error, his false conception, led him on to self-horror and ruin.

Our American brother is like the hero of Dostoevsky's novel. The false conception under which he labors, the error he believes to be truth, and on and in which he acts, is that he thinks there is no good life apart from labor, politics, and piety. By a good life, I mean, as I have sought to indicate, not merely and exclusively moral conduct, but the life which is good for us because it is consonant with our higher nature, answers every demand of that nature, and, being thus necessary, brings us to every sort of fulfillment, to increase of

all that is best in us, and so to happiness — or at least contentment. Such a life implies freedom of choice and self-activity, and brings it about that the man leading it flourishes in health of body, mind, and spirit, producing fruit according to his kind, finding and fulfilling himself. Speaking in terms of religion, when he leads such a life he obeys the voice of God. Such a life he feels to be good, and he calls it good.

But the larger number of our countrymen are convinced that labor, politics, and piety are the whole of life; and this error takes a still more positive form when the misguided man believes the pleasures of art, music, poetry, social meetings, and the intellectual life, to be in themselves irreligious, low, bad, or negligible. Now see how this false ideal delivers the American over to misery and vice.

He despises and discards those things which the soul of man creates for its own joy. In so doing he puts himself on a level with crude and semibarbarous tribes like the Kaffirs or Yaquis. For these, too, plough the earth for bread, live under a system of traditional custom, as binding as law, and are pious according to their own lights. They lack nothing but, simply, civilization; which is to say, they lack the good life — the sort of life, let us say, led by Jefferson and Franklin when they were not at work.

It is, I feel, sufficiently obvious that our people do actually live a life that is crude and semibarbarous. It was not always so. Historical events have deprived the American of much that he should and once did possess. He is not conscious of the loss of these means of a finer and more copious life. He does not know that time, circumstance, and the course of things have, with exquisite sleight of hand, stolen away all his best means of happiness, all the wonder and wealth of his soul. All he knows is

that his life is empty, and he feels sad.

If we could plainly show the causal process of his deprivation of good, we should not only be breathing life into history — we should be at once made aware of the true nature of the things he has lost.

But, to do this, we should be obliged to write a novel; for only a novel, with its infinitude of loving detail, could show us the American man in the process of becoming, of being compelled to become, the thing he now is. I have often wished the task might be undertaken: that a novel, preferably long and delightful, should be composed, showing the English or Scotch emigrant, say, of the later seventeenth century, landing on our shore, and being, in the years following, stripped bare of half his intellectual and spiritual powers and possessions.

We should then see a robust and adventurous man step from civilization and a rich popular culture into the void of the wilderness; we should see him provided, on his landing, with a complex and ancient religion; and we should then see him, as pioneer, hunter, and backwoodsman, lose all the fineness of that religion, cease to practise its rites, forget its formulæ, and retain of it little but the memory. We should see his mate obliged to prepare the food for their fourteen children helter-skelter, as best she might, and we should shortly be witness to her resort to saleratus, hot bread, pork, and that man-destroying weapon, the frying-pan.

We should see dance, ballad, and glee in the process of being forgotten. We should see the Englishman attenuate his social customs, his manners, his jollity; and the Scot forget the gay or tragic songs of his forbears, air and words alike slipping away from him into the soft, perpetual twilight of the primeval forest.

VOL. 133 — NO. 2

And presently we should assist in the emigration of his children, to the Valley of Virginia, or the banks of the Wabash, and again should watch the heavy, swaying schooner-wagons of the children of those children drifting slowly westwards, across the Father of Waters, to the Great Plains, the prairies, where at last their own descendants are lost to sight and knowledge under the shadow of Mount Shasta. And observing narrowly those famous covered wagons on their long trail, in every mountain gorge, in every defile lit up and blooming with the pale large flowers of the rhododendron, and on the gently undulating blue-green prairie, we should find the ashes of the fires they lit, and about which they warmed their cold fingers, and told stories of how their forefathers lived in the tide-water county of Old Virginia, in the green fields of Sussex, or on the bonnie braes of Kilravock. And searching among those innumerable circles of faded, former fires, among the pale ashes of oak and pine, or in the charred dung of the buffalo, we should find in every heap their loved, their lost, their forgotten, their disused spiritual possessions: not only bits of colored glass, beads, shreds of calico, lying there to witness that world-shaking, world-creating historical event — the Great Migration; not these only, but other and greater things, dropped, lost, and put by of stern necessity: song and dance, with violin and clavichord, garlands of flowers, graces and charms, manners and customs, convivial meetings, festivals, the life of the mind, and respect for it, gayeties of heart, and all diversions, all distinctions, all that in the past their forefathers had created that they might live in something more than the momentary taste of the palate and touch of the palm.

And with these means of happiness and of a full and flourishing life, we

should stumble on yet higher things — music of infinite remoteness, creeds as old, almost, as the rise of man, the grace and charm of an ancient and mellow religion, and — yes — even the Psalms of David and the songs of Shakespeare. I repeat: we should, in all verity and sincereness, see these things, and far more than these, lying mouldy and forgotten in the charred ashes of the dung of the buffalo.

But, did our pioneer forbears retain nothing? They retained what they could use under the pressure of the new circumstances: a stark moral code, and cockfights. They retained horse-racing, the traditions of English liberty and law. They held to that respect for woman which we have seen flower in the immediate past. Else — nothing, or but little. This profound and enthralling work of fiction would, no doubt, let us understand that the more puritanical the immigrant was, the less he lost; for the less he had to lose, having already in the old country suffered a denudation of all liberal values.

Moreover, if our gifted novelist should continue his story, we should presently feel the bitter wind of Calvinism gather its malign forces, and blow on the descendants of these pioneers; or we should see them converted to an evangelical creed, which, with the deaths of those extraordinary saints and gentlemen, the Wesleys, must perforce be upheld and continued by men of coarse natures and ignorant minds.

And in the third volume of this somewhat prolonged *Story of Man*, we should be confronted with the life-destroying forces of the Industrial Era.

IV

But at this point, I feel convinced, my optimistic commercial traveler will again turn upon me, and say that I

have not advanced one scrap of proof that the life we Americans lead is a poor one, in fact and actually; not a scrap of proof that we are discontented or unhappy. He will probably add that in his opinion we are aglow with the most blithe and winsome joy; and that we are a profoundly cultured people, as witness Mr. Ford and Mr. Bryan. And not only so, but an intellectual yet wisely optimistic people, as witness Mr. William Allen White. And I feel sure that he will end by asserting that my picture of our life is too dark, too monotonously dismal to be true.

Well, the gentleman can be comforted: for I hasten to assure him that, touching the dismalness and monotony of American life, I have so far painted or sketched the thing in a dazzle of crimson and gold: let him have patience, and he shall presently come to what is darker and dimmer, a good deal.

That the leisure hours of a million men are not joyous does, however, not admit of exact demonstration. Still, if I must play the game of a citation of living men in proof of my thesis, then, indeed, my heart leaps up, for I know that my enemy has given himself into my hand, and I cry out, as boys do at prisoner's base, 'I will take Mr. William Allen White for "my side."' He shall bear witness. He shall tell us in what degree the Kansan loves and lives a full and flourishing life, and to how much happiness he seems to attain.

I take Mr. White for my side the more readily as he has such a hearty appreciation of the value of material goods, and such an understanding of the part that law and political justice play in human life. And, further, Mr. White is genial, and fair, and humorous. Impossible not to be carried along with what he writes. He is a man not at war with life; he does not see it darkly; he does not rebel. He is even

faintly tinged with our roseate optimism, and he is one of the few men who can speak of our modern Puritanism without roiling the rowdy Cavalier, who inhabits, I am afraid, the bosom of every true lover of life. Mr. White, too, is in love with Kansas.

To be in love is an engaging state of mind, and in Mr. White results in a desire to celebrate the object of his affections. He is aware of the imperfections of his bride, but he prefers to dwell on her material well-being, her 'determination to make the Ten Commandments work,' her stark morality, her political church, and her eager reforming spirit. His bride may lack the graces and elegancies of the ladies of the 'Boule Miche,' but she has the main thing: she's a moral woman, and a good housekeeper. And yet, despite his admiration for Kansas, Mr. White makes certain admissions. And his tone in making them fills me with a fear that all is not so well with Kansas as we have hitherto thought.

Mr. White describes the physical well-being, the comfort, justice, order, and health of his fellow citizens, and expatiates on the fact that his own neighborhood enjoys 'twenty-five miles of hard-surfaced roads, and more telephones and Ford cars than there are heads of families.' He writes (I change the order of his sentences with but a very little malice): 'We are a deeply religious people. Life and Liberty are esteemed. We have no criminal class. Still we are not a joyless people.' It is here that I begin to feel a dusk of anxiety creep upon me.

'Deep in our hearts is the obsessed fanaticism of John Brown.' But I am under the impression that fanaticism is no very cordial friend to human liberty, and is an embittered foe to all that is liberal and enlarging in life. I feel almost inclined to ask if it would not be better to have a few less hard-surfaced

roads, and a few, just a few more criminals, and not so many fanatics.

Mr. White, however, goes on to tell us that those who strive to make life beautiful for themselves and others in Kansas do not find, if I understand him, much response to their endeavor. That Kansas, though just and thriving, has not as yet produced a great poet, or musician, or philosopher; and that surely democracy is futile if out of it 'something worthy—eternally worthy' does not come! 'The Tree shall be known by its fruits,' and finally, to quote him directly: 'Nothing is more gorgeous in form and color than a Kansas sunset; yet it is hidden from us. The Kansas prairies are as mysterious and moody as the sea in their loveliness, yet we graze and plough them, and do not see them. . . . Yes,' he continues, 'though Kansas is well off, she lacks joy!'

And reflecting upon his own previous assertion that Kansas disapproves of the Latin way of life, with its temperate drinking of wine, its singular indifference to continence in the male animal, and its frank delight in songs of a somewhat pagan nature, he is moved to make a very wise observation. He makes it, as it were, doubtfully, modestly, but he makes it.

'Surely all joy, all happiness, all permanent delight that restores the love of man, does not come from the wine, women, and song which Kansas frowns upon!'

And his conclusion is that this question, the question of the absence of 'joy,'—that is, I suppose, of natural and wholesome pleasure,—is not a Kansas question, but 'tremendously American.'

Well, I feel that with such a witness, 'my side' wins. Mr. White is surely as much dissatisfied with American life as I should wish every man to be; and his dissatisfaction goes straight to the

point I labor — we lack 'joy.' He sums the matter up in telling us that in Kansas we have an energetic and just people, fermenting with reformers, enjoying 'a perfect sewer-system,' and an infinity of telephones, and Ford cars; but which yet possesses little or none of that 'permanent delight which restores the soul of man.'

'These Kansans,' then, — or these Americans, — have the prairies, with their changeful colors, their moods; but the prairies possess for them no other significance than what they may find in their front parlor, papered with magenta roses and pink lilies.

How was it that a Russian serf, the poet Kolsoff, could so rejoice in the beauty of the steppes he ploughed for another? Or how was it that an ignorant stripling, half-naked, and, later in life, far more criminal in his actions than Kansas would countenance, could, in his high tone, sing, or say: —

He sendeth the springs into the valleys . . .
The wild asses quench their thirst.

To the American it would be indubitable that none but wild asses would quench their thirst at these springs of God.

Mr. White, in short, thinks that we Americans have no love for nature, get nothing from it — nothing more than a dog or an ox gets. And, further, he indicates that whether Kansans, or otherwise, we fail to get anything from the two great, popular and associated arts, Poetry and Music. Yet these two arts are main-traveled roads to a world of life-giving pleasure and human perfection; and they are, too, within the specific compass of our racial giftedness.

Now, a people to which Nature, Music, and Poetry are as blank as they probably are to a dog or an ox, is necessarily pitched back upon coarse, animal pleasures; or it seeks for the excitement which our human consti-

tution demands, in the stimulus provided by Coca-Cola drunk in excess. For social diversion, not untinged by pathos, an auction-sale must serve; or at a pinch, the funeral of some unknown citizen, where death itself makes us feel, if nothing else, at least the tremor of apprehension. When all else fails, there is alcohol; and wanting that, the man can sleep.

V

It may be argued that, so far, I have taken into consideration only the rougher sort of people. What of our college boys and girls, with their enthusiasm for truth and beauty? What of our well-paid college professors? I am under the impression that our college professors will in a measure agree with me, that most of our college boys are disdainful of the arts and sciences; that the American student is a fine, upstanding, honest, well-intentioned, athletic, and empty-headed fellow; that at thirty or fifty he is this still, and nothing more; and — no light matter — that his ideal men are the ideal men of the whole community: Mr. Ford, Mr. Bryan, and others upon whom the professor looks somewhat coldly.

Turning now to the professor himself, the truth is that he is a Greek among early, very early, and very ignorant and crass Romans. He tutors these kindly barbarians as best he may. But he cannot impart to them his spirit, the necessary spirit of skepticism in Science; the necessary spirit of belief in Beauty; and his vital and creative respect and enthusiasm for intellectual values. He cannot inspire them with these beliefs and enthusiasms because, like the standard men they admire, they hold these things in fear and contempt.

If we can, by a gross effort, imagine Mr. Henry Ford and Mr. William J. Bryan, and that bellicose and redoubt-

able man, Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Church, with the modest Mr. William H. Anderson, as Roman youths, in their togas of virility, attending a class held, say, by Mr. George Santayana; and if, holding the picture, we try to imagine and hear Mr. Santayana imparting his subtle, urbane, wise, and liberal spirit — what he knows, feels, and is — to the boisterous young Romans I have mentioned, evidently, the four of them would have none of his spirit. They have their own spirit, their own daemon.

Mr. Ford would cry out in Latin of a kind, as he has already cried out in English of a kind, that he cares not ten cents for all the history that was ever written: 'History is bunk.' Mr. Bryan would rush from the classroom, and, seeking the Forum, any forum, would make an oration against the late Mr. Darwin; and so with the others. For they are possessed, already, of a spirit of their own: the daemon of false knowledge, of narrow, mean ideals; and that daemon must be cast out before any good thing can enter them or those like them at the hand of even the most inspired professor. When I say that these gentlemen are possessed by daemons, I am not trying to be funny, but to be exact, and, in an imaginative way, to convey the idea, none too easy of apprehension, that the American, possessing already his own notion of what he conceives to be a good life, has the utmost contempt for the good life, which he knows nothing about and does not possess.

He labors, that is, under the false conception to which I alluded. He is a slave to error. He is an idolater of the bad. And the rest of us — poets, novelists, and professors — can go hang: we are a mere minority. Thus, it is that in our country the poet, the writer or artist, and the professor feel isolated and solitary. They are face to

face with this Gallio among the nations. America cares for none of these things. She cares for none of these things, because she has been decivilized. Historic events and a false ideal have brought us to that pass. We are, as a people, without the knowledge or practice of what clearly enough is civilization. And we are not aware of the fact.

But am I not rather taking the definition of civilization for granted? What is civilization? How do the authorities define it?

Well, the *Ladies' Home Journal* is, possibly, in a degree, and certainly intends itself to be, an agent of civilization. It should, therefore, be qualified to define civilization, or at least to point out a true and ideal civilization. And the editor, taking up just this issue in the August number, writes as follows: —

'There is only one first-class civilization in the world to-day. It is right here in the United States. It may be a cocky thing to say, but relatively it [our civilization] is first-class; while Europe's is hardly second-class, and Asia's is about fourth- to sixth-class.'

It is comforting to know that such is the case. It disposes of so much. First of all, it relieves us of any effort to bring about a higher sort of civilization. Since we are so decidedly first-class, we may rest on the oars of effort, and let France and England try to catch up. We may rest on our oars, or on our knitting-needles, and, suspended in the Heaven of our own superiority, look deliciously down on China, where family life is so detestably stable, and where the people have been innocent pacifists now these two thousand years or more.'

It is pleasing, too, to feel that the French are not in it with us. Their family life, too, is irritatingly successful; and their women are at the same

time so little regarded by their husbands, and by French law, that both by custom and under that law they are, we are told, practically partners in their husband's business affairs. And then, though we take little interest in such matters, it is certainly a pleasing thought, and one that fans our self-esteem into a cordial glow, to be made aware that our science and our music, two things which may have, we suppose, some relation to civilization, are on a plane above those of the French.

We don't know who our American Pasteur is, or who our César Franck is, but it's simply grand to know we have them. Further, it is nice to realize, from the highest authority, that England, through whom we inherited the language we speak, though not that refined bur-r-r which a few of us have implanted in the innocent thing, has at last sunk to second place, and can be regarded with complacent disesteem.

The word 'cocky,' the Dictionary informs me, is the same as 'cock-sure,' and signifies to be confidently certain; and the Dictionary adds that it is a 'low word,' which we now know not to be the case. But the subject is serious, and irony gets us no further. Let us, then, say, as we surely must say, that such an extreme overestimate of what the people of our country have accomplished, in the way of creating a noble, fruitful, and humane life for themselves, is unworthy of any student of manners.

There is in such a comparative judgment and award nothing helpful or forwarding; no qualification is made, no distinction observed. It is as if a man should say that Athens and Florence in their great periods were less creative of human well-being than Newark and Yonkers of to-day.

I feel, however, that we can come

by a less cocky, or less vainglorious, estimate of our American civilization by turning to the novelists, whose life-task it really is to deal with such matters. The editor of the *Home Journal* might naturally object to taking the opinion of mere men upon such a subject. He might argue that men know nothing about civilization or culture. Let me, therefore, appeal to a woman, that is, to *A Circuit Rider's Wife*, by Mrs. Corra Harris.

The book is an autobiographical sketch, written with a gusto, sparkle, and humor that should have recommended it to the higher critical appreciation. It treats, with much else, of our American life, as it was lived forty years ago, in the country districts of a Southern State. And in such districts, as we all know, life has not very much changed with lapse of time. There is much animation in the account of that life, and, rarest of things in a book by an American author, there is an extraordinary subtlety in what we are accustomed to call the psychology of the characters portrayed.

What is the nature of the life described? I think any reader of Mrs. Harris's book will agree with me when I say that the life is chill, sterile, sad, and, above all, dull. In fact, it is dull with a dullness which surpasses any dullness that this reader has ever encountered, save in just such countryside. As, however, the narrative does concern itself with a backward people, and a Methodist community of that period, it might be felt, and reasonably so, that we cannot expect art, gayety, social diversion, or even human happiness in such a milieu.

Let me, then, turn to another woman writer, to Miss Willa Cather, for support. The excellence of her gift we all know. Whatever her novels may lack, it is certainly not truth, candor, or a knowledge of the people of whose

existence she treats. In *The Song of the Lark* the author portrays the life led in a small town in Colorado; in *My Antonia* the current of things in a similar town in Nebraska. What here we have dealt with is not the aristocratic South, or the effete East, but the West; that portion of our empire where, as the popular song has it, everything is a little wider, warmer, larger, and more generous — in short, happier.

Do we find it so? No; the life which the writer paints, or suggests, is divested of all the nobler pleasures; empty of intellectual interest; devoid of social diversion; artless, heartless, furtive, narrow, bleak, mournful, mean, and inhuman. Impossible to speak or read of it jocosely. Jest and irony die in their preconception. This is the American! To this he has fallen! We look in the magic glass, and the glass is truly magic with the grace and truth of genius, and we see our American brother's face. It is a very sad face, but not sad with thought; not furrowed by dark experience; not weary with having lived. No, the face, as it appears on this canvas, wears the mournful, baffled expression of a soul which does not know how to live, and has not lived.

It can only be said of these unhappy people that the existence they are called upon to endure is composed of that iteration of nothing to which the human soul cannot accustom itself this side of an insane asylum. If Mrs. Corra Harris, and Miss Willa Cather report with only half truth the facts of our case, we must feel that we are in a bad way; that we really are a decivilized people, wanting in all the arts of civilization; and in consequence, undeveloped, starved of all that is best — discontented, and dull. To this state our false conception of what is good has brought us.

VI

The most thankless task in the world is that of telling our countrymen that anything whatever ails or is wrong with them. You are at once called a grouch, and a sour-belly. You are held to retard the wheels of progress. Why, then, undertake that which brings only an increase of disesteem and dislike, and to which little attention will be paid? As is well known, our national timidity shrinks from the task, or only essays it in the form of fiction, or when sure of sympathetic agreement. But, no doubt, the day will come when there will be American writers who shall be steeled to a just contempt of the disapproval of the great and ignorant mass of their fellow-countrymen. To those, in the future, must and will fall the task which truth imposes — the task of criticism; the task of finding fault where fault should be found.

If the life our people lead is not good, but bad; if it is an existence which, by what it lacks, dehumanizes; if it tortures the young heart and cripples the youthful mind; if it is green and yet corrupt; if it is stupefyingly dull and empty of good; if it is mean, ignoble, and poor, we must face these facts, analyze them, interpret them if we can, and try to understand them.

In the sphere of religion Wycliffe and Luther were in their day not remiss in pointing out corruption. And the poets, the novelists, of our time are their true sons, and should take heart of hope from the examples of those great Reformers, who first acquainted themselves with what was wrong, and thereafter reformed it. First, the weighing of facts, then their interpretation, and after that the more agreeable task of the betterment of what is bad. With us, in the Western world, reform is too frequently directed upon

political evils only. Above all, it neglects the preliminary labor of the knowledge and understanding of the evil to be removed.

And again, our energetic spirit of reform wastes itself in the endeavor to raise the lowest and most unfortunate class a little, a very little higher.

But it is not the blind and the crippled, it is not the half-witted, or the nomad worker, with and in whom lie the destinies of America. To the exceptional boy or girl, to the gifted, to those who by the divine grace of high breeding in humble circumstances, are fore-ordained to some sort of leadership; to those to whom God has already given much, to them give yet more. Concentrate on the best you now have, and the wheels of progress will spin twice as fast as they now do. Cultivate your productive soil, and let the barren mountain pasture, or the marshland, wait a while. If this is unchristian, so much the worse for our modern Christianity. It was to this aim that Emerson dedicated his life.

But to do this, however inadequately, we must see clearly, as in the daylight of truth, in the very cruelty of it, those things in which American life is most wanting. And we must see that this absence of great and glorious things has not come about by chance, but is owing to our false conception of what is good, what bad; and that this devaluation of good, this arid contempt of it, is the creative cause of all the wretchedness which so keenly affects us. We must seek to realize that this is the main cause why, in the midst of perfect tranquillity, and unparalleled plenty, we are neither contented nor happy. No doubt, other causes are at work

upon us. But this is the Satan of our life. This is the Goliath of America. And against this giant power of evil, so deeply entrenched, so apparently unassailable, untouchable, the future American critic must throw whatever puny stone he may have in his sling. By thus doing, by destroying this dark misconception, we shall, at least in a measure, bring about the good life.

I may seem to some readers, at this point, to speak in hyperbole, and to be now as grotesquely extravagant in hope of the good, as I was earlier extreme in criticism of the bad. I may seem, too, to have advanced very inadequate proof that our life is not the most excellent one in the world.

I have mentioned Mr. George Santayana; let us listen to him. In his *Character and Opinion in the United States* he speaks of us Americans and of our life, at some length. He appraises our civilization, and culture, and analyzes our characteristics, without fear, with indeed much candor, but with esteem and affection. In his Preface, he writes: 'I am confident of not giving serious offense to the judicious, because they will feel that it is affection for the American people that makes me wish that what is best and most beautiful should not be absent from their lives. . . . There is, in America, a fund of vigor, goodness, and hope such as no nation ever possessed before.' In America, 'all is love of achievement, nothing is unkindness; it is a fearless people, and free from malice.

'This soil,' he continues, 'is propitious to every seed, but why should it not also breed clean thinking, honest judgment, and rational happiness?'

AMERICAN WOMEN AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

ARE American women in general taking an interest in public affairs since their enfranchisement? Or is this interest confined as hitherto to the comparatively few women here and there: to the individual woman disinterestedly thoughtful, and to the immediately interested women, directing spirits in women's organized activities?

The writer happened during the past fourteen months to cross and criss-cross the United States. She has spent two months in the Far West and on the Pacific coast; a month in New York City; some days in Denver; some days in Chicago; a month in Florida; a fortnight in Indiana; a month in Tennessee. She has been around a bit in her own state of Kentucky.

In these varied circumstances and conditions of routine life, social life, club life, hotel life, and the chance contacts of travel, she feels that she has touched a fairly representative cross-section of her sex.

Especially in California, Florida, and more recently in a summer hotel in the mountains of Tennessee, the women whom she met were gathered from many quarters of the country. While in her home city, Louisville, and in New York City, during this time she has mingled with women of varied activities and affiliations. By a cross-section of her sex, therefore, she means the country woman, the town woman, the city woman; the professional woman, the woman of wealth; the uninformed woman, the woman of average education, the cultivated woman.

And within this period she can recall no instance in any casual group, social or otherwise, composed entirely of women, where the conversation voluntarily turned on public affairs as such: on politics; on government, or on the principles or fundamentals back of these things. *Voluntarily*, please note.

From time to time she has heard personalities: a story, let us say, of the late President or of Mrs. Harding; an anathema against, or a eulogy of, this and that public figure — Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Harvey, and so forth. But even these are the exceptions.

Occasionally she has heard some woman say that prohibition is a success because she has heard, or read, that such and such local jail at such and such place, is empty; and another woman say that it is a failure because all the young people — or so she has heard, or read — carry hip flasks. But never once in any entirely feminine group has she heard any voluntary, any casual, discussion of, for example, the right to personal liberty as opposed to the right of government to protect the individual against himself.

In mixed groups, men and women, yes, she has heard these and other issues of public moment discussed.

But, whatever the nature of public affairs thus touched on in these mixed groups, whether immigration, the I. W. W., or the tariff on lemons on the Pacific coast; peonage, convict labor, the whipping-post, or the Ku Klux, in Florida; evolution and the Funda-

mentalists in Tennessee and Kentucky; Al Smith and the 'wets' in New York City; the subject was always introduced by a man, and any sustained discussion was carried on by the men.

I am not claiming that these women were not as able to take part in such discussions as the men. On this point I venture no opinion. Nor am I claiming that these men were invariably informed, or that the argument was invariably impressive, or convincing.

I *am* saying that in my judgment American women generally are not interested in public affairs, national or local, in the concrete or in the abstract.

Having made this charge, I will make another. The American woman, as I meet her, is more concerned with informing herself along almost any line rather than politics and public affairs. And when I say this, I have in mind my friends, my associates, my acquaintances, myself, my dressmaker, my milliner, my cook, my younger relatives, and the daughters of my friends.

Last spring, to test my theory, I brought up the word 'Fundamentalist' in six diverse groups of Kentucky women, and did not find a woman in these six groups who knew what a Fundamentalist was. And this in the state where, owing to the activities of these same Fundamentalists, 'evolution was saved to the world,' a year and more ago, by a majority of one vote in the legislature. Yet these six groups were made up of intelligent, cultivated women, competent and able in their chosen activities; but with little or no interest in public affairs.

I was on a train when the news of President Harding's death shocked the country. The following morning, in our sleeper, the question came up, who — on the automatic succession of Mr. Coolidge to the presidency — would be the Vice-President.

I did not know when asked, nor did

any of us in the sleeper, man or woman. But the point I want to make is that none of the women seemed in the least interested, in the least disturbed by the consciousness that it was our place, as well as the men's, to repudiate our ignorance and find out.

I heard a clergyman from the North, called to a church in the South, ask a group of five Southern women just what was the attitude of the white South generally to the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill. These five women, representing as they did three states where racial friction is intense, never had heard of the bill.

I heard a man on the porch of a hotel at an Indiana water-cure ask a group of women how women in general feel about the World Court. They confessed without a qualm that they personally did not feel at all; that, while they had heard the name, they did n't know what the World Court was.

A man in my hearing brought up the Sheppard-Towner law in a group of men and women. 'Why is it that all that you women have done thus far with your ballot and your legislation tends toward paternalism, toward centralization of government, toward Federal interference with State rights — that justifiable bugaboo with many in this country of ours, from the time of Jefferson to this? And Federal interference in a sense, and to an extent, which we men and our fathers and grandfathers, North or South, have never contemplated?'

The ensuing discussion waxed interesting, but it was a masculine discussion. If the women had a point of view to advance, or a position to defend, they did not embrace their opportunity. On the contrary, before the end of the discussion, they were out of it, drifting off to piano, magazine, or card-table.

Did or did not 'Sheppard-Towner

law,' 'Federal interference,' 'Centralization,' mean anything to them?

Mulling over these matters, I approached two women who came within my category of women who in their separate ways *are* interested. One — the individual woman disinterestedly thoughtful, a B. S. and an M. A. in this case as it happens — holds the chair of psychology in a woman's college. The other — the immediately interested woman, a directing spirit in women's organized activities — is vice-chairman in her party for her city and county committee. I put the same question to each: —

'We American women, according to recent articles in the magazines, have earned a name as successful organizers and excellent executives. We are further charged in these articles with a driving desire, an obsession even, to get things done, to carry our end, to put things over, to show that we can if we will; this without always considering the ultimate result.

'Can it be that we brought enfranchisement upon ourselves when on the whole we, the American women in the mass, did not care for it; that we were not, and are not, interested in having it; are not awake to what it signifies, or alive to the responsibilities our acceptance of it implies?'

The first woman writes me: —

'Habit-formation is a slow and regular process. Legislation opens opportunity for habit-formation for the next generation, but will not affect the present generation unless there is a strong conscious interest on the part of each individual to interrupt the habits already formed.

'Women will, and do, discuss child- and home-welfare because of their present conscious responsibility. Just as men do not, not because of lack of general interest, but because of the lack of specific responsibility along

these lines. Women's interest thus far in the history of the world has been specific, not general.'

The second woman writes: —

'Many men, especially men in the rural districts and the small towns, are still, and actively, resenting the giving of suffrage to women as a whole, and in particular to their own household women, and seek to discourage, not only its exercise, but such interest in affairs as will lead to any desire to exercise it.

'A countryman of some standing told me recently that, if his wife ever voted, she could start from that moment and make her own living. That he 'd work for her no longer in that event, and that he 'd told her so.

'A woman called me on the telephone preceding a recent local election to ask my advice about voting, saying she had two little children, and her husband told her he would leave her if she went to the polls. These cases are not as exceptional as you would suppose. As for the women of the great prosperous American middle-class, I begin to believe it is because they are so materially comfortable that they are plethoric.

'As for arousing woman's interest in affairs and in the exercise of the ballot, I have this to say: Give her something tangible and within her experience to talk about, and to work for. Tell her her district needs a new schoolhouse; or her town a new sewer; or her city an up-to-date health department. Women are not interested in abstract principles. They wish some concrete result.'

Whatever the explanation, I am forced to conclude that, among American women the country over, apart from those few disinterestedly thoughtful, and those directly concerned, there is a lack of interest in public affairs, an apathy, an absence of concern, not so much in the issue at hand, as in the principle behind it.

THE PROPOSED MONOPOLY IN EDUCATION

BY JAMES H. RYAN

I

The thing which the world needs most is a proper spiritual conception of human relationships. — PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

DEMOCRACY has fallen on evil days. A war which was fought to make the world safe for democracy has brought in its train the overthrow of almost every working democracy. Continental Europe to-day is governed by dictators; parliaments no longer convene; the press is shackled, or it vociferously applauds the usurpations of its political masters; the people do not care a whit who rules. Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain—to mention but the large nations—have repudiated before the world their democratic faith. Not liberty, but a strong-armed authority, is what these peoples appear to want; and a Lenin, a Mussolini, and a Rivera are endeavoring to give them what they want.

In England and the United States, democracy has fared somewhat better. In spite of its defects, we still maintain unbroken our faith in the workability of those principles which have come down to us from the fathers. Acute observers, however, are beginning to express doubts as to our ability to organize successfully for this experiment in government, to which the English-speaking peoples are committed, the heterogeneous and clashing elements which make up our vast populations. Political progressives are demanding a radical change in government policies. Communists would

overthrow everything and begin anew. Enlightened liberals shake their heads, and see nothing but misfortune before us. Some have already prophesied disaster. The gloomy forebodings of such far-seeing thinkers as Hilaire Belloc have had at least this good effect—they have called attention to the fact that we are living in a fool's paradise if we imagine for a moment that democracy can run itself, that it can be successful if we are afraid to think straight, and to act according to convictions arrived at after the severest kind of straight thinking.

There are two principal forces which make for the ultimate success of democratic endeavor. One is legislation, and the other education. In the process of its actualization, democracy must look to these two activities, more than to any others, for aid and comfort. If law observance breaks down; if public officials become corrupt or negligent; if the making of laws falls under the control of any one group, thinking only of the advantages which will accrue to it from a domination of this function of government; if the people themselves fail to take an intelligent interest in the working of their government or become actively hostile to it, then we can with safety predict the near-collapse of democratic institutions. If, on the other hand, education fails to measure up to the requirements of the democratic state, if its administration is bad, its upkeep too expensive, its

curriculum not fashioned to meet the growing demands made upon it, we have reached a situation fraught with the direst possible consequences. Correct thinking, and nothing but correct thinking, about both legislation and education, will bring us salvation.

Unfortunately, on no other two subjects has there been so much loose thinking as on these. Education, in particular, has been most severely criticized. Daily the conviction is growing on many that all is not well with American education. Some critics have gone so far as to question its value in the task of preserving and developing our democratic ideals.

The immediate imperative seems to be to restate our philosophy of education in terms of present-day democracy. If either our ideas of democracy are wrong, or our philosophy of education is false, wisdom dictates a correction of these views so as to meet the exigencies of logic and of fact. No argument should be required to convince every right-thinking person that such an examination is necessary. And we can look forward to a series of plans capable of meeting the situation only if we succeed in making a just, acceptable, and logical restatement of what the objectives and functions of education should be in a democracy such as ours.

Like religion, education is a topic about which every man feels himself well qualified to give expert advice. It has touched his life at so many points that he is quite sure he knows all about a subject which the profoundest philosophers have dared to approach only in fear and trembling. On few other subjects, therefore, will one hear expressed and defended such arrant nonsense, snap judgments, and visionary plans, as on that of education.

The plain man does know something of education, and he rightly conceives of it as the surest means which has been

developed to make certain the preservation of himself and his children. Now, both philosophers and statesmen must never lose sight of this point of view, lowly as it seems to be. Education is for the welfare, first of the individual, and then of the species of which each individual is a personal representative. Government may be of many kinds, for it too is a human institution. But government for its own purposes, however lofty or praiseworthy these may be, must not attempt to change or distort the underlying principle of all education, which is to equip the child for the duties and obligations that lie before him.

A lip-service to democracy will not save us from the consequences of a false reading of the principles underlying democratic government. If our philosophy of the individual is wrong, it is foolish to expect right conceptions of government, law, and education. This is particularly true in the field of education, which must, if it is to be at all adequate, endeavor to meet the demands that democracy makes upon it. Now, a true democracy seeks, as its primary objective, the education of the individual, first and foremost for his own welfare and for the development of his inherent powers and faculties, and secondly, for the welfare of the body social. It is quite true that no individual lives to himself alone in a democracy; that he must also live *with* people and *for* people. But this he cannot do if education minimizes, or fails to recognize, the fact that what it must do primarily is to train the individual not only as a political, but as a religious and social, unit as well.

A democracy is supposed to be peculiarly sensitive to the needs of the individual. It is so essentially a personal process that, if it fails to recognize the sanctity inherent in the possession of a personality, as well as the

rights which follow from the same, it becomes *eo ipso* tyrannical, an oppressor rather than a protector of individual rights. A democracy, to fulfill its mission, must never drift away from the moorings to which it is tied — the individual man. Moreover, it can go forward only as the individual goes forward. Laws imposed from without may make a people industrious, happy, perhaps moral. But in this case, as is evident, it is not the people who have grown into a better social state. In a democracy, the people must create by individual devotion to high ideals a better and universal social condition of living. Nothing but education can effect such an outcome. And it must be, first, last, and all the time, an education of the individual; otherwise government 'of the people, by the people, for the people' becomes a meaningless phrase.

II

There are political theorists among us who subscribe to the belief that the State is a sort of super-individual, possessing a life of its own, and in search of a good other than that of the individuals who compose it. It is a philosophical fallacy pure and simple to envisage the State as a species of super-organism, with a life all its own, to which we owe other responsibilities than those we owe to ourselves, and to our neighbors. Hegel, the most undemocratic thinker who ever lived, is responsible for what has been called the 'organic' conception of the State. This view cannot be defended from the standpoint either of logic, or of practical consequences. For although it is true that the State possesses a certain unity, and that the good of the whole quite universally reacts to the good of the individuals who make up the whole, yet this unity is purely mechanical.

It has no resemblance at all to the unity possessed by a living organism, since it does not exist divorced from the units which go to make it up.

Practically, to subordinate the real and certain good of the individual to the so-called good of the State would be to introduce an aristocratic element into democracy, which, in a short time, would do away with all initiative, unselfishness, and progress. For what meaning can the phrase 'the good of the State' have? In practice it most often means the good of statesmen, not in the sense of graft, but in the results which these statesmen think should be obtained by the society over which for the moment they have control. Now, the ordinary statesman quite naturally is convinced that the more elaborate the machinery of government, the more assured are the results which he thinks should be obtained. Unfortunately, there is no way to disillusion him. But in the mechanical process of making citizens, spontaneity, initiative, individual responsibility, freedom of thought and act become completely submerged. The products are wholesale samples of human beings, all modeled after the ideal of citizenship which the statesman of the hour thinks best. Germany tried out, and with characteristic German thoroughness, the Hegelian philosophy. For a half-century and more it subordinated the individual to the State, the good of Germans to the good of Germany. The example is not so far away that we should readily forget the results of the experiment.

The State, even at its best, is mechanical, wooden, soulless, and the education which it supplies is so tinged and colored by mechanical ideals that it would be little short of miraculous if it succeeded, as a general rule, in producing anything superior and individual. Only the enthusiast for a State-controlled system of education

can close his eyes to this fact. The history of education, since the days when Sparta tried the experiment of a Government-controlled system, bears out only too well this contention. Quite recently that searching philosopher, Bertrand Russell, summed up his view of a nationalized system of education in the following words: 'Our modern State education is mainly designed to produce convenient citizens, and therefore dares not encourage spontaneity, since all spontaneity interferes with system. There is a tendency to uniformity, to the suppression of private judgment, to the production of populations which are tame toward their rulers and ferocious toward the "enemy." Even if our centralization escapes destruction in great wars, this tendency of State education to produce mental slavery will, if it is not checked, kill out everything of value in the way of art and thought, and even, ultimately, of human affection. And it eventually kills the joy of life, which cannot exist where spontaneity is dead.'

III

Democracy is essentially a religious ideal. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. One would have to go a great distance in search of a better expression of our democratic faith. Love spells democracy, and love, at bottom, is freedom. No nation needs to ponder this truth more than America. We possess freedom to-day — it is our proud boast. But how long shall we have it, if democracy becomes recreant to its trust by conceiving its task as one of suppressing individual freedom in the supposed interests of a phantom individual, called the State?

Some ninety years ago, the State formed a school system of its own, distinct and separate from that which

had been built up by private initiative. In this process of dissociation, the private elementary schools, and later the colleges, were paralleled by State institutions. The latter have had the advantage of public authority and legislation. Large amounts of money have been expended upon them. They have educated the vast majority of our citizens. They have called forth an enormous literature on all phases of education. The avowed purpose of their promoters was to develop the right sort of citizenship. In that aim all Americans agreed.

These facts explain the enthusiasm for the State school. They do not explain the criticism to which, of recent times especially, the school has been subjected. It is hard to see, for instance, why so much notice has been taken of the illiteracy shown by examination of army recruits. It is even more difficult to understand the complaints about the violation of certain enactments intended to promote sobriety. It is surprising to see educators and other prominent citizens forming a nation-wide vigilance society to secure legislation against mob violence and to develop respect for authority and obedience to law.

Possibly these critics and reformers are prejudiced. Or, again, they may forget that State education for democracy does not include moral training. Or, finally, they may imagine that people educated at public expense should have some consideration for public institutions. Which of these explanations is the true one need not be decided now. The plain fact is that many intelligent persons are dissatisfied with the sort of democracy that prevails among a very large number of public-school-made Americans.

But what will puzzle the critics is the proposal to mend the situation by driving all our children into the very

same educational boiling-pot. One is reminded of the teacher who gave as an excuse for the disorder among the forty children in her room the fact that one small boy out in the street could not be brought into the school.

No one questions the right of the State to educate, or its duty to provide equal educational opportunity for all. But that is quite a different thing from looking to the State as the final source and sanction of all educational objective. We are witnessing to-day, in the name of patriotism, a gradual turning of the public school into an instrument for the fostering of the narrowest nationalism. In the minds of many well-meaning people, the sole function of education is to turn out citizens like Fords, so many every minute of the working day. It would seem that the policy of Germany before the war, which prostituted the school to such base national aims, would be sufficient proof of the falsity of this philosophy.

The State undoubtedly has the right to determine the objectives which it wishes attained by its own schools. But without the circle of these aims and purposes there must remain secure for individual initiative and experiment, whether religious or not, a field which outsiders may freely cultivate. And what is this field? That of the individual soul. If the State fails to recognize, for any reason whatsoever, the claims of the individual for moral and spiritual development, then it should not put obstacles in the way of those whose sole purpose is to supply this deficiency, and in the interests of the State itself.

No one, at least in the United States, would deny that a democracy without morality is soulless. It is so essentially a spiritual process that in the absence of those moral qualities, like self-reliance, self-control, bravery, justice, and generosity, which alone make an

individual upright and strong, it becomes unthinkable. In the philosophy of those who hold for religious training, religion and morality are not thought of as in contrast to democracy; on the contrary, they are considered the life blood of democracy, the stuff out of which any lasting democracy must be fashioned. No less an American than George Washington saw this truth most clearly. He openly favored religious training, for he understood that religious values must be regarded as fundamental in every scheme of government built upon democratic principles.

Nor can there be any question of the possibility of a religious education becoming narrowly sectarian and, as a result, a menace to the maintenance of democratic thought. But we are not dealing with theories or possibilities now. The testimony of American history is that the religious school, no less than the public, was established to train citizens, not sectarian groups. And the only safe criterion for judging whether the religious school has measured up to its profession of faith in democracy, and to the purposes of its founders, is the lives of those who have gone from its doors. That these men have been Americans, in the highest sense of the word, no one can deny without questioning the loyalty of the leading scientists, writers, ministers, and statesmen whom our country has produced. Many of these men belonged, if you wish, to sects; they were trained under sectarian influences; but they were not less worthy Americans because they happened to be professing Christians.

And, in particular, I resent with all my soul the unjust imputation of disloyalty hurled at one particular religious school — the Catholic school. Not only is it unfair, it is both unjust and immoral, to stamp as disloyal

the products of a system of education the very foundation of which is authority and respect for authority, especially as embodied in the Constitution of the United States. No one has a right to cast unjust suspicions on the democracy or patriotism of a Cardinal Gibbons or a Chief Justice White. To do so without the evidence necessary to justify such a charge, is to show one's self both a prejudiced and a false American.

The uniformitarians demand a system of schools in which the State alone shall say what may be taught and how it shall be taught, and which every child must attend. But if the philosophy of extreme nationalism is right, why stop with the elementary school? Logic demands that our whole system of education, from grammar school to university, be put under State control. There is no valid reason why the State must educate all children in public schools which is not equally valid for high schools and colleges. As a matter of fact, since from the colleges go forth the leaders of the nation, it is much more important for Government to control college education, than it is to nationalize the lower schools.

It might be well for us to consider for a moment the possible consequences of such action. Five sixths of our colleges are religious schools, and three fourths of the students who attend college are now being educated under religious auspices. Few have questioned the democratic character of the training given by the religious college. And no one in his sane mind would advocate the forceful taking out of our national life the valuable contributions to democracy which these institutions are making yearly. A policy which would close the doors of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, because they are private schools, condemns itself by the weight of its own unreasonableness.

Nothing could be more dangerous to the continuance of our democracy than a national system of schools. Outside of the consideration, held firmly by many educators, that it would spell standardization, and consequent degeneration, for the public school itself, such policy would engender bitter prejudices, distrust, and even hatred among the important groups who go to make up our country. Not only Catholics, but Protestants and Jews as well, would resent the nationalization of education. Catholics, in particular, would feel that they have a real grievance against the State, if it should outlaw their schools. In their minds such laws would be regarded much in the light of religious persecution.

Class or religious prejudices should have no place in determining our educational objectives. Catholic and Protestant, believer and nonbeliever, have lived in peace so far. Is this the time for any one class, with its particular loyalties, to impose on the nation its own conception of what American education must be, even though it claims to be actuated by motives of patriotism and national well-being?

IV

It is very difficult to behold in the tendency toward State control of education, represented by the recent enactment in Oregon, which closes all schools except the public, a healthy expression of our democracy, or one that reflects the best public thought on the education question. Such laws are so foreign to American ideals, so contrary to the past dealings of the State as represented by the history of the aid given to private educational initiative, so destructive of the spirit of fair play and tolerance which has always characterized us as a people, that it is with chagrin, mixed with fear for the future

of democracy itself, that we view this invasion of a domain always thought of as peculiarly free from attacks or interference on the part of the State.

Few, if any, interpreters of the relations of democracy to education are more qualified to express in this context the genuine American tradition than Professor Dewey. He looks upon the Oregon law as a manifestation of social intolerance, comparable with other manifestations of that spirit known to all of us, such as the Lusk laws, and the many laws recently enacted regulating the teaching of American history. 'To some of us who thought we were good Americans,' writes Doctor Dewey, 'the Oregon law seems to strike at the root of American toleration and trust and good faith between various elements of the population in each other.'

The closing up of a few private schools may not affect to an appreciable degree the course of democratic education in one State, or the course of democratic thought in the nation. But once grant the principle that the child is a ward of the State, and the gates are opened to a flood of undemocratic legislation which must sweep away the very basis of all good-will, confidence, and trust, upon which the different groups that make up our Republic found the possibility of united action.

The United States has no need for, and should not have, a national system of schools, not even of public elementary schools. For to nationalize education is to centralize it, and, to that extent, undemocratize it. What education needs to-day is not more, but less, centralization. Educational salvation is not to be found in the office of a secretary in the President's Cabinet, nor will it ever be purchased by subsidies granted from Washington. Democratic education, both in its adminis-

tration and in its aims, is a local matter. If it is ever to accomplish its purpose, namely, to draw together the people of our country so that they will both understand and accomplish the obligations of a democratic citizenship, the local character of the school must never be relinquished. Each community must see its duty and must be willing to embrace the obligations consequent thereon, must jealously guard its right to train its own children according to standards which it can understand and accept, and not according to standards imposed by a benevolent bureaucracy situated a thousand miles away.

All this must appear very elementary to most of us, to whom local control of the schools has been as the breath of our nostrils. Yet this principle is being challenged by a determined minority, both in and outside the teaching profession, who, for the pottage of Federal aid, would gladly relinquish their inheritance of local control and initiative. Education, no one can question, presents a national aspect and entails a national obligation. So do legislation, industry, business, religion, art, and all the other factors making for democratic outcomes. But while in these latter fields the processes of centralization have either been tried and found wanting, or been acknowledged beforehand as harmful from the point of view of the welfare of the whole, in public education its leaders are demanding, from a Government only too prone to lay a heavy hand upon local initiative, the golden chains which spell slavery, and eventually the death, of educational freedom.

It has often been remarked that the best sign of the possession of wisdom is to profit by the mistakes of the past. The history of Government-controlled education in some of the European countries teaches a lesson the signifi-

cance of which needs no emphasis for our American democracy. Herbert Spencer, in his essay on education, quotes Richter to the effect that 'the best rule in politics is said to be "*pas trop gouverner*"; it is also true in education.' Hard experience confirms this belief. The less of Government we have in education, at least for the present, the better off education will be.

In California there exists an organization, interested in the public school, whose slogan is, 'It is the school that is public, not the child.' That motto might well be made the guiding star for every writer on the relations of the State to education.

The child belongs to the parent. He is not 'a national child.' Neither must his education be 'first national and after that personal.' If our democracy is to endure, it must respect, especially in its schools, the qualities which alone can save it — individualism, variety,

personal initiative. These things demand freedom — not only freedom for the individual to work out his life in the way the individual thinks it must be worked out, but also freedom to accept the educational objectives which he deems vital to his own development.

The making of this world a better place to live in is the task of education. To that end all forces must coöperate, each one bringing its specific contribution to the attainment of human welfare. A democratic Government, to be successful, must rely on private initiative, on individuals, on religious groups to supplement what it is doing. But to suppress the endeavors of all non-State groups, in the supposed interests of a higher loyalty, will always be regarded by right-thinking men as an act of the grossest tyranny, the final result of which can be nothing short of the destruction of the social organism itself.

SPRING HEELS

BY PARKHURST WHITNEY

I

GRAN'MA and Mr. Fred Green were in lively discussion. The popular village shoe-merchant was describing his wares from a squatting position before the fitting-bench; the effort made him look pop-eyed and red around the gills, but his tongue was hung in the middle. Gran'ma was asking questions about prices and durability, especially durability. When she was a girl, she said, she wore copper-toed shoes, and she wished to goodness they had n't gone

out of fashion; she never knew such a young-un for stubbing. The young-un sat beside gran'ma, with stockinged foot stiffly extended. He was saying nothing, because nothing was expected of him; although his feet were the subject of the discussion, his shoes would be chosen by gran'ma, under the expert supervision of Mr. Fred Green.

The latter was now talking earnestly about a new style known as spring heels. He had begun by showing some

splendid brogans, veritable gunboats of leather. Among them a small boy had seen a pair that suited him perfectly. They had bright brass hooks, leather laces, broad, prominent heels, and a toe big enough to kick a hole in a barn door. They were shoes for a strong man, and his heart yearned toward them. Then Mr. Green had gone to the shelves and produced these insipid, flat-bottomed things. He called them a boon to growing feet. A small boy called them by another name, and listened to their eulogy with a premonition of evil.

'You take a growing boy, and what he wants is a shoe that 'll give his feet a chance to grow right,' Mr. Green was explaining. 'I 'm not saying these other styles I just been showing you ain't good shoes. They 're A number one in every respect. But you take such shoes and they 're kind of liable to throw the weight of the body forrads on the toes and the ball of the foot. You can see for yourself what that means —'

'We — ll — ' Gran'ma hesitated, as one who did n't feel quite worthy of Mr. Green's estimate of her perceptions.

'Why, the weight of the body is thrown forrads on the toes and the ball of the foot,' the shoe-man said triumphantly. 'I 'm not saying that ain't all right for you and me, but I am saying that for a growing boy —'

'Yes, I see,' said gran'ma at last.

'But you take this spring-heel shoe,' Mr. Green resumed, 'and you get the ideal shoe for a growing boy. Just look at that heel, though it 's so low you can hardly call it a heel, and you can see for yourself how that is n't going to throw the weight of the body all on the toes and the ball of the foot. It 's going to let some of it come on the heel, and give the growing foot a chance to grow right, like nature intended.'

'Um — ' said gran'ma. 'How much are they?'

'Three eighty-five the pair.'

'Mercy!' Gran'ma raised her big-veined hands in a gesture of protest, and a small boy took heart for a moment. 'I never saw anything like the way prices for young-uns' things are. Why that 's about as much as I pay for my own shoes.'

'You can't duplicate the value anywhere,' Mr. Green declared. 'I really ought to get four dollars the pair, but they 're a brand-new idea and I want to introduce them to my trade, and so I 'm marking them at three eighty-five.'

'It 's a lot of money,' gran'ma objected.

'Not when you consider what you 're getting.' The shoe-man, still squatting, puffed a little and resumed his skillful discourse. 'There 's some of my trade I would n't bother to show this shoe to at all. There 's some people in town that don't care whether their children walk on their heels or on their heads, and it 'd be a waste of time to show 'em a shoe like this one. But I don't have to tell *you* that when you start a boy off in life with feet that are right it 's just like putting money in the bank for him. Take care of his feet now, and he 'll be all the more able to pay you back later, is the way I look at it.'

Gran'ma — bless her intentions, anyway — seemed to look at it that way, too. Memories of her own neglected childhood inclined her toward the best, regardless of price, for her grandson. 'Fit a pair to him,' she directed.

Mr. Green fitted a pair, and then sat back on his heels to regard his work. 'There!' he cried. 'There 's a shoe that is a shoe. Nobby, made scientific, and I 'm not saying it won't give just as much wear as any of them other shoes I showed you, either. What I 'm

saying is that there 's a shoe that combines style and wear and gives the growing foot a chance to grow right, at the same time. . . . Yes, ma 'am, there 's a boy that ain't going to suffer from corns and bun'ons like some of us do.'

'They do look kind of nice,' said gran'ma, glowing with the thought that she had safeguarded the future of her grandson's feet. She turned to him, perhaps expecting some slight appreciation of her good deed. 'How do *you* like 'em?'

How did he like 'em? Ah, the eternal ineptness of elders in their dealings with small boys. He did n't like 'em at all; he hated 'em. It seemed to him that if gran'ma and Mr. Fred Green had deliberately set out to make trouble, they could have done nothing more devilish than to put spring heels on him.

'They 're — they 're girl's shoes,' he mumbled.

II

A small boy had to put down the race of elders, not only as inept, but as incapable of profiting by experience. This affair of the spring heels was not the first offense of gran'ma and the merchants. Why, only a short year before, they had blundered so badly that he would never cease to shudder at the recollection.

The incident began pleasantly enough as one of his periodic visits to The City. A few days before, some malevolent person had put a nail in the roof of gran'ma's barn in such a fashion that his everyday pants were ripped beyond repair. This meant that his Sunday suit had to step down, and thus there was created a vacancy in his wardrobe which had to be filled. The matter of buying a suit for the Sabbath, so painfully associated with hell-fire sermons, did n't greatly interest him;

but he regarded other aspects of the trip with keen anticipation. Certainly with no sense of impending tragedy. There was the ride on the 9.38, known all along the line as Ed Dodd's train, in honor of its fat and affable conductor. There was the news-butcher with his funny papers; gran'ma, though she would protest a little, could always be persuaded to give up ten cents for a copy of *Life*. There was the sooty car-window, out of which one could watch the world swing by in great circles. Then, at last, The City itself — the clamorous, smoky train-shed; the great rushing-about in the streets, which was so infectious; and vivifying the scene forever in a small boy's memory, the pungent smells that floated up to his country nose from the wholesale district along the river front. Noon was only an hour away, but those exotic odors so worked upon his appetite that the prospect of lunch at the Melrose Bakery and Restaurant became tantalizingly remote. After lunch, with all the bearings of his being lubricated by an enormous bowl of bone-soup, a glorious afternoon at the Wonderland Musée. Hi! what a splendid place for a small boy was that popular institution of primitive America! Lifelike figures of murderers, generals, queens, and poisoners. A cage of monkeys. A Punch and Judy show. Wonders and wonders, and all for ten cents! It was there, one later day, that he first saw stereopticon views that were not stereopticon views. They moved, they moved! A street car came rushing up through a white sheet, so menacingly real that a small boy squirmed in his seat, expecting to see it come crashing down on to the heads of the orchestra. Gran'ma said it was a newfangled notion called the Vitagraph, but she guessed there was some trick about it.

Before such delights could be tasted, however, they had to do their trading;

they had to go to B. Roseblatt and Sons, Gents' and Boys' Up-to-date Clothiers and Outfitters, and get that Sunday suit. Mr. B. Roseblatt himself materialized out of the murky depths of a long aisle the moment that gran'ma crossed the threshold — so gracious a gentleman that a small boy always thought of him first as a friend of the family. His round, dark face was bisected by the friendliest of smiles; on his full lips were words that seemed to have nothing to do with trade. It was gran'ma's health and the health of a young feller that seemed to concern him most; not until gran'ma had assured him that each was doing as well as could be expected did Mr. Roseblatt permit himself a reference to trade.

'Somethink for the young feller?'

'Yes,' said gran'ma, 'he's got to have a new suit.'

'This way, plees,' said Mr. Roseblatt. He led the way down a cross-aisle to a table stacked with ready-made garments. He placed a chair for gran'ma, and appraised a small boy swiftly. 'For size, he iss about twelf years, yess?'

'Only ten,' said gran'ma, with quiet pride, 'but he takes twelve-year sizes.'

Mr. Roseblatt's brown eyes widened, and he stared at a small boy as though he were looking upon a prodigy, a veritable Pantagruel. 'Is it possible? My, my, vat a big feller for his age! I should haf said twelf years for sure.' Ah, Mr. Roseblatt, your words were milk and honey; though you caused a small boy to suffer frightfully, he can never forget the unction with which you applied them. It seemed to him then that the visit of gran'ma and himself was your day of days; years passed before doubt crept in, before he wondered if you ever looked upon other ten-year-old boys as prodigies of limb and muscle.

Mr. Roseblatt ran his hands rapidly down a pile of jackets, and with a smart pull extracted one of plain blue. 'Here iss somethink nice,' he said. 'Solit colors are always elegant — anyvays, we shall dry it on for size.'

A small boy backed into the jacket, which was held open for him. Mr. Roseblatt ran around in front, buttoned it, looked at the sleeve length, patted the lapels, and stepped back to study the whole effect. Then he darted to the rear, stroked the shoulders, tugged at the tail, and again stepped back for a view in perspective. Finally he turned to gran'ma and bowed. 'Vell,' he said, 'you are right. I haf to admit it. There is a twelf size — but see how it fits. I haf neffer seen anythink petter. Neffer. If I should see dot young feller wearing such a jacket, und I did not know petter, I should say, "Dere iss a young feller which has his clothes made to order." That iss vat I should say if I did not know petter.'

'It does fit good,' gran'ma agreed, 'but that suit he's wearing now is kind of a blue. Mebbe a change —'

'A change is goot und a change you shall haf,' said Mr. Roseblatt. 'Such a fit I haf neffer seen, but we shall se vat else iss there.' He burrowed among the piles, and presently several twelve-year sizes for a husky of ten had been tried, patted, surveyed, and rejected. Gran'ma, Mr. Roseblatt, and a small boy himself agreed that the blue jacket was superior to them all.

'If it was n't blue I would n't hesitate a second,' gran'ma explained. 'But there's that suit he's got on that's kind of a blue, and then those dark colors are so hard to keep tidy. They show every speck and spot —'

'Thiss here gray,' suggested Mr. Roseblatt; 'it iss an elegant piece of goots.'

'Don't care much for it,' said

gran'ma. She made motions that looked suspiciously like preparations for departure. A small boy brightened, thinking of the Melrose Bakery & Restaurant. Mr. Roseblatt's smiling, round face became grave. Suddenly his arms flew up in a convulsive gesture.

'Vait!' he cried. 'I haf thought of somethink.' He rushed upon gran'ma and patted her gently but firmly back into her chair. 'Vait, vait!' he repeated. He bustled out into the main aisle, turned the corner, and was lost to sight behind the great tables of clothing. In another moment he was back in the cross-aisle, beaming in the direction of gran'ma and a small boy. 'Vait!' he shouted. 'Don't moof!' He disappeared once more and was gone for several minutes.

When he returned he carried something in his arms, in the attitude of one who brings an unusually choice offering to the gods. It was wrapped in tissue paper, and Mr. Roseblatt laid it reverently in gran'ma's lap. 'Open,' he said. 'Open und see.'

A small boy, his curiosity piqued, drew near, while gran'ma tore away the flimsy tissue. Material of a rich, dark, lustrous texture was disclosed. Gran'ma stroked it with her worn fingers. 'Why, it's black velvet!' she exclaimed.

'Black felfet it iss, and such a piece of goots as I haf neffer seen before,' said Mr. Roseblatt. 'Just now it has come, und just now I haf taken it from der packing-box.'

Gran'ma lifted the jacket. Mr. Roseblatt took it gently from her hands and held it aloft. A small boy looked for the first time upon that fateful garment. He said nothing, but gran'ma loosed an exclamation of pleasure. 'Well, now, that *is* kind of pretty.'

Mr. Roseblatt beamed. 'I knew,' he cried. 'I knew you should like it. Iss it not elegant?'

'Expensive, too, I expect,' gran'ma interjected.

'You should only admire it,' protested Mr. Roseblatt. 'I do not say "buy"; I say iss it not elegant?'

'It's elegant enough,' gran'ma admitted, 'but what are you asking for it?'

For an instant Mr. Roseblatt showed signs of impatience. More gutturals crept into his speech as he tried to make gran'ma understand that one did not talk of prices in the presence of beauty. 'See, you are der first gustomer to which I have showed it this piece of goots. It iss not efery gustomer I would show it. Ach! vat do some beebel know of peautiful thinks! But you — you should puy *oder* you should not puy. It iss for me a bleasure to show peautiful thinks to a lady which gan abbrecciate dem.'

Gran'ma was rebuked and silent. Mr. Roseblatt explained further, for it appeared that he had suddenly been inspired in the presence of beauty. 'You know vat I should like to do, ma'am? I should like to dry dot suit on dis young feller. I should like to see it for myselluf how it looks. Such a suit on such a young feller — ach!' Mr. Roseblatt raised his eyes, as though the sight of so much elegance would be almost too much to bear.

'So long's you understand — ' gran'ma began.

'Berfectly, berfectly.' Mr. Roseblatt turned to a small boy. 'Now young feller, you und I shall go into the dressink room, und ven ve come out I pet you ve shall surprise your gran'ma — '

The young feller went into the dressing-room and Mr. Roseblatt hovered on the other side of the drab curtain, frequently peering in to watch progress. 'Chently, chently!' he cried in some alarm, as a small boy thrust his feet into the velvet breeches. Mr. Roseblatt came in and assisted with

the buttoning. He adjusted the jacket with many fond caresses, and studied the effect. 'No!' he cried. 'Do not go out until I come back. Vait!'

He came back quickly with another piece of goods. 'Now ve shall pegin ofer again,' he explained. He removed the jacket, removed a small boy's pink-and-white striped blouse, and produced a soft, white blouse with an Eton collar. 'Ai! dot iss it!' he said, when the change had been effected. 'My, vot a fine-lookink young feller!'

His appraising glances traveled downward, and his pleased expression faded. 'Nein, dot von't do,' he muttered. 'Sit down, young feller,' he directed. He knelt before a small boy, blew noisily, removed a shoe, looked into its interior and rose again. 'Now vait vunce more,' he said. 'Just a minute — vait.'

This time he returned with new shoes and stockings: fine-ribbed stockings and shoes with patent-leather tips. 'Now ve haf it,' he said finally. He led a small boy forth to gran'ma, and presented him with a bow.

'Land sakes,' gran'ma sputtered. 'You 've dressed him all over!'

'It iss no trouble, I assure you,' said Mr. Roseblatt. 'I am glad to do it, ven I haf a fine young feller to show fine goots on.' He pointed dramatically at the long mirror against the wall. 'Look at yourself, young feller,' he cried.

The young feller looked, and could hardly believe that the elegant reflection was himself. Gone was the simply dressed country-boy, metamorphosed into a young fashionable in black and white. Black velvet pants, braided along the seams. Black bows and glittering buckles at the knees. A short-waisted jacket, also resplendent with braid and big buttons, and cut to display a broad expanse of immaculate shirt-front. His awed eyes traveled down to the patent-leather tips and

back to the Eton collar that covered his shoulders like a cape. Jiminy! he certainly was rigged out for once!

Gran'ma and Mr. Roseblatt came toward him. 'Look vunce more, ma'am,' Mr. Roseblatt was saying, 'und den I shall take it off. Unless, of gourse, you should like —'

'H'm.' Gran'ma coughed slightly and seemed to deliberate. 'How much did you say you were asking for it?'

'Twenty-four dollars.'

'Sakes alive!' exclaimed gran'ma.

'But iss it not elegunt?' cried Mr. Roseblatt.

'But it 's a mint of money,' cried gran'ma.

'Dot blue suit iss a very nice suit,' suggested Mr. Roseblatt, declining to discuss mints of money.

Gran'ma, fond soul, regarded her grandson in his elegance. Perhaps she was making financial calculations at the same time, for she toyed with the silk bag in which she carried her worn leather pocketbook, as though she would weigh its hard-won contents. 'Well,' she said finally, 'I guess I must be crazy, but I 'll take it.'

'The blue?' Mr. Roseblatt inquired.

'The black velvet,' said gran'ma.

Mr. Roseblatt bowed low. 'Ma'am, I congratulate you. I take pride to myself dot I regonized you as vun who abbreciated elegance. Of gourse, you vill vant the shirt und shoes und extras —'

'Yes,' said gran'ma weakly.

'Goot.' Mr. Roseblatt produced his sales-pad and was, at last, full of business. 'It iss not so much, ma'am,' he said, after some exercises with his pencil, 'not ven you gonsider vat it iss you are gettink. Dere vill be no young feller anyveres so elegunt as dis young feller.'

It was not quite true, that last remark. There was a young feller who was quite as elegant, and a small

boy was soon reminded of him. The black velvet suit made its first appearance the following Sunday morning. Gran'ma inspected a small boy's efforts, and her fond eyes sparkled across the tops of her spectacles, as she put the touch of perfection into the drooping folds of his black tie.

He, himself, to tell the truth, was rather pleased with his appearance. Oh, he had forebodings — but he was hoping for the best. He was such an elegant young feller; perhaps less elegant young fellers would be stricken dumb with admiration.

'Little Lord Fauntleroy! Oh, Oh! Little Lord Fauntleroy! Oh, Oh!'

It was the erudite but unæsthetic Joe Rivers who first sounded the slogan that the pack began to chant in chorus. The way home from Sunday School became a Via Dolorosa stretching into infinity. Even that supposedly loyal friend, Beany Chappell, tittered with the mob; indeed, it was that viper who singled out, for special comment, the black bows and silver buckles that bloomed on the gorgeous breeches.

A small boy ate his fricasseed chicken that day with a heart as heavy as the dumplings that accompanied gran'ma's favorite Sunday dish. There were fifty-two Sundays in a year, and certainly he could n't hope for a new suit in less time; gran'ma had made very clear to him that his wardrobe had cost a mint of money, much more money than a poor woman could afford. Only death, then, could help him — or the end of the world.

For the first and last time in his youth he could regard the frequent millennial calculations of his parson without horror. Life in a black velvet suit was an even more dreadful prospect than the crack of doom.

After dinner he asked gran'ma if he could remove his black velvet suit. Gran'ma said, now that was real

thoughtful of him, and she was glad to see he was beginning to take care of his things. Yes, he could take the suit off, and be sure to hang it in the closet where the moths could n't get at it.

So he started for his bedroom, but on the way he passed gran'ma's sweet-grass work basket, which was lying on the centre table in the sitting-room. A glittering something in the basket beckoned to the tail of his eye, and he halted to investigate. . . . When he went on he had gran'ma's steel scissors in his hand, and sudden determination in his heart. Before he laid away that darn' black velvet suit, he had with firm strokes slashed off the black bows and silver buckles.

It was a little thing, but it would help.

III

The real tragedy of childhood is that its tragedies usually have their beginnings in the world of elders. It is there the fuse is laid that sets off the blast that strips a small boy of his skin and leaves the quivering nerves exposed. Worse, only faint echoes of the blast reach the guilty persons, so that they never suffer for their enormities — and never can understand. Loud had been gran'ma's cries when she discovered the mutilation of the velvet breeches, but it was apparent that the sounds had n't echoed in her ears for long. How, otherwise, could she have approved of spring heels?

Behold a small boy setting out for school, the day after gran'ma and Mr. Fred Green, the popular village shoemaker, had worked their will upon him.

It is twenty minutes of nine, and the schoolhouse is a good fifteen-minute walk from where he lives. Nevertheless, he is loitering in his front yard, fretfully dangling the books that hang at the end of a long strap.

Joe Rivers, that white-headed scoffer at elegance, came galloping up the street. 'Who 's goin' my way, join my class — ' he shouted.

A small boy paid no attention to the invitation, and the white-head addressed a specific question to him. 'Aintcha goin' to school?'

'Dunno,' said a small boy shortly.

The white-head was curious, and he came into the yard. 'Why aintcha goin'? Sick? Whatcha got?'

'Naw, I ain't sick.'

'Then why aintcha goin' to school?'

The white-head was plainly puzzled, and a small boy got what satisfaction he could, under the circumstances, from that fact.

'Mebbe I am goin',' he said, 'and mebbe I ain't.'

The white-head seemed to realize that he had been led into a ridiculous situation, and he retreated, affecting complete indifference. 'Who's goin' my way — ' he began.

Then his roving eyes fixed themselves upon a small boy's extremities. 'Hi!' he shouted. 'New shoes! Gotta christen 'em!' He bent down, moistened his lips, aimed accurately, and continued to stare. 'Girl's shoes!' he cried finally. 'Whatcha wearin' girl's shoes for?'

'They ain't either girl's shoes.' A lie, of course: a most detestable lie.

'They are too,' glibed the white-head. 'They ain't got any heels.'

'What if they ain't?' A small boy tried to achieve an air of unconcern, even of superiority. Suppose he could talk to Joe Rivers the way Mr. Fred Green had talked to gran'ma, and convince the fellow that spring heels were the perfection of style, comfort, and wear? 'They 're the best shoes they are.'

'Huh!' The white-head was derisive. 'I guess if they 're the best shoes they are my father 'd get me some.'

'Betcha your father could n' buy 'em.'

'Betcha he could.'

'Betcha he could n'.'

'Why could n't he?'

'Cause they cost too much, that 's why he could n'.' A small boy was well pleased with the effect of that insult. In a twinkling the tormentor had become the tormented; it would be necessary for the white-head to redeem the honor of his family before he could return to the attack upon a small boy's shoes.

This was clearly understood by Joe Rivers.

'Huh!' He grunted disdainfully. 'I guess my father could buy a hunderd thousan' pairs if he wanted to, on'y he would n' want to. My father would n' make *me* wear girl's shoes.'

Ah, a deadly retort, Joe Rivers! A small boy winced and knew that once more he was on the defensive. 'They ain't girl's shoes,' he protested, but in his heart he knew — he knew that he lied.

'They are too girl's shoes.'

'They ain't either girl's shoes.'

'Girl's shoes, girl's shoes, he 's wearin' girl's shoes,' chanted the white-head.

There comes a time when words, even the most insulting words, will no longer serve. One must go to war for his cause, though it be an inglorious cause — and what could be less glorious than a war in behalf of girl's shoes? Still, there is always honor —

Such a time had come for a small boy. There was a lump in his throat that made further argument impossible. There were tears in his eyes — not tears of fear, but poison drops of rage.

With legs and arms flailing he rushed upon that evil genius of his childhood. 'Girl's shoes!' He 'd give that fellow 'girl's shoes!'

'Ow!' The white-head bellowed with pain and backed away. 'You kicked me in the shin, you —' The exact epithet eluded him, and he bent down to rub the afflicted spot. 'No fair kickin',' he complained. Fair! A small boy did n't want to be fair; he wanted to mutilate, in the quickest and most horrible manner.

He who tells of small boys fighting with some regard for the rules of fair play and no hitting below the belt lays himself open to the charge of romancing. Small boys have no code, no nice rules of personal combat. They engage with feet, teeth, talons, and fists, and let the blows fall where they will. They butt, they wrestle. They swing many murderous blows that only cleave the air. They separate to breathe noisily, glare ferociously, and taunt each other into a renewal of the struggle. They begin with explosive suddenness, and end generally without decision and without damage; indeed, considering the vicious air which surrounds these encounters, it is strange that there have been so few fatalities in the millions of fights that have taken place since small boys first came upon this troubled world.

So a small boy opened his war upon Joe Rivers.

He was familiar with the details of that classic battle between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams at Rugby. He admired the professional and gentlemanly manner in which it had been conducted. He even dreamed of patterning his own affairs of honor upon that splendid model of fair play. But when it came to slaughter, he fought as small boys always do fight — outside of the pages of books. Even as Joe Rivers nursed his bruised shin, a small boy leaped upon his back and bore him to the ground — The rest has just been described.

Eventually they unwound their arms

and legs and got to their feet to observe the ceremony of puffing, glaring, and taunting.

They were too badly blown for words, but looks will do. They began warily to circle each other.

'Boys!' It was gran'ma's voice, and a small boy shuddered involuntarily. He looked away from his enemy to see her standing on the porch, wiping her hands characteristically on her gingham apron. 'I hope you boys are n't quarreling.'

Joe Rivers, sensing the approach of another potential opponent, backed across the sidewalk into the neutral territory of the road.

A small boy clenched his hands and held his ground.

'Have you boys been fighting?' gran'ma repeated.

'Uh — no,' a small boy mumbled at last.

'Oh what a whopper!' This blast from Joe Rivers, safe across the frontier. 'He gimme an awful kick in the shin.'

'I declare!' gran'ma exclaimed. 'I declare!'

'He — he —' stuttered a small boy, glaring at that white-headed blabber.

'I've nothing to do with him,' said gran'ma sharply. 'It's you I'm talking to. I've spoke to you time and again about fighting, and I don't know why you don't mind what I say. You know it ain't nice to fight, and you know I don't want you to fight. If Joseph Rivers or any other boys want to fight, you can just tell them what I've allus told you to say. You can just tell 'em, "My gran'ma don't want me to fight."'

A small boy listened to those awful words with eyes downcast. Now, if Joe Rivers had repeated his earlier question, 'Sick?' he could have answered truthfully, 'Yes, unto death.' But Joe Rivers sidled away schoolwards, broke

into a gallop, halted again before turning the corner.

"My gran'ma don't want me to fight," he shrieked joyfully. Then he resumed his gallop, proclaiming the tidings along the way.

IV

Mrs. Joseph Rivers, senior, visited gran'ma in the early evening of that calamitous day. When she had gone, gran'ma visited a small boy in retirement in his bedroom. He had seen the coming and going of Mrs. Rivers, and so he knew what was on gran'ma's mind, though he wore an expression of innocence. Gran'ma unburdened herself with an unhappy air, as of one who had been brought to shame before the whole village.

"I declare, I don't know what's come over you," she exclaimed. "I don't know what to do about you. Mrs. Rivers has been here and says you've pitched into her boy three times to-day, and the last time you tore his blouse right off his back."

These were facts which could not be disputed, and a small boy did n't attempt it.

"Have n't you anything to say for yourself?" gran'ma continued. "I declare, I never was so ashamed, and I'd think you'd be, too. Fighting—" Her voice trailed off into silence pregnant with horror.

"Well, I did n't begin it," said a small boy finally.

"There's no excuse for you fighting," gran'ma interrupted. "I've told you—"

"Well, he began it just the samey," a small boy insisted. "If he had n't of called me names—"

"What names?"

"Uh—well, it—was n't 'zackly names," a small boy corrected himself.

"If it was n't names what was it?" gran'ma asked acidly.

"He kept sayin', uh—"

"Well—"

"Uh—he kept hollerin' "Gran'ma don't want me to fight—gran'ma don't want me to fight.""

"So I don't," snapped gran'ma. "I think it was real good of him to remind you—"

Then, suddenly, she seemed to come upon the full significance of a small boy's explanation, and she was perplexed, dumfounded. "Do you mean to tell me you pitched into him just because he told you what I've allus tried to drum into you? I do declare, you're the queerest boy I ever did see. I don't know what to think about you—"

A small boy knew what she should think about him—about all small boys.

But what use trying to tell her? She was only a grown-up and grown-ups never could understand.

COURAGE

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF THORLEIF MOKLEBY

TRANSLATED BY H. R. DILLING

THE diary of the late Thorleif Mogleby, assistant at the Norwegian Geophysical Station of Quade Hook, in Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, reveals one of the deep tragedies of that vast Arctic for which so many explorers have laid down their lives. The diary, together with the bodies of the two victims, was found exactly a year after the leader's frozen and faltering hand had written down the last farewell, adding, 'In Christ's name; his will be done.'

The opening words of this remarkable record seem to show that these brave men had a kind of presentiment of the terrible fate awaiting them; yet both of them — Mogleby and Simonsen, the latter being the station steward in Kings Bay — started out on their expedition with complete courage and a firm belief in the protection of God.

In the diary we can follow them from the very first day, when they were surprised by a blinding snowstorm and the terrible pack-ice, which had not been expected so near the coast. Then we see them drifting with the ice in their small open craft for twenty-five infinite days — nights rather, for the blackness was complete, until they were brought into Kobbé Bay, only to face the worst and last of all their desperate battles against frost, hunger, and despair — a struggle endured through another three long months and finally stilled by death.

The diary, extending over one hundred and fifteen days, would fill a book; but the following extracts give a picture of this desperately heroic quest. It is a human document, tragic and appealing, and, in its quiet matter-of-fact temper, supreme among the heroic records of the conquest of the North. — H. R. D.

Tuesday, February 21, 1922. — In the open three-compartment boat of the station, Harald Simonsen and I to-day set out on a journey to find, if possible, a whaler, Nilson, from Tromsø, who is supposed to be lying somewhere in Cross Bay. It is our intention to help him to Kings Bay or to give him some provision, and so forth, as he is supposed to be badly equipped.

This account, if it ever finds a reader, may serve to show how in these regions one may miscalculate regarding weather, wind, and ice conditions.

February 24 (Friday). — So far we have kept the boat safe, but as a precaution we hauled it up on an ice floe. We hoped this morning to be able to reach land on skis.

We succeeded in advancing only about one hundred yards. Then we had to return, as the sea is heavy and it is far from one safe floe to another. . . .

Ice, ice, wherever we can see — we can only deliver ourselves into the hands of God; we can do nothing to get free.

February 26 (Sunday). — We have provisions for a couple of months. We have decided to be as economical as possible with food, oil, and ammunition. So, then, we trust in fate and accept the situation as it is, with calm and fortitude. Verily, we are unwilling prisoners on an ice floe in the Polar Sea in the middle of winter.

February 28 (Tuesday). — During the night we have again drifted southward — half of the distance which, yesterday, we drifted northward. We are, however, much farther from shore: I should think, about four miles. Waves from the southwest were rather annoying during the night. We had to get up from our sleeping-bags and go out on the floe to protect it from other ice floes. . . . If our floe should burst, and the boat should come between the ice and this angry sea, we would surely be crushed. There has n't been much rest either. It is very chilly and we have to keep moving all the time to keep warm.

March 17 (Friday). — That we are still alive to-day is more than I had dared to hope, so much have we suffered during this interim. It is n't very clear to me how it has all happened, but I will try to write it down as well as I can remember.

Wednesday night, March 1, we were still on the ice floe north of Magdalene Bay. The sea went high and the mass of ice was pressing against shore so hard that we almost got up into the breakers. Late at night we got a storm and snowdrift from shore. Blinded, we drifted seaward again. . . . The following morning we launched the boat and started rowing toward shore — we were then far north and about 12 to 15 miles southward. We had been going in this way hardly two hours, when we encountered a new belt of ice. We tried in vain to get through. For 36

hours we rowed and sailed without food and without sleep. Friday evening, March 3, we found a floe large enough so that we could haul the craft upon it. Sunday morning a real hurricane broke loose from the north, with a terrible sea that washed over the ice floe. Hurriedly we had to get the boat off. Then began a journey which, I believe, is unique. We fell off from storm and sea. The oars literally froze to lumps of ice, such was the cold. All we ate during the day was a handful of raisins and a couple of zwiebacks each; we had time for no more. . . .

Thus we kept going until Monday afternoon. By that time we were so tired and worn-out that we had to put the boat up on an ice floe; it was then so covered with ice that we could hardly move it, but the wind was abating. The next day we continued, rowing and poling — no end of exasperating work! . . .

It was now calm but cold, and we saw that the water froze to ice around us. . . . We were quite exhausted. Day after day we had been working to get nearer shore and out of, or rather, through, the ice. But now we sighted ice — ice — mile after mile, as far as we could see in all directions.

I prepared myself to leave the world this sad Tuesday afternoon. I committed my soul to God and bade farewell to the dear ones at home. Because I could see no hope of rescue for us, nothing but death ahead, I bade farewell to life and all that had been dear to me. It was a bitter and heavy feeling; it was as if the heart was torn out of my breast.

My God, what an hour! But I bowed my head before his good and mighty will. . . .

Friday night the ice loosened once more and we were in danger of being carried out anew. . . . We had no choice but to row toward shore and

try to land, one way or another. It was a hard job, as our arms were worn-out so that we could hardly lift the oars, and we were both as in a trance. At last, however, we came ashore and brought most of our belongings with us. The edge of the ice along the shore is 6 to 8 yards high, so it was impossible to get the boat up. . . . We dug ourselves into the snow close to the sea and crept into our bags. Later in the day we made a snow hut in which we still are living. . . . The chances of getting away from here in the near future are small and it is a long way to Quade Hook. All our clothes, especially our shoes, are wet and frozen, and it is no pleasure to put them on.

We can now only wait and hope — wait and hope — for milder weather and ice-free waters, and we shall endeavor to get southward bit by bit. Simonsen has all this time been untiring and brave; if he had n't been we should n't be alive now. We pray each day to God that we may be able to get out with our lives, for now I know what life is and how death tastes. . . .

We are two miserable, frozen men, far, far out in the snow-desert, in the middle of winter. We who meant to be rescuers are now ourselves badly in need of rescue.

[From now on we note that their minds turn more and more to religion and their thoughts linger ever around their home in Norway.]

March 19 (Sunday). — We are still living in the snow hut. Ice stops us from getting away, and most probably the ice is lying all along the coast. As long as we have kerosene and food we are pretty safe. . . .

Both yesterday and to-day it has been snowing almost the whole time. We keep to the hut on account of our worn-out shoes.

March 20 (Monday). — Simonsen has been out on a trip and returns with the discomfiting news that our boat, our last hope and only means of escape, has broken loose and drifted off during the night. . . . We can only trust in God the Almighty, who only is able to help us in our great need. . . .

March 29 (Wednesday). — We still keep inside the hut and the days pass slowly. We have shortened our rations, and we may still have enough for about three weeks, but the kerosene, I am sorry to say, will soon be finished.

Another question, which very much occupies our mind, is, whether the Geophysical Station is searching for us northward. . . .

April 4 (Tuesday). — To-day it is six weeks since we started out on this disastrous voyage, the outcome of which we don't yet know. . . .

Since we landed, my health has been in bad condition, my right side seems kind of withered and worn out; I can, however, still move about without too much difficulty. . . .

The way we now live, we shall have food to last us till about April 20, and within that time we hope to shoot something. Our bodies, however, are not much to brag about, worn-out as they are with the toil, the frost, and the scarcity of food. It does n't exactly strengthen a man to be literally lying on ice in a snowdrift; one undeniably gets somewhat uncomfortable both in body and in soul. . . .

April 14 (Good Friday). — A few things have happened since I wrote last — mostly of an unpleasant nature, I am sorry to say. . . . Monday when I was going to take a look at the weather, I sighted a whaler near the point on the south side of the bay. I shouted to Simonsen, and we both started to run as best we could in that

direction. Simonsen had taken along the rifle and the revolver and fired seven shots. I yelled at the top of my voice, but, alas, we were not observed. The whaler headed away southward. There we stood—miserable, exhausted, frostbitten, and despairing! So near had we been to rescue and yet we were as far off now as ever. . . . Slowly we sauntered back and, comforted by a cup of coffee, we crept into our bags again. . . .

April 18 (Tuesday).—We have made a tin can into a rather good stove and are now cooking our scarce rations with wreckage-wood, of which we luckily have found quite a lot—if only we had anything to cook! The ice is still lying all around and hardly any birds are to be seen. We have so far used five buckshots and have shot one sea gull and three small, very young sea hens. . . .

Easter Eve we erected the mast with an 'anarok' on top, on the outermost point here.

The worst for us now is the thought of our dear ones, and the dreary life of uncertainty which they are now probably going through. However, we have n't yet abandoned the hope of a reunion in this life.

April 24.—We, Simonsen, my brave dear friend, and I, have fought hard—harder, perhaps, than most men have to fight. And really it looks as if we shall have to give up soon. Our strength will soon be exhausted, we can hardly keep warm in our sleeping-bags. There is a snowfall every day, frost and ice, so there is no game yet. We have cherished a faint hope of sustaining life till egg-time, and then of eating enough to get strength sufficient to go overland to Kings Bay; but now I clearly perceive that this will be the end of us. I have made myself quite familiar with the idea of saying farewell to this life.

How that feels I can't describe, it can be felt only by the one concerned. Instead of spring, we have a severe winter just now, and we have n't much power left. But I will continue writing till I feel I can do no more. It may be a week, perhaps less, perhaps more—that I don't know. I am a mere shadow of myself, and it looks as if a snow-drift in the Arctic will be my grave.

May 7.—We are still alive, but are growing weaker from day to day. . . . Like aged men we are trudging along, when the weather permits, Simonsen to fetch wood, and I to shoot auks beyond a rock, near by. If a God's miracle does not happen, we shall have to lay down our lives here in the snow desert, just now in the springtime, when all is sprouting with life, and it is light and beautiful. It seems as if it were preordained that we should be sacrificed here, we two wretches. We have fought all we can, but it seems in vain. Certainly nobody can imagine what it means to lie here in a snow cave and starve through the coldest months of the year.

It also looks as if we had been forgotten by the world. Why don't they search for us along the coast? When we did n't get to Cross Bay the conclusion should have been obvious to them that we had got out of our course, and had attempted to save ourselves by going ashore somewhere or other. Those who knew us ought to have understood that we were not such weaklings as to give up if we were stuck in the ice. Are our lives, then, so little worth? At home, when a man has been drowned, for instance, they will drag the water for days to find the body. Shall our lifeless bodies lie here as a prey for beasts? We have had a spark of hope of their searching the coast, but now we commence to lose all that is called hope. . . .

June 7. — Now the hour has come, when we have arrived at the end of our journey and shall wonder away from this world. I no longer see any escape. The late spring finished us. We had expected to find eider eggs by the end of May, but it is still almost full winter. We had suffered, starved, frozen, and toiled hard, but still we had some kind of hope as to the eggs. Now our power is broken. Together we die, as we have fought together — my splendid friend, Harald Simonsen, and I. No whaling-ships can be expected hereabouts for at least 14 days. And that will be too late for us. By then we shall be already in Heaven.

Yet we are calm and glad to get away, because now we deserve the rest. If our bodies are found, it is my last wish, to be brought inside the church for a moment, before I am lowered down in the sacred soil. This is now my hope. But no white coffin nor white stone. I have been seeing only white for such a long time now that I am longing for something else. And plant flowers on the grave! Blue and red. Daisies, pansies, and forget-me-nots.

[From a letter written the same day.]

Now I am so tired that the rest will feel good. I am like a man eighty years old and I know what age and exhaustion are. And the old man has learned to bow himself humbly before the will of God and knows that his will is best for me.

June 12. — We are still hanging on to life and have, for a couple of days, cooked soup of the birds' skins. Simonsen can hardly stir. I have gone out of the bag for the last time to warm a cup of tea. Perhaps the thread of life will hold till the middle of June. Well, we lived to see the summer, but, alas, we did n't find food.

VOL. 133 — NO. 2

Hand in hand we go, my brave friend Simonsen and I, to the glory of God, and we are satisfied and glad. . . .

We were at Spitzbergen, and were put to a task that we really had nothing to do with. We wanted to help. Please also help us by looking after our dear ones!

The weather is so beautiful now at midnight that I had to write a little to divert my thoughts. It is dead calm and brilliant sunshine. Eight days more and we should surely have found duck eggs. We are slowly starving to death under full summer and sunshine.

[Later — no date, but probably the next day. The writing is hardly legible.]

The last tea leaves I have boiled today. Now we shall lie down for good. I have erected a cross over our resting-place. We might lie here and live a couple of days more perhaps. Now I place the box with our diaries under some stones and hope they will be found.

Life was short, but beautiful. We have resigned and are satisfied with our fate.

In Christ's name: his will be done!

[The 'whaler' sighted by the two men on Good Friday was the S.S. Foca, sent out by the Geophysical Station at Quade Hook to search for their two missing members; and Møkleby is wrong and somewhat unfair when he writes on May 7, that they are forgotten by the world, and were not searched for. Every effort was made to find them, and it is probable that, if the two explorers had erected the mast before and not after they sighted the Foca, they would have been discovered.]

It was this mast which was sighted by the Fram, and which led to the finding of the bodies. It is of sad

interest to note that Dr. Stoll, the leader of the Quade Hook Station, took Mokleby's and Simonsen's tragic fate and their accusation so much to heart that he died a few days later, after the Fram brought the bodies back.

Their last wishes were fulfilled. They were given a beautiful and solemn

funeral, their flower-decked graves are in Norway, their native soil, and their families are well taken care of, through a general collection started by *Aftenposten*, Norway's leading newspaper, to which their countrymen, not only in Norway but all over the world, contributed.]

THE WILL TO LOVE

A POSTSCRIPT TO A DISCUSSION OF DIVORCE

BY ELIZABETH C. ADAMS

HAVING examined with eager interest the *Atlantic's* exhibit of thoughtful opinions on the subjects of marriage and divorce, I find myself wondering why no one of the contributors to this vitally important discussion has asked seriously whether love between a man and a woman can or cannot be induced. This to me is the heart of the whole problem. On its answer hangs, as I shall hope to show, the answer to the divorce question.

It is customary to begin any discussion of marriage and divorce by assuming the desirability of uninterrupted family life, other things being equal. Even the present rising generation hesitates to contradict when one says that a man and wife should keep together if possible. The world sees that a nation of stable homes is a stable nation, and that children of such homes grow up into stalwart generations of men. The new President of Radcliffe College, Ada Louise Comstock, in her inaugural address declared that a large proportion of the dullards she had en-

countered in her years as an educator came from homes wherein divorce was either actual or imminent.

What the modern mind mainly questions is whether a child is not better off in a home frankly broken than in one that is full of cracks merely puttied over to give the appearance of wholeness. If any home could be doomed to remain forever in such a parlous condition, few of us, I think, would choose to be one of its inmates, and only the most rigid disciplinarian would consign a child to such an atmosphere. The question which I raise is, need ever so cracked a domestic structure remain in that condition? In other words, has man or has he not the will to love?

Writing on the subject of divorce in a recent *Atlantic*, Mrs. Gerould calls it a cynical point of view which holds that 'almost any two people who have once chosen to come together will be as happy in that as in any other combination.' To my mind this is the only point of view which is not cynical, for it is the only one that takes it for granted that

man has dominion over his own thinking and feeling. With it, to my mind, stands or falls the whole question of the rightness of divorce.

If it were wholly impossible for two persons to control their feeling for each other, marriages would rarely remain happy for longer than five or six years at best, and we might well form our laws to render divorce as easy as marriage.

That it is not impossible to foster love for one's wife or husband is being proved every day by thousands of thoughtful men and women, who, though more or less disillusioned as to the angelic nature of their partners in marriage, or at least as to the Heaven-made fitness of the match, have turned their attention to whatsoever things are lovely in each other, with the result that a new understanding and respect and even tenderness have grown up between them.

It may be claimed that only certain types of minds can perform such feats as this; that the highly organized, temperamental, passionate, or emotional man or woman is helpless before spontaneous feeling.

Who has not seen such miracles brought to pass, however, in the case of husbands and wives so temperamentally different that they seemed to speak in different tongues? By patient, kindly observance of each other's discernible lovely traits, and faith in the loveliness that lurks undiscovered in all created beings, these believers in themselves have finally built up a comradeship fit for the foundation of the best possible home.

That one or both of these persons might not have experienced more rapturous moments of happiness with more like-minded mates, I am not interested to dispute; but is it at all sure that, year in and year out, through periods of the children's teething, or the bank ac-

count's running low, or missing trains, there would have been, even in the case of the most Heaven-made mates, a tale of uninterrupted joy?

In ancient India there was no choosing of mates, and yet, such was the sense of the duty of loving taught at the mother's knee, — not only of the duty, but of the beauty of loving, — that the young husband and wife usually managed to make a very good piece of work of idealizing each other, so that mutual respect and tenderness formed the atmosphere of home-life in early unconquered India.

In our own day, we have William James showing the possibility of the will to believe, which is an essential and sure step to the will to love; and we have Dr. Richard Cabot, in his chapter on Marriage in *What Men Live By*, setting the true standard for good sportsmanship in marriage relations. A good sport, he shows, will take pride in succeeding in any adventure, and marriage is only one of life's adventures.

But how about the passionate element in love between the sexes, someone may ask. Can a man or woman be happy without it, and can children be richly endowed where it is lacking at their conception? Although I have seen homes that were happy without the presence of this element, I know that there are many writers on the subject, including the Swedish individualist, Ellen Key, who are unwilling to concede the possible perfectness of a home or joyousness of its children if passion enters not at all into the relation of the husband and wife.

To these I can say that I believe even this commonly considered involuntary feeling can grow out of the increased understanding, hence tenderness and attachment, that two intelligent, sympathetic persons can build up for each other on a basis of faith in God and in man.

Please note that I speak of the attachment that *two* persons can build up, as I doubt if a really close and tender comradeship can be established unless both of those concerned see the goal and are willing to try for it.

This does not mean that one would like to see society go back to the customs of early India and arrange marriages with no regard to mutual attraction; but it does mean that, the step to marriage once taken, one would like to see in the parties to it more of the attitude of the good sport, who never gives up until he has not only tried all the ordinary human methods, but also has set a higher standard of methods for saving the day. In the case of marriage, it would mean saving the day for homes of beautiful living and reliable loving.

That there should be some provision for failure in such an adventure, there seems to be no doubt, though I should like to see the granting of divorce based on the condition that neither party to it has another specific mate in mind. That a man or woman can make a thoroughly sincere try at learning to love the established partner, while having the attention diverted by a counter-attraction, is too much to expect. It simply cannot be done, unless the attracting outsider is definitely and irrevocably dismissed from the mind as a possible mate.

If story and scenario writers could be induced to cease a while in their glorification of the thrill of love at first sight, and be brought to show instead the glory of love attained through good sportsmanship, might not the number of divorces, with their trail of heart-aches, miserable faith-robbed children, and weak men and women, be considerably lessened? Much more effective than such a reform, however, would be an enlightened revival of the Indian mother's custom of teaching her children the power of the spirit and the glory of man's dominion over his inner kingdom.

This is surprisingly easy, even with very little children. The Indian mother drew on the rich storehouse of the *Ramayana* for models of loyalty and strength; but if the modern Occidental mother knows some of the best fairy tales, or the legends of the Round Table, she can fortify the young hearts of her children with many an indelible picture of faith triumphant over all evil suggestions.

When all men come to be so fortunate as to learn thus at a mother's knee something of the science of living and the art of loving, we shall have gone far toward eradicating the tendency to divorce, because we shall have struck at its root, materialistic selfishness, and shall have planted in its place the will to love.

IN FEBRUARY

BY GEORGE VILLIERS

'I AM the boyish savor in the wind, the breath and uprising of flowers,
The young green milk in the sapling flowing,
The velvet down on the —'

O heaven! —

As I walk home through the late winter dusk,
Making a song to the beat of my steps on the road,
The evening is full of the whisper of birds' wings
And their twitter and scuffle in the bushes;
And once a thrush
In the lace of an overhanging bough
Gives that long low note
That April hears.

The heavens above me
Are like the gray dappled flank of a horse;
They move westward in a body
Quicker than I can go.
When I look up into the sky
I feel like a straw
Thrown on to the surface of a racing stream,
Buffeted hither and thither,
Eddying — whirling — circling —
I stagger like a drunken man
When I look up.

'I am the boyish savor in the wind, the breath and uprising of flowers,
The young green milk in the sapling flowing,
The velvet down on the leaf;
I am the dreams in the far-away heavens,
The light on the edge of the cloud.

I skip with the black-legged lambs in the orchard,
For me, too, is the veined udder stretched,
The mother patient and standing.
I pull at the teat with my fellows,
The sweet milk comes in spurts,
And the warm infusion spreads over my body,
Giving me strength through my limbs.
I sing with the birds in the branches of the trees;
In a green gloom I sing the sorrowful cadences,
The love-plaint mingled with grief.
I am the hand that milks, the milk in the pail;
I am the springing of grasses and bursting of buds —
What though my spirit be locked in the loins of the hills —
Lo, I am the Spring!'

A little air,
A little wanton air
Warm with the approach of flowers,
Whispers in the undergrowth
Or touches my cheek,
With sometimes such a meaning in it
As makes me stop, stock still,
And take great breaths deep down into the lower lungs,
Exulting, with rush of old memories
Released in the brain,
And sense of things far off,
And loveliness still to be sought for
And worshiped ever
Through the years to come.

'I am the boyish savor of the wind, the breath and uprising of flowers,
The young green milk in the sapling flowing,
The velvet down on the —'

Hark!

As I turn in at the gate at the bottom of the garden,
That long, low note again.
The Thrush.

He is late.

He should be with the other birds
Somewhere in the fastness of the bushes,
With his soft brown head
Tucked under his wing,
Asleep.

Hark! Again — Again —
And now no more.

O God, I cry, give me the song of the birds,
The need to sing each transient flash as it passes,
Happy or sad.
Roll back from my mind like clouds
The confusions and inhibitions of my mortality,
The spectres of Doubt and Fear, enthroned in the mind,
Obscuring the sense of Thy loveliness
As it comes to me ever;
Driving it underground
To grope deep channels there, sightless and blind,
While Death keeps state above.
Let me slip the cerements of my mortal heritage
And mingle in essence with Thine onrushing Life,
Everlasting and divine,
Through birds and trees and rivers and flowers,
Through days and years;
Then shall I sing as this thrush
From the pressure of Beauty within
And Beauty without;
Then shall I sing as this thrush,
And my song will be true.

THE HAPPINESS OF WRITING AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, commenting on the lack of literary curiosity in the early years of the seventeenth century, ascribes it to a growing desire for real knowledge, to an increasing seriousness of mind. Men read travels, history, philosophy, theology. 'There were interesting people to be met with, but there were no Boswells. Sir Aston Cokayne mentions that he knew all the men of his time, and could have written their lives, had it been worth his while. Instead of doing this, the exasperating creature wrote bad epigrams and dreary tragi-comedies.'

A century later, when literary curiosity had in some measure revived, Sir Walter Scott, losing his temper over Richard Cumberland's *Memoirs*, wrote of their author in the *Quarterly Review*: 'He has pandered to the public lust for personal anecdote by publishing his own life, and the private history of his acquaintances.'

A better illustration of La Fontaine's wisest fable, 'The Miller, his Son, and the Ass,' could not anywhere be found. The only way to please everybody is to have no ass, that is, to print nothing, and leave the world at peace. But as authorship is a trade by which men seek to live, they must in some way get their beast to market, and be criticized accordingly.

It is probable that the increasing vogue of biography, the amazing output of books about men and women of meagre attainments and flickering ce-

lebrity, set the modern autobiographer at work.

For now the dentist cannot die,
And leave his forceps as of old,
But round him, ere his clay be cold,
Is spun the vast biography.

The astute dentist says very sensibly: 'If there is any money to be made out of me, why not make it myself? If there is any gossip to be told about me, why not tell it myself? If modesty restrains me from praising myself as highly as I should expect a biographer to praise me, prudence dictates the ignoring of circumstances which an indiscreet biographer might drag into the light. I am, to say the least, as safe in my own hands as I should be in anybody else's; and I shall, moreover, enjoy the pleasure dearest to the heart of man, the pleasure of talking about myself in the terms that suit me best.'

Perhaps it is this open-hearted enjoyment which communicates itself to the reader, if he has a generous disposition, and likes to see other people have a good time. Even the titles of certain autobiographical works are saturated with self-appreciation. We can see the august simper with which a great lady in the days of Charles the Second headed her manuscript: 'A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. Written by Herself.' Mr. Theodore Dreiser's *A Book About Myself* sounds like nothing but a loud human purr. The intimate wording of *Margot*

Asquith, An Autobiography, gives the key to all the cheerful confidences that follow. Never before or since has any book been so much relished by its author. She makes no foolish pretense of concealing the pleasure that it gives her; but passes on with radiant satisfaction from episode to episode, extracting from each in turn its full and flattering significance. The volumes are as devoid of revelations as of reticence. If at times they resemble the dance of the seven veils, the reader is invariably reassured when the last veil has been whisked aside, and he sees there is nothing behind it.

The happiness of writing an autobiography which is going to be published and read is a simple and comprehensible emotion. Before books were invented, men carved on stone something of a vainglorious nature about themselves, and expected their subjects or their neighbors to decipher it. But there is a deeper and subtler gratification in writing an autobiography which seeks no immediate public and contents itself with the expression of a profound and indulged egotism. Marie Bashkirtseff has been reproached for making the world her father confessor; but the reproach seems hardly justified in view of the fact that the *Journal*, although 'meant to be read,' was never thrust by its author upon readers, and was not published until six years after her death. She was, although barely out of girlhood, as complex as Mrs. Asquith is simple and robust. She possessed, moreover, genuine intellectual and artistic gifts. The immensity of her self-love and self-pity (she could be more sorry for her own troubles than anybody who ever lived) steeped her pages in an ignoble emotionalism. She was often unhappy; but she reveled in her unhappiness, and summoned the Almighty to give it his serious attention. Her overmastering

interest in herself made writing about herself a secret and passionate delight. Unvexed by publishers, printers, proof-readers, and reviewers, her *Journal* was to Mlle. Bashkirtseff what his religion was to Sir Thomas Browne, 'all pure profit.'

There must always be a different standard for the confessions which, like Rousseau's, are made voluntarily to the world, and the confessions which, like Mr. Pepys's, are disinterred by the world from the caches where the confessants concealed them. Not content with writing in a cipher, which must have been a deal of trouble, the great diarist confided his most shameless passages to the additional cover of Spanish, French, Greek, and Latin, thus piquing the curiosity of a public which likes nothing better than to penetrate secrets and rifle tombs. He had been dead one hundred and twenty-two years before the first part of his diary was printed. Fifty years later, it was considerably enlarged. One hundred and ninety years after the garrulous Secretary of the Admiralty had passed into the eternal silences, the record of his life (of that portion of it which he deemed worth recording) was given unreservedly to English readers. The *Diary* is what it is because of the manner of the writing. Mr. Lang says that of all who have gossiped about themselves, Pepys alone tells the truth. Naturally. If one does not tell the truth in a Greek cipher, when shall the truth be told?

II

The severe strictures passed by George Eliot upon autobiographies are directed against scandal-mongering no less than against personal outpourings. She could have had the English-speaking world for a confidant had she consented to confide to it; but nothing was less to her liking. She objected to

'volunteered and picked confessions,' as in their nature insincere, and also as conveying, directly or indirectly, accusations against others. Her natural impulse was to veil her own soul — which was often sick and sore — from scrutiny; and, being a person of limited sympathies, she begrudged her neighbor the privilege of exhibiting his soul, sores and all, to the public. The struggle of human nature 'to bury its lowest faculties,' over which she cast unbroken silence, is what the egotist wants to reveal and the public wants to observe. When Nietzsche says debonairly of himself, 'I have had no experience of religious difficulties, and have never known what it was to feel sinful,' the statement, though probably untrue, creates at once an atmosphere of flatness. It is what Walt Whitman ardently admired in beasts, —

They do not lie awake in the dark, and weep for
their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty
to God.

Next to the pleasure of writing lovingly about ourselves — but not comparable to it — is the pleasure of writing unlovingly about our fellows. Next to the joy of the egotist is the joy of the detractor. I think that the last years of Saint-Simon, those sad impoverished years when he lived forgotten by his world, must have been tremendously cheered by the certainty that, sooner or later, the public would read his memoirs. Nobody knows with what patient labor, and from what devious sources, he collected his material; but we can all divine the secret zest with which he penned his brilliant, malicious, sympathetic, truth-telling pages. Thirty years after his death, some of these pages crept cautiously into print; but a full hundred years had passed before the whole text was given to the world. Perhaps the dying French gentleman anticipated no earlier resurrection for

his buried manuscript; but he knew his nation and he knew his work. The nation and the work were bound to meet.

A somewhat similar satisfaction must have stolen into the heart of Charles Greville when he wrote the last pages of his diary, and laid it aside for future publication. Nineteenth-century England presented none of the restrictions common to eighteenth-century France; and ten years after Greville's death the first installment of the ever-famous *Memoirs* exploded like a bomb in the serried ranks of British official and fashionable life. It shook, not the security, but the complacency of the Queen on her throne. It was an intelligent and impartial picture of the times; and there is nothing that people like less than to be intelligently and impartially described. Moreover, the writer was no anonymous critic whose words came unweighted by authority, no mere man of letters whom men of affairs could ignore. He had lived in the heart of administrative England, and he knew whereof he spoke.

Lord Hervey's memoirs are not autobiographical at all: they are historical, like the memoirs of Sully, and Jean de Joinville, and Philippe de Comines. They are very properly entitled *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second*, and what their author did not know about that interesting reign (as seen from the angle of the Court) was not worth the knowing. Historians have made free use of his material; and some of those to whom it has been most valuable, like Thackeray, have harshly depreciated the chronicler. Dr. Jowett, in a moment of cynical misgiving, said that every amusing story must of necessity be unkind, untrue, or immoral. Hervey's stories are not untrue, and not often immoral; but they are unkind. What did he see about him of which he could consistently write with kindness? His sharpest thrusts

have a careless quality which redeems them from the charge of vindictiveness. When he says of Frederick, Prince of Wales, 'He was as false as his capacity would allow him to be,' it sounds like an observation passed with casual unconcern upon a natural phenomenon which had chanced to come under his notice.

Sully was a maker of history as well as a writer of history. He had no taste and no time for self-analysis, and, like Joinville, he had the rare good fortune to serve a master whom he sincerely loved and admired. Comines also admired his master, but he did not love him. Nobody has yet been put on record as loving Louis the Eleventh. All these men wrote with candor and acumen. No pleasure which they can have taken in compiling their memoirs can equal, or even approach, the pleasure with which we read them. Their accuracy is the accuracy of the observer, not of the antiquarian. 'In my opinion,' writes Comines, 'you who lived in the age when these affairs were transacted have no need to be informed of the exact hours when everything was done.' 'I now make known to my readers,' observes Joinville composedly, 'that all they shall find in this book which I have declared I have seen and known, is true, and what they ought most firmly to believe. As for such things as I have mentioned as hearsay, they may understand them as they please.'

III

These excursions into the diversified region of the memoir lead us away from the straight and narrow path of the autobiography. These saunterings along the pleasant byways of history distract us from the consideration of the human soul, as shown us by its too ecstatic possessor. We know as much as we need to know about the souls of

Lord Hervey, and Sully, and the Sire de Joinville, which was really a beautiful article; but we know a great deal more about the souls of George the Second, and Henry of Navarre, and of Saint Louis, shining starlike through the centuries. What we gain is better worth having than what we lose.

When we read the true autobiography, as that of Benvenuto Cellini, we see the august men of the period assume a secondary place, a shadowy significance. They patronize the artist or imprison him, according to their bent. They give him purses of five hundred ducats when they are complacent, and they banish him from their very limited domains when he kills somebody whom they prefer to keep alive. But not for one moment is our attention distracted from the narrator himself to these rude arbiters of fate. He makes it plain to us from the start that he is penning his autobiography in a spirit of composed enjoyment, and because he deems it 'incumbent upon upright men who have performed anything noble or praiseworthy to record with their own hand the events of their lives.' He tells us in detail how it pleased God that he should come into the world; and he tells us of all that he has done to make God's action in the matter a source of regret, as well as of satisfaction, to others. Those true words of Frederick the Great, 'On peut apprendre de bonnes choses d'un scélérat,' are singularly applicable to this particular rascal. It is as difficult to find standards by which to appraise his worth as it is to find rules by which to test his accuracy. Just as it has been said of Rousseau, that even in the very ecstasy of truth-telling he does not tell the truth, so it may be said of Cellini, that even in the very ecstasy of lying he does not wholly lie.

It is characteristic of a simpler age than the one we live in now that auto-

biographers sang their own praises candidly and lustily. Cellini puts graceful eulogies of himself into the mouths of his contemporaries, which is one way, and a very good way, of getting them said. The Duchesse de Montpensier (La Grande Mademoiselle) goes a step further, and assures us that the Creator is sympathetically aware of her merits and importance. 'I may say without vanity that just Heaven would not bestow such a woman as I am upon a man who was unworthy of her.' Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth, and sister of Frederick the Great, writes with composure: 'Happily my good disposition was stronger than the bad example of my governess.'

This directness contrasts pleasantly with the more involved, and possibly more judicious, methods employed by memoir-writers like Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father of the immortal Maria, and by autobiographers like Harriet Martineau. Mr. Edgeworth, recounting his first experience of married life, says with conscious nobility: 'I felt the inconvenience of an early and hasty marriage; and though I heartily repented of my folly, I determined to bear with fortitude and temper the evil I had brought upon myself.'

Miss Martineau, whose voluminous work is ranked by Anna Robeson Burr as among the great autobiographies of the world, does not condescend to naïveté; but she never forgets, or permits her reader to forget, what a superior person she is. When Miss Aiken ventures to congratulate her upon her 'success' in London society, she loftily repudiates the word. Success implies endeavor, and she (Harriet Martineau) has 'nothing to strive for in any such direction.' When she sails for the United States, it is with the avowed purpose of 'self-discipline.'

She has become 'too much accustomed to luxury,' and seeks for wholesome hardships. It sounds a trifle far-fetched. Byron — an incomparable traveler — admits that folks who go 'a-pleasuring' in the world must not ask for comfort; but even Byron did not visit the East in order to be uncomfortable. He was not hunting a corrective for St. James Street and Piccadilly.

There is no finer example in the world of the happiness of writing an autobiography than that afforded us by Miss Martineau. Her book is a real book, not an ephemeral piece of self-flattery. Her enjoyment of it is so intense that it impedes her progress. She cannot get on with her narrative because of the delight of lingering. Every circumstance of an uneventful childhood invites her attention. Other little girls cry now and then. Mothers and nurserymaids are aware of this fact. Other little girls hate to get up in the morning. Other little girls are occasionally impertinent to their parents. But no one else has ever recorded these details with such serious and sympathetic concern. A petulant word from an older sister (most of us have lived through something of the kind) made her resolve 'never to tell anybody anything again.' This resolution was broken. She has told everybody everything, and the telling must have given her days, and weeks, and months of undiluted pleasure.

Miss Martineau's life was in the main a successful one. It is natural that she should have liked to think about it and write about it. But Mrs. Oliphant, a far more brilliant woman, was overburdened, overworked, always anxious, and often very unhappy. Arthur Young was a melancholy, disgruntled man, at odds with himself, his surroundings, and the world. The painter, Haydon, lived through years so harassed by poverty, so untempered by discretion,

so embittered by disappointments, that his tragic suicide was the only thing which could have brought his manifold miseries to an end. Yet Mrs. Oliphant took comfort in setting forth her difficulties, and in expressing a reasonable self-pity. Arthur Young relieved his mind by a well-worked-out system of intensive grumbling. Even Haydon seems to have sought and found a dreary solace in the recital of his woes. The fragment of autobiography is painful to read, but was evidently the one poor consolation of its writer's life.

That George Sand's *Histoire de Ma Vie* afforded its author more than her proper share of contentment is evidenced by its length, and by the relish which is stamped on every page. Sir Leslie Stephen pronounced it the best autobiography he had ever read. It seems to have delighted him as Rousseau's *Confessions* delighted Emerson; which goes to prove that intellectual kinship need not necessarily be accompanied by any similarity of taste. 'If we would really know our hearts,' says Bishop Wilson, 'let us impartially review our actions.' George Sand and Rousseau reviewed their actions with the fondest solicitude, but were biased in their own favor. Gibbon reviewed his actions, and such emotions as he was aware of, with an impartiality that staggers us; but his heart, at no time an intrusive organ, gave him little concern. Franklin, with whom truth-telling was never an 'ecstasy,' but a natural process like breathing and eating, reviewed his actions candidly, if not altogether impartially, and left the record without boast, or apology, or the reticence dictated by taste, to the judgment of coming generations. He was a busy man, engaged, like Sully, in making history on a large scale. It pleased him, not only to write his recollections but to bequeath them, as he bequeathed

so much else, to the young nation that he loved. He never sought to patent his inventions. He never sought to publish his autobiography. His large outlook embraced the future, and America was his residuary legatee.

John Wesley kept a journal for fifty-five years. This is one of the most amazing facts in the history of letters. He was beyond comparison the hardest worker of his day. John Stuart Mill, who knew too much and did too much for any one man, also wrote an autobiography, which the reading world has been content to ignore. But Mill's failing health compelled him sometimes to rest. Wesley never rested. It is estimated that for over thirty years he rode, on an average, eight thousand miles a year. He preached in his lifetime full thirty thousand sermons — an overwhelming and relentless figure. He wrestled with lagging Churchmen of the Establishment no less than with zealous Antinomians, Swedenborgians, Necessitarians, Anabaptists, and Quakers. Other records of human endeavor read like the idling of a summer day alongside of his supernatural activities. Yet so great is the compulsion of the born diarist to confide to the world the history of his thoughts and deeds, that Wesley found time — or took time — to write, in a minute, cryptic shorthand, a diary which fills seven large volumes. He not only wanted to do this; he *had* to do it. The narrative, now bald and itemized, now stirring and spirited, now poignant and terrible, was part of himself. He might have said of it more truly than Walt Whitman said of *Leaves of Grass*, that whoever laid hold upon the book laid hold upon a man.

IV

To ask that the autobiographer should 'know himself as a realist, and deal with himself as an artist,' is one

way of demanding perfection. Realists are plentiful, and their ranks are freshly recruited every year. Artists are rare, and grow always rarer in an age which lacks the freedom, the serenity, the sense of proportion, essential to their development. It has happened from time to time that a single powerful and sustained emotion has forced from a reticent nature an unreserved and illuminating disclosure. Newman's *Apoloogia pro vita sua* was written with an avowed purpose — to make clear the sincerity of his religious life, and to refute a charge of deceitfulness. The stern coercion which gave it birth, and which carried it to a triumphant close, was remote from any sense of enjoyment save such as might be found in clarity of thought and distinction of workmanship. The thrust of truth in this fragment of autobiography has carried it far; but it is not by truth alone that a book lives. It is not by simple veracity that minds 'deeply moralized, discriminating, and sad' have charmed, and will always charm, the few austere thinkers and fastidious critics whom a standardized world has spared.

The pleasure derived by ordinary readers from memoirs and reminiscences is twofold. It is the pleasure of acquiring agreeable information in an agreeable way, and it is, more rarely, the pleasure of a direct and penetrating mental stimulus. *The Education of Henry Adams* has so filtered through the intelligent public mind that echoes of it are still to be heard in serious lectures and flippant after-dinner speeches. We can, if we are adroit borrowers, set up intellectual shop-keeping on Mr. Adams's stock-in-trade. We can deal out over our own counters his essentially marketable judgments.

The simpler delight afforded us by such a charming book as Frederick Locker's *Confidences*, which is not confidential at all; or by John Murray's

well-bred *Memoirs of a Publisher*; or by Lord Broughton's *Recollections of a Long Life*, is easy to estimate. We could ill spare Lord Broughton's volumes, both because he tells us things we do not learn elsewhere, and because of his illuminating common-sense. The world of authorship has of late years so occupied itself with Lord Byron that we wince at the sound of his name. But if we really want to know him, we must still turn to Broughton for the knowledge. The account of Byron's wedding in the *Recollections* is as unforgettable as the account of Byron's funeral in Moore's diffuse and rambling *Memoirs*. It is in such narratives that the eye-witness eclipses, and must forever eclipse, the most acute and penetrating investigator. Biographers cannot stand as Broughton stood at the door of Seaham, when the ill-mated couple drove away to certain misery: 'I felt as if I had buried a friend.' Historians cannot stand as John Evelyn stood on the Strand, when the second Charles entered London: 'I beheld him and blessed God!' Or at Gravesend seven years later, when the Dutch fleet lay at the mouth of the Thames: 'A dreadful spectacle as ever Englishmen saw, and a dishonor never to be wiped off!'

Dr. Crothers, who thinks autobiographers have more than their share of vanity, says that he has never come across one whose confessions included a well-grounded apprehension that his friends often found him a little wearing. But the diarist Crabb Robinson comes close to this supreme ideal of candor. 'When my vivacity is checked by old age,' he writes wistfully, 'and I have lost my companionable qualities, I shall then have nothing left but a little good-nature to make me tolerable to my friends.' It is a misgiving common to reasonable minds; but who can imagine Margot Asquith contemplating her waning vivacity! Who can imagine

Marie Bashkirtseff or Harriet Martineau admitting the likelihood of her ever boring her acquaintances! Even Mrs. Pat Campbell conveys to us, directly or indirectly, on every page of *My Life and Some Letters*, the assurance that she pleased. The letters are a great help in this good cause. When a woman publishes the haphazard but ardent notes of her impressionable friends, she extracts from these somewhat withered garlands a late and lingering tribute to her charms.

Ever since that most readable book, *An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian*, was given to the English world, actors and playwrights have been indefatigable autobiographers. They may write about themselves alone, as did Macready, or about themselves and the world, after the fashion of Frances Kemble. They may be amusing, like Ellen Terry, or discursive, like Augustus Thomas, or casual, like John Drew. But they fall into line, and tell us what dramas they wrote, what companies they managed, what parts they played, and when and where they played them, together with any scraps of theatrical gossip they may be fortunate enough to recollect. All, at least, except the once celebrated Mrs. Inchbald. She recollected so much that the publisher, Phillips, offered her a thousand pounds for her manuscript; and her confessor, a wise and nameless Catholic priest, persuaded her to burn it unread. Yet there are people so perversely minded as to disapprove of auricular confession.

The golden age of the autobiographer has come, perhaps to stay. Mr. Howells, observant and sympathetic, welcomed its dawning, and the fullness of its promise. He was of the opinion that this form of composition represented 'the supreme Christian contribution to literature'; and, while admitting that there were bad as well as good speci-

mens of the art, he stoutly maintained that one more autobiography, however indifferent, was better than one less — a disputable point.

The question which confronts the reading public is this: 'How far should the law of kindness, which we all profess to follow, influence us in allowing to our fellow creatures the happiness of writing books about themselves?' There is no use saying that it would be impossible to stop them. Nothing in the way of inhibitions is impossible to the United States. 'There is no country,' says the observant Santayana, 'in which people live under more powerful compulsions.'

Americans have so far been inclined to tolerate the vanity of the autobiography, because mankind is naturally vain, and to forgive its dullness, because life is frequently dull. Moreover, they are well disposed toward any form of art or letters that lays claim to the quality of truth; and it is generally conceded that a man knows himself better than others know him. He does not know, and he never can know, how he appears to his acquaintances. The sound of his own voice, the light in his own eye, his accent, his mannerisms, his laugh, the sensations, pleasurable or otherwise, which he produces by his presence — these things, apparent to every casual observer, are unfamiliar to him. But his *naturel* (a word too expressive for translation) which others must estimate by the help of circumstantial evidence, he can, if he be honest, know and judge.

This, at least, is the theory on which rest the lucidity of art and the weight of conscience. Yet George Sand, who was given to self-inspection, self-analysis, and self-applause, admitted the dimness of her inward vision. 'The study of the human heart,' she wrote, 'is of such a nature, that the more we are absorbed by it, the less clearly do we see.'

DEATH AS A DREAM EXPERIENCE

BY M. E. B.

Since the value of this article depends upon the reliability of the narrator, it is important that the reader should know that M. E. B. occupies a responsible position in an organization for health improvement in the Far East. He has just returned from his post, where the experience related took place. We can assure our readers of its entire genuineness. — THE EDITORS.

DEATH is an event which sooner or later must come to all mankind. While the physical phenomenon has been abundantly observed, for reasons which are obvious the subjective experiences of those who die can only be surmised. The whole organism, physical and mental, naturally shrinks from this experience. The nearest approach to it appears to be in the loss of consciousness which occurs in sleep, syncope, or similar states.

In sleep the subconscious mind is at times highly active, and its experiences, surviving in conscious memory, are called dreams. Yet the natural repugnance to death is so great that even in dreams there is an inhibition which, in the vast majority of individuals, seems to halt the imagination short of the great event. In dreams one may fall over a high precipice; but just before striking the rocks below, one awakes. One may be pursued by armed savages; yet just before the fatal blow is given, one awakes. In fact, there is a widely prevalent idea that if one should dream of actually experiencing death, such an experience would prove a reality and the shock would be so great that one would never awake. This idea is erroneous, at least in the case reported in this paper.

Dreams are popularly supposed to be based upon the experiences or imagi-

nations of the subject during conscious life. The groundwork of the writer's dream is so based, but he knows of nothing in his conscious imaginings which would have stimulated a dream of actual death. In fact, sharing the universal abhorrence of the experience, he avoids as far as possible all thought of death as related to himself, and has never before consciously imagined what the actual experience would be like.

The dream was evidently based upon the experience of being overtaken by night in the midst of a tiger-infested jungle. A huge tiger was at that time terrorizing the inhabitants of that district. It had killed three small elephants, and great numbers of cattle and caribou. A large reward was being offered for its destruction. The writer was forced by circumstances to pitch his small camp within about 200 yards of where this tiger had killed a horse a day or so previously. The tiger was known to be in the vicinity of this kill, and this knowledge, coupled with the unusual nervousness of his pony, made restful sleep an impossibility. The long hours of the night passed away without incident, however, and the experience soon faded from active memory. About four years later, during a conversation about tigers, the incident was recalled and related. Shortly thereafter, the writer had the following

dream, which will be given in narrative form.

I dreamed that my wife and I were traveling with a small group of carriers through a similar tiger-infested jungle. The carriers happened to stop for rest at a spot where the jungle was particularly beautiful. We alighted and looked with delight upon the wonderful scene about us — the stately trees, the long and graceful vines, the giant ferns, the luxuriant growth which Nature so lavishly displays in those regions. When the carriers were ready to start, we sent our horses with them and followed on foot.

The path was a circuitous one, with numerous clumps of tall bushes on either side. We walked leisurely along, noting the various growths of particular beauty, until I happened to hear a noise like the cracking of a dead limb. On looking around, I noticed a large tiger crouching behind a clump of bushes in the jungle about fifty yards behind us. Fearing that, if we started to run, the tiger would rush us, my wife and I hurriedly walked after the carriers, whom we expected to find just ahead of us. Each turn in the path, however, brought fresh disappointment, as the carriers were farther ahead than we had realized. We kept a careful watch upon the tiger, which stealthily stalked us and gradually drew nearer. Soon we saw along the path ahead a small rest-house, where we thought the carriers would surely have stopped, so we made a run for it. As soon as the tiger noticed our flight, he made instant and rapid pursuit.

As we reached the rest-house I noticed that the carriers had gone on, and there was nothing to do but take refuge in the house. It was of the tumble-down type common in those regions, and consisted of two small rooms opening upon a small verandah, and provided with a communicating

doorway. The partition wall was of woven bamboo and extended only about six feet from the floor, leaving an open space between that height and the thatched roof. The communicating door and one of the exterior doors were partially off of their hinges, while one exterior door was entirely missing. We entered the house through this open doorway, dashed through the communicating doorway into the second room, and tried to close the communicating door. On entering the house, I instantly realized that we were lost, as the dilapidated door would prove insufficient; and anyway the tiger would go over the partition in one leap.

My wife could perhaps be saved if I could hold the tiger's attention so that he would not observe her flight. As he bounded into the first room, I pushed my wife out of the exit door of the second room, shouted to her to run to the carriers, pushed the door shut, seized a heavy club which happened to be lying on the floor, and, as the tiger an instant later dashed through the communicating doorway, I tried to drive my club down his throat. I saw his wide-open mouth, heard his terrifying roar, was conscious that he struck me a terrific blow with his left paw — and then was overwhelmed with a sensation of great DARKNESS, and knew nothing more.

How long I remained unconscious, I do not know; but it must have been a number of hours at least, because the tiger had in that interval of time devoured the greater part of my body. I next became aware of being still existent in a most peculiar state. I seemed to be situated in the air about the level of the tops of the lower trees. I had no bodily form whatsoever, but was simply a state of awareness existing in the atmosphere. Occasionally my position in the air changed instantaneously without reference to any volition of my

own. My movements seemed to me to be like those of the flitting lights which one occasionally sees over swamps. I was immediately interested in this peculiar experience, and wondered what had happened. Then I became aware of a portion of a skull, a piece of a human thigh-bone, and scattered remnants of parts of a human body lying on the ground below me.

The attack of the tiger came back to memory and these thoughts rose in my consciousness: 'Why, that must be ME lying down there!! The tiger has eaten ME! That means that I have passed through death. That is very interesting; I must try to remember all about this. Death is nothing like what I had imagined it would be. It is not hard at all to die. I wish everyone could know this. I wonder what becomes of me now. I wonder where Heaven is, where the Lord is, and how I shall go about it to find Him.'

I was so interested in this new situation in which I found myself that I had not yet realized what my tragic demise would mean to others. At this point my thoughts were interrupted by the sight of a group of frightened carriers cautiously approaching along the path, anxiously searching. Among them I saw my wife, forcibly held back by the carriers from too rapid approach, as they evidently feared that the tiger might be lurking near. I saw upon her face the anguish of hopeless despair.

They came to the place where the ghastly remains gave indubitable evidence of the tragic event. My wife did

not swoon, but sank to the ground overcome with grief and horror. I was filled with unutterable anguish as I looked upon her. I tried to call to her, but could not, as, being disembodied, I had no means of speaking. I tried to go to her, but could not move. As I witnessed her grief and realized her desperate plight (a week's journey through those dangerous regions separated her from the nearest European settlement), and knew my own utter helplessness to come to her assistance, I groaned and groaned in spirit. Of course she could not hear me. She raised her grief-marked countenance and, looking in my direction, stretched out her arms toward me in appeal, and cried out in tones of anguish that pierced my very soul, 'O ——! O ——!'

Suddenly I found that I was able to move. I turned. As I did so, I realized that I was in bed, that I must have had a nightmare, and that my wife was calling me from her room. Although only partially awake, a flood of thankfulness came over me with the realization that this had been but a dream. I replied sleepily, but gratefully, 'Thank you, ——, thank you,' and sank again into dreamless sleep.

The next morning my wife twitted me over my extreme politeness in my sleep, since I thanked her so profusely. She had been awakened by my groans and, thinking that I must be having a particularly bad dream, had called to awaken me.

Perhaps she called me back to life — who knows?

UNIONS AND THE PUBLIC

BY GEORGE SOULE

CERTAIN current impressions about organized labor in the United States deserve a more critical examination than they have received. It is important to know, for instance, whether, as Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard charges in recent issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*, antagonism to unions arises, not from an employers' conspiracy to destroy them, but from a genuine public revolt 'against the outrageous tyrannies of an intolerant labor dictatorship.' Has the public been correctly informed about the unions? Did they take advantage of war conditions to obtain unwarranted concessions? Were they wrong in refusing to accept deflation of wages afterward? Do they engage in serious limitation of output, connive at corruption, flout the public, and refuse to reform or to accept good advice? What about the 'closed' and the 'open' shops? Is it necessary to pass regulatory legislation, or to establish governmental arbitration bodies? Mr. Bullard's article furnishes an excellent occasion for broad discussion of these subjects which are of importance to all.

I

Scientists recognize that induction of general conclusions from a few specific instances is perilous. No array of examples, either of credit or of discredit to the unions is very illuminating without a general background of economic data with regard to productivity and wages.

Professor Walter W. Stewart, now

of the Federal Reserve System, and Professor Edmund E. Day of Harvard, as well as numerous other economists, have laboriously calculated indices of the physical production in the United States for the twenty or thirty years preceding 1919. These estimates are in substantial agreement with each other. They show that between 1899 and 1919 the annual production of goods increased about 80 per cent. During the same period the population of the United States increased about 40 per cent, or only half as rapidly. In this twenty-year period the yearly output of goods per capita of the population increased about 30 per cent. If we exclude agriculture and mining, we find that the yearly output of manufactures increased 40 per cent per capita.

Since 1919 the annual production in basic industries has increased about 23 per cent, according to the Federal Reserve Board, while the population has increased a little over 5 per cent. Production per capita has therefore grown nearly 17 per cent in the last four years. Production of manufactured goods, according to the Department of Commerce, has been enlarged over 11 per cent since 1919, while the number of wage-earners engaged in manufacture, as indicated by the excellent employment index of the New York State Department of Labor, has fallen nearly 3 per cent. The production of manufactures per wage-earner may therefore be estimated as about 15 per cent higher than four years ago.

If the unions have been attempting

to thwart technical progress or to limit output, it does not appear that they have, on the whole, been highly successful. The figures do not indicate the existence of a crisis.

An intensive study of wasteful methods in industry was made in 1921 by a group of distinguished engineers for the Federated American Engineering Societies. They did not attempt to set up ideal standards, but they did roughly assess the responsibility for preventable waste in six important industries as between management, labor, and outside contacts of firms. Unions exist in each of the industries studied. The engineers estimated that the responsibility of management for waste ranged between 50 per cent and 81 per cent, according to the industry. The responsibility of labor ranged between 9 and 28 per cent. In only one industry was the responsibility of labor as large as one third that of management. The engineers, of course, took into consideration strikes and lockouts, union rules and practices. It therefore appears that in so far as the preventable wasteful practices of industry are an evil, union practices do not deserve a major share of public attention.

Did labor profiteer during the war, and has it insisted on an inequitable share of the national income since the war? Most persons who discuss this subject think only of the increase in the dollars paid to labor, and forget the diminished purchasing power of those dollars. They also overlook the increase in national productivity. The best figures available on incomes of manufacturing wage-earners before 1914, — those calculated from the United States Census of Manufactures, — when compared with changes in retail prices of food, which make up about two fifths of the workers' family budget, indicate that in 1914 the average wage-earner

could buy about 10 per cent less than in 1889, twenty-five years earlier. Estimates of real wages after 1914 are possible on a yearly basis, because various states, such as New York and Wisconsin, have kept good statistics of actual earnings, while the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics has published an index of changes in the retail prices, not only of food, but also of all the items in the family budget.

A comparison of these figures shows that the purchasing power of average wages rose slightly in 1915 and 1916, but in 1917 and 1918 fell below even the 1914 level. The cost of living rose faster than wages, and consequently in the war years, when labor was popularly supposed to be profiteering, it was actually, in purchasing power, some 15 per cent below the level it had enjoyed thirty years earlier. In 1919 and 1920 real wages rose again to the 1899 level. Since 1919 they have increased, and are now about 28 per cent higher than in 1899. This enlargement of purchasing power with its possibility of a better standard of living is chiefly due to the fact that wages were not 'deflated' as much as prices during the recent depression. But, be it noted, this 28-per-cent increase in the goods which wage-earners may buy is only a belated and inadequate accompaniment of the growth in national productivity for which they are partly responsible. We now produce annually about 50 per cent more goods than in 1899 for every man, woman, and child in the country. But the manufacturing wage-earner can buy only 28 per cent more. Studies of union wage-scales show that in many cases they have advanced less than average earnings.

The general truth, so far as it may be ascertained from the most dependable statistics we have, seems therefore

to be the exact reverse of the usual anti-union contention. Far from receiving an enlarged share of a diminished volume of production, wage-earners have been receiving a diminished share of an enlarged volume of production.

II

There is not space here to tell the story of the anti-union campaign which was resumed with renewed intensity shortly after the Armistice and prosecuted with vigor during the depression of 1921, when about one third of the industrial wage-earners were jobless.

The National Founders Association may be taken as an example of the organized forces in the United States bent on the destruction of trades-unionism. It began its hostile activities as long ago as 1904. Its members are pledged not to make agreements with unions. It is a closely knit and well-financed union of employers who furnish each other, in the event of labor trouble, with strike-breakers, with production capacity in other shops, with contributions in money, and with armed guards and special policemen. Members are instructed, the moment a strike occurs, to 'cut off all negotiations and accept nothing but unconditional surrender.' The association practises the blacklist and has an extensive spy system. In addition to its purely industrial activities it carries on large-scale publicity and lobbying. A characteristic attitude of its organ, the *Open Shop Review*, is that it teaches 'how really small is the class that *has* to live in squalor and filth and unsanitary conditions; that the great majority of the class which *so* lives is there because it *wants* to be.' It attacks the theory of the living wage and has said that any man with \$100 is a capitalist. In its pages the A.F. of L. is linked with the I.W.W., and unionism is likened

to Bolshevism. The Association has fought remedial labor legislation, assailed President Wilson's industrial conferences, and attacked the United States Employment Service. During the war it urged the conscription of labor for industrial enterprises — though not the conscription of capital. There are numerous other powerful organizations of employers with similar aims and methods — such as the National Metal Trades Association and the National Erectors Association.

Long before the war labor had to fight this type of unrelenting opposition in industry after industry. For over a hundred years unions have existed and grown in the United States in the face of such apparently overwhelming obstacles. Union organization has been sufficiently delayed by them so that not more than one third of the industrial wage-earners have even yet won the right of collective bargaining.

There never has been a time when a large part of the employers, the judges, the editors, and the 'public opinion' which they exemplify, were not hostile to union activity. This struggle has of course had some influence in determining the nature of unions and the character of their leaders.

The difference which came with the war was due not only to the need of general coöperation, but also to the nation's ostensibly democratic purposes. The chief 'concession' which the Government made to the unions was a recognition of their existence and their right to represent the workers before arbitrators, to bargain and make contracts. In return the unions made the substantial concession of abstinence from strikes. The concessions on both sides were the absolute minimal necessities for a policy of coöperation. You cannot make peace with a body whose existence you do not recognize.

The numbers who poured into the unions during this period, when organizations of labor were in official good standing, merely gave evidence of the restraint previously imposed by the fear of hostile employers. Naturally, however, the anti-union employers regarded this enforced truce as a 'surrender' to labor 'dictatorship,' and were eager to resume the industrial war the moment the international war was over. This they did with a vengeance. Anyone in a position to observe industrial events can testify to the wide organization and energy of the attack. In view of this history it is absurd to suppose that the war against unionism is anything new, or that it is wholly or even chiefly a spontaneous revolt of 'the public.'

III

With this background, it is enlightening to approach the typical charges of union wickedness to which Mr. Bullard devotes so much space. I do not know in what two cities¹ no applicant is admitted to a plumbers' union unless he is the father, the brother, or the son of a member, but as a general statement this charge is certainly false. To cut a small door through a hollow-tile partition requires — at least in New York — not twelve classes of labor, three weeks of time, and \$250 in money, but two or three trades and a day and a half at the utmost. Three coats of plaster on lath are required in New York, not by union fiat, but by State law, for the good reason that two coats will not last long in good condition. And so on. But it is unprofitable to dispute about such detailed technical matters in a general discussion.

It must be admitted that on several occasions graft and bribery have been

discovered in the construction industry. In this respect this industry is not typical of other unionized industries. The causes of such conditions are certainly not simple. They are interwoven with corrupt politics, with unfair competition, with the greed of profit-makers, with many recognized evils which in some degree have characterized American cities and American business for many years. There is no group which such dishonesty injures more than the wage-earners, and they ought to be unrelenting in rooting it out and punishing it. They bear as much responsibility for dishonesty among their officials as business men and citizens in general do for other forms of prevalent dishonesty. But no one thinks of attacking our Government or our methods of business organization for the sins of dishonest individuals, and I cannot understand why the unions alone should be assailed on account of these occasional disclosures in the building trades. There is already ample legislation penalizing dishonesty. The building-trades unions themselves are attempting to combat the evil. Their struggle against it is no more easy than the struggle against any kind of public corruption in a democratic community; they cannot end it by fiats. Improvement is measured by education and a gradual raising of the general conscience.

It also must be admitted that some union practices tend to limit production. Yet in his report on the building industry for the Federated Engineering Societies, Mr. Sanford E. Thompson, a prominent engineer, assessed 65 per cent of the responsibility for waste against management, 21 per cent against labor, and 14 per cent against outside contacts. Among his findings on this subject Mr. Thompson states, 'The building trades, because of the scattered nature of their work and its

¹ The cities are Chicago and San Francisco.—
THE EDITOR.

miscellaneous and seasonal character, particularly need organizations that will assist them in maintaining their rights and obtaining a square deal. . . . Some of the union rules affecting work are justified in furthering quality and workmanship. . . . In considering this question it must be recognized that the unions are by no means alone in their restriction of output. . . . Despite the restrictive action of many of the union regulations, there is growing evidence of willingness to coöperate. . . . Some of the unions are taking the initiative in these matters, opposing restriction of output, and training and educating their members, thus producing good mechanics and furthering the elimination of waste.'

The handicap of outsiders in passing definite judgment on trade practices may be illustrated by the rule of the painters against the use of spraying machines, cited by Mr. Bullard. An employer recently discussing this subject with me said: 'We have carried on extensive experiments with these machines. They are costly to buy and their maintenance is costly. We have had difficulty in obtaining as good results with them as with brushes. The painters who operate them have to wear gas masks. Two of our men disobeyed my positive instructions on this point, and both contracted lead poisoning. One case was promptly treated and serious illness was thus avoided. Of the other, the doctor whom I sent said it was the worst case of poisoning he had ever seen which did not result in death. I can understand the union's opposition to the machines, and I am not convinced that they are the best method for the employer.'

Many union rules either do not limit production or have an insignificant effect. Many which do limit output are amply justified on the ground of

workmanship or health. Such infrequent rules as may be adopted only because they 'make work' cannot be assessed without an understanding of the industrial background. Mr. Thompson's study shows the large amount of seasonal unemployment in the building industry. Out of an average of 275 effective working-days possible, 96 — or 31 per cent — are normally lost. The percentages of days lost for the various skilled trades range from 20 per cent in the case of the upholsterers to 44 per cent in the case of the iron workers. In addition, there is the heavy cyclical unemployment. The slow growth in numbers of building-trades workmen and apprentices between 1914 and 1920 is largely due to the terrific slump of building in 1917 and afterward, incident to the war. And in 1921, according to the estimate of the National Bureau of Economic Research, building employment fell off 18 per cent even from the 1920 level. These conditions, together with the heavy labor 'turnover' from job to job, are not likely to induce workmen to produce at top speed while on a specific building, or to 'work themselves out of a job' — whether they are organized or unorganized.

Unions have been active in attempting to remedy the maladjustments of the industry. In numerous important cities the unions are coöperating with the employers through committees on apprenticeship and training. The Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, through its representation in the American Construction Council, which includes all parties in the industry, declared strongly for stabilization during the boom of 1923, and advised the postponement of unnecessary building, in spite of the fact that the competition for labor at that time resulted in the payment of bonuses. The evil of strikes resulting

from jurisdictional disputes has been nearly overcome by the action of the unions in submitting such matters to the National Board of Jurisdictional Award, composed of employers, representatives of labor, an architect, and an engineer. This board has decided about two hundred cases, and is obeyed by all unions except the carpenters'.

This way of conference and adjustment of technical difficulties within the industry itself contrasts sharply with the methods adopted in Chicago. According to Mr. Alexander M. Bing,² a large real-estate owner in New York, who is an experienced student of labor matters, the Chicago efforts were neither fully creditable to the 'open shop' forces, nor effective. Judge Landis was chosen as arbitrator of a dispute, on the subject of wages alone, by all the trades except the carpenters' and painters'. His wage award departed from established precedent by fixing maximum rather than minimum rates. These maximum rates were lower in relation to the cost of living than the minimum rates existing in 1914. He upset the prevailing uniform scales and introduced, among the trades, differentials difficult in many cases to justify. He apparently exceeded his authority by dealing with the highly technical subject of working rules, even in cases where employers and unions had come to agreement on them. It was on this ground that many unions besides the carpenters' and painters' rejected the award. Nevertheless a 'Citizens' Committee' was formed, incorporated itself, raised a huge war-chest, and decreed that all unions refusing to enforce the award were 'outlawed' and that their trades would henceforth forever be operated on the open-shop basis. Large numbers

of strike-breakers were imported. Yet in spite of strong financial and other pressure put upon the contractors, the terms of the award proved intrinsically unworkable and were universally evaded. The unions could not be destroyed. And last summer the three largest general contractors announced that they would no longer coöperate with the Citizens' Committee.

IV

Space is lacking to deal fully with the other industries in which Mr. Bullard's examples lie. The statement — 'John W. Lewis and his backers intend to establish a monopoly of all coal-mining labor' — is a hostile way of recording the fact that the United Mine Workers of America desire to add to their membership the miners of the nonunion fields. The bituminous coal-mining industry is competitive, and the gains in living and working conditions won by the miners in parts of it will be precarious if not established by the miners in other parts. The violence which often accompanies attempts at organization is largely due, as the report of the United States Coal Commission clearly states, to the determination of the nonunion operators to prevent their employees from organizing, which is carried out by such reprehensible means as privately owned and closed towns, 'yellow dog' contracts, oppressive leases of company housing, hired thugs and gunmen, and deputy sheriffs appointed by the public authorities, but paid out of the treasuries of the employers.

Most of the working rules in railroad shops embodied in the National Agreements were practised years before the war and are still in force on the majority of railroads. On the few roads which refused to settle with the shopmen and are at complete liberty to

²'The Posse Comitatus in Industry,' by Alexander M. Bing. *The Survey*, January 15, 1923, p. 493.

decree whatever rules they like, financial and operating results have been in some cases deplorably bad, and in others distinctly inferior to those of the settled roads. One need only refer to the minutes of the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation of the Lehigh Valley, or to the statistics of such nonunion roads as the Delaware and Hudson, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, and the Central of New Jersey, as compared with such union roads as the Baltimore and Ohio or the New York Central, to substantiate this statement.

The Pennsylvania is probably the most successful railroad which has refused to deal with the shop union. Yet since the strike the Baltimore and Ohio, which runs through virtually the same territory, has outdistanced it in every important respect, although the Baltimore and Ohio accords full recognition to the shop unions. The net operating income of the Baltimore and Ohio more than doubled for the first eight months of 1923 over the first eight months of 1922, while that of the Pennsylvania grew only 12 per cent. Locomotives out of service for repairs were reduced by the Baltimore and Ohio from 50.6 per cent in July 1922, to 14.1 per cent in July 1923, and on the Pennsylvania only from 23.2 per cent in July 1922, to 19.9 per cent in July 1923. An entire issue of this magazine could be filled with statistics supporting the conclusion that the union roads have fared better than the nonunion.

V

It is untrue that unions do not accept any responsibility for better industrial methods. Mr. Gompers has made so many statements as to the necessity for technical advancement and production that it is difficult to select a quotation. 'The trades-union

movement of America understands fully the necessity for adequate production of the necessities of life,' is perhaps his most compact sentence. 'It is my firm conviction that the labor movement not only welcomes but invites your coöperation,' he said to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in 1920. In June 1921, he wrote in the *American Federationist*, 'There is a need for scientific readjustment of a large part of our industrial life to-day and the trades-union movement looks hopefully to the engineers and the scientists of industry for a needed and valuable contribution to human welfare.' Mr. Gompers is against 'speeding up' and some schools of engineering method, but he is not blind to problems of production.

Even more to the point is the statement of William H. Johnston, President of the International Association of Machinists, that the union 'will continue to go out of its way to find progressive enlightened employers in order to devise practical ways and means of coöperation with the specific object in mind of improving the efficiency and service so that thereby both employer and employee may benefit.' He has since found such an employer in President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio, with the result that a highly significant experiment is being carried on which cannot here be described. The spirit behind the experiment is well expressed in the preamble to the new agreement between the shop-crafts unions and the railroad, which was proposed by the unions. It runs as follows:—

The welfare of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and its employees is dependent on the service which the railroad renders the public. Improvements in this service and economy in operating and maintenance expenses result chiefly from willing coöperation between the railroad's management

and the voluntary organizations of its employees. When groups responsible for better service and greater efficiency share fairly in the benefits which follow their joint efforts, improvements in the conduct of the railroad are greatly encouraged. The parties to this agreement recognize the foregoing principles and agree to be governed by them in their relations.

Other prominent illustrations might be adduced, such as the School for Printers' Apprentices in New York, maintained jointly by the employers and Typographical Union No. 6 at a yearly cost of \$10,000 to each party, or the well-known record of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the shops of Hart Schaffner and Marx and other firms in the Chicago and other markets, or the activities of Arsenal and Navy Yard employees in promoting economies of peace-time production.

VI

The case for the union as a necessary protection of the employee has been put so many times and is so obvious that it is almost universally accepted by economists and social scientists — though not, in practice, by many large American employers and their advocates, and frequently not by the courts.

It is now beginning to be recognized that the potential value of the unions is positive as well as negative. Just as employees must be organized in order effectively to refuse coöperation for their own protection, so also they must be organized in order to practise coöperation in solving the large problems of industry in the general interest.

The natural tendency of the employer is to dictate wages, hours, working practices. It is *his* business. The natural tendency of workmen is to strive for some control over these matters. It is *their* job, their life. When they organize to exercise such

control, the employer is likely to accuse them of practising dictatorship. The public is told that it is affronted when strikes occur in the process of establishing or extending that control. But the only solution for dictatorship on either side is some form of democracy. The industrial struggle will never be allayed until constitutional government in industry is recognized and practised. It cannot be effectively practised, in a capitalistic order, without the agency of genuine unions and the laws embodied in their agreements with employers.

Both employers and employees are human. Both make mistakes, both are tempted to act arbitrarily, especially when the emphasis is laid on conflict by either side. But it is difficult to see how progress may be made except through them. As their warfare for existence is gradually won, unions are certain to turn more and more to constructive measures.

The last convention of the American Federation of Labor adopted a striking, if somewhat vague, resolution on industrial democracy. In commenting on the subject previously, President Gompers³ had written: —

There is probably not an organization of any size or strength that has not enacted rules affecting the work and practice of its members. . . . We have bankers' ethics, doctors' ethics, lawyers' ethics, accountants' ethics and trades-union ethics. . . . These various organizations in the world of work and industry are building a law of industry. This law is designed to *make things work*. Not all of this law is wise, but its main tendency is constructive and progressive. It is made by men who know their field and their subject. Political law, where it touches industry, for the most part fumbles and retards. . . . And the laws that are built as a result of organization are the laws that can be agreed to by those who must live under them. That is im-

³ *American Federationist*, May 1923.

portant. There may be much crudeness, but in the end it is the way of democracy at work. In industry there can be no law unless there is almost universal recognition of its justice and practicability.

That seems a liberal, a wise, and a sound view of the matter. It is full of tolerance and hope. It recognizes the democratic possibility of making the best of things, not merely for profits and production of goods, but for the service of human character.

VII

The issue of the 'closed' against the 'open' shop is one which has been more confused in the public mind than any other having to do with labor. The confusion is partly due to a careless definition of the terms and to a calculated misuse of them. It is also partly due to a statement of the issue as one of conflicting legal 'rights.' When a writer defends the open shop as one in which a nonunion man may work, although collective bargaining with unions is practised, he is defending a situation which exists, with the full consent of the unions, on the union railroads and in other unionized industries. But he is not describing the situation which is desired by the anti-union employer who declares for the open shop because he does not want to make contracts with unions and wishes to keep organized labor from exercising any measure of control in his establishment. Many an open shop, though perhaps not closed to union members, is closed to union influence. To say that employees may organize but may not exercise their power to achieve the main object of organization—the regulation of hours, wages, and working conditions by collective agreement with the employer—is to make a meaningless concession. To say that the legal right of any man to make an

individual contract of employment must be protected, while admitting that employees have a right to organize and bargain collectively, is to state two rights which cannot be reconciled if either is to be universally exercised.

The real issue is between the union and the nonunion shop. Some union shops are technically closed and some technically open, but in all an effective majority of the employees belong to the union, and conditions of employment are regulated by agreements with the organization. In the nonunion shop, on the other hand, the employer will not deal with organized labor—though he may go through the form of dealing with a local and comparatively powerless 'shop committee.' The big issue, the one on which it is important for the public to take a decided position, is whether it is to the public interest or not that unions shall have an opportunity to function in industry. There would be little doubt of a popular verdict in favor of the union shop, if the issue were always so stated.

It is not easy to form a judgment on the relative merits of the closed and the open union-shops. Both work well in practice in some cases, and both have their abuses. Printing employers, a majority of whom recognize the closed shop, usually have excellent relations with their organized employees, and a highly developed system of arbitration based on collective contracts has existed for years in the industry. On the railroads and in some of the clothing centres, unions have little difficulty in maintaining their status though permitting individuals to remain outside the organization. The closed-shop system is defended on the ground that it is a safeguard of mutual responsibility and good faith. Union organizations sometimes cannot exercise the discipline necessary to guarantee the execution of agreements

if they do not include all the employees. The employee who accepts the protection of union conditions, though he pays no dues and remains free to violate the law of the agreement, is said to be morally in the position of an anarchist who accepts the protection of government but will not pay taxes and believes himself justified in violating the public law when he so desires. On the other hand, unions practising the open shop say they prefer to base their strength upon the voluntary loyalty of the majority of the employees rather than upon the compulsion of a closed-shop agreement with the employer. They are willing to let those anti-social individuals who will not share in their responsibilities remain aloof, in the belief that such individuals are less a menace outside the organization than in it. The closed union-shop is liable to the abuses of power, the open union-shop to the manipulations of any who wish to undermine the system of autonomous industrial law. Either works well if both sides want it to work.

VIII

We have, then, a situation in which the historic and spontaneous growth of organized labor has been in some measure successful, and in some measure has been thwarted by those who are hostile to it. We have industrial dislocations due to this conflict. We have instances of abuses on both sides, and also instances of extremely hopeful experiments in industrial government where the existence and powers of unions are conceded and utilized for positive purposes without the compulsion of public law. It is proposed that 'the public' do something about this situation by legislation.

The basic difficulty, according to Mr. Bullard, is 'the difficulty of rousing a great multitude to anger, and keeping

it angry, until something really worth while is accomplished.' The task is hardly so simple as that. I confess to complete skepticism about the possibility of accomplishing anything really worth while in the spirit of anger, especially by the fomented anger of a reluctant public. I confess to a doubt about the possibility of dealing helpfully with an intricate industrial situation solely by a predetermined legislative programme. It seems to me that what the public needs first is far less angry exhortation and far more insight into the social problems of industry. A public adequately informed on the larger aspects of unionism would make up its mind as to whether it wished to endorse the principle of constitutional industrial democracy which is implied in the activities of genuine unions. It would decide which industrial problems should be left to the solution of those in industry who know it at first hand, and which to governmental legislatures, boards, commissions, and courts. It would observe carefully those experiments in organized industrial coöperation in which anger, conflict, and private gain have as far as possible been laid aside, and intelligence and goodwill applied to the tasks of service.

A public so informed would, in my opinion, confine legislation on industrial relations rather narrowly to the establishment of the legal conditions necessary for social and economic growth. It would avoid arbitrary measures as far as possible, and would endure a good deal of inconvenience, if necessary, while nourishing the belief that, given the fundamental concession of democracy, advances in science,—both physical and human science,—in technique, in education, and in mutual understanding will in the end furnish the lasting gains which we are likely to achieve in the creation of a humane industrial order.

MISS BETSY BEAVER

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

WELL, *sirs*, I sure do wish I could claim kin with them Beaver folks lives up Eel River! They cert'nly must be a mighty onusual race of humans. Thar 's Tony Beaver, of course, and I reckon thar ain't a hand on this log job but what 's heard about *him*. Then too thar 's his sister, Miss Betsy Beaver, what I 'm aiming to tell you-all about this evening.

Yes Jake, I don't keer if I do have a bite off 'n you. Mebbe it 'll sorter help me to chaw out this tale.

Well, now, Miss Betsy Beaver she 's jest the nicest commonest kinder woman a feller ever did see. You-all knows the kind, jest going right along sewing on buttons, making griddle-cakes, and helping a neighbor out when the new baby 's coming. Feet squar' to the ground, right on the job *all* the time, and if thar 's any clouds round, you better b'lieve Miss Betsy she ain't got *her* head up in none of 'em.

All hands up Eel River they jest thinks the world of Miss Betsy. She don't stay up thar regular, but about once in so often she 'll come by and git 'em all sorter straightened out—pants patched, kittles scraped, and all like that.

She sure is a mighty good-hearted somebody. Thar ain't a hand up Eel River what ain't had to thank her for somep'n'; and it 's jest the truth, if it wa'n't for her, I reckon them three pore dog-goned pine trees, what Tony 's allus been so mean to, would 'a' been skeered into turpentine long since.

You say you ain't heard of them trees?

Well, they 's jest three right pitiful pine trees on a ridge up Eel River. They 's all of a size, like they 'd been hatched outer the one cone, and all going up the ridge one right behind the tother. Well some way them trees heard tell of what a powerful lumber-jack Tony Beaver is, and ever since then they been a-running and a-running to git away from Tony. But course, all of you hands here knows a tree jest natcherly *can't* run. So all them pore critters kin do is to kinder hunch up they backs, and strain and strain to bust they roots loose, and git on away. And thar they been for a person can't hardly say how long, a-running, and a-running up the ridge, but never gitting nowhar.

Well, them trees they jest erbout tickle Tony to death. He would n't really lay a finger on one of 'em, but he can't help fooling with 'em, and every once in so often he 'll holler out to the hands, 'Hey now, fellers! We got to git to work on them pine trees at sun-up!' And at that the rosin it 'll bust out over them trees in a cold sweat, and all night afterwards you 'll hear the pore dog-goned things crying and fretting, and shivering to theyselves, swishing they branches across they noses, and sniffing out in the kinder windy way a pine tree talks, 'B-e-a-v-e-r, To-n-y B-e-a-v-e-r 's coming!'

And Tony he 's got 'em so skeered

now, that he don't even have to *say* a word to 'em. All he has to do to make 'em sweat rosin is jest to spit on his hands, and roll up his sleeves right easy as he walks by 'em. And it 's the *truth*, them trees they jest hates Tony so bad, that if they ketches a sight of him way off on a far ridge, they bristles up they needles like you 've seen a cat fur up its tail when dogs is about.

Oh, all right! If you-all don't b'lieve *me*, some other feller in this bunk-house kin finish out the tale. Well then, I 'll tune up ergin.

Miss Betsy now, she 's mighty soft-hearted, so every night along about early candlelight she 'll slip out on the ridge, and sorter stroke them trees down, telling 'em Tony was jest fooling, and talking to 'em mighty motherly and nice, like she was tucking the kivers in around 'em and hearing 'em say they prayers. And the pore dog-goned critters 'll quit shivering and sniffing, and dreaming turrible dreams about fresh chips and spilled sawdust; and *then* all night a person kin hear 'em whispering to theyselves, swishing out, 'M-i-s-s B-e-t-s-y B-e-a-v-e-r 's here! M-i-s-s B-e-t-s-y 's here!' Like they was turning over in bed comforting theyselves.

Tony, too, he thinks a heap of Miss Betsy; but course you-all know you don't never view yer own sister through no kind of a pretty haze like yer apt to see the tother feller's sister. And anyhow, Tony he 's right sure that the real *big* feller in the Beaver family has a T to the front of they names, 'stead of a B.

Still and all, he ain't fergittin' that they 's more 'n one time when Miss Betsy 's pulled him and the Eel River crew outer a tight fix. Mebbe you fellers recollect the time Big Henry cut into that sugar maple what was a bleeder, and come nigh drowning the whole camp in sugar water?

You ain't heard tell of that?

Well, *sirs*, fellers! That sure *was* a time! And outer it too thar come one of the *biggest* eye-openers Tony Beaver ever got.

Big Henry now, he 's jest a hog fer tree molasses on his griddlecakes, so one spring he sets out to tap the sugar maples 'round camp. But whoop-ee! He ain't notched more 'n a couple, when he struck that thar one what 'peared to be a bleeder, like I said, and *swish!* the sap outer that dog-goned tree, it squirted up pretty nigh fifty feet high! And in jest the shake of a lamb's tail, every hand thar was wading knee-deep in sugar water.

It 's the *truth*, that thar maple had sont its roots so all-fired deep it had jest natcherly tapped the res-e-voy, way, way down in the ground whar the spring sap of all the trees is stored; and when Big Henry cut into it so keerless, it was like he 'd yanked the plug outer the whole Atlantic ocean—'cept course this was sweet water 'stead of salt. And it was, 'Mind out, all hands, that yer don't git drowned!'

The fellers they rustled round in a hurry, and got a couple of ditches dug, and jest *did* git that turrible tide of water headed off into Eel River 'fore it washed the whole camp away. But that dog-goned tree, it kep' right erlong spouting up day and night, night and day. It sure was a *turrible* e-vent, for let erlone stopping work, and putting everything under two feet of sugar water, it was wasting erway the sap from all the tother trees, and the whole forest got skeered fer fear they was about to bleed to death, and sunt a delegation in to Tony to ast him please to stop the leak.

Tony now, course he hated mighty bad to have them trees all mad at him, so him and Big Henry tied ropes to theyselves, and swimm'd out across all that torrent, and though they was

swept away a time or two, in the end, both of them being right stout hands, they got theyselves anchored, and chopped the tree down.

But pshaw! come to find out, that did n't do one par-tickle of good, for the dog-goned stump, it spouted up worse 'n the tree had done. It sure was a miserable cur'osity, jest setting thar squirting up sugar water, day and night, night and day, leaking away the greenness from all the tother trees.

Ole preacher Moses Mutters 'lowed it was the beginning of another Flood, and he was all for gitting the hands to work on a ark, thinking he 'd be a second Noah, I reckon. But he oughter knowed he could n't of got none of them big Eel River Jim-bruisers into a ark, two by two, nor any other ways. And anyhow, while he was searching the Scripters, trying to figger out how many cubicks went to a ephod, and then devide them all by omers to git the measurements right, Tony got the flood checked up. He tuck a log chain, and after a right smart tussle, he got it fastened round that stump, and *then* he grubbed the blamed thing up with them powerful steers of hisn; and when the roots was busted loose, the flood quit.

II

Well, after all that big to-do, the hands they was pretty nigh wore out. So they wrenched the sugar water outer they shirts and pants, and kinder spread theyselves out on the banks of Eel River to rest up.

But you *know* thar ain't no rest to Tony Beaver! He jest shuck heself off, more like some kinder wild varmint than a human, and then he commences to study on all of that thar maple sap. Thar was the river jest swimming full of it, from bank to bank, and end to end. It sure did look like a pity to have

it go to waste, and all hands sech hogs for tree molasses too.

Well Tony he studies a spell, and then he goes up stream to whar he 's got him a oil well, and not saying nothing to nobody, he pulled the plug outer it, and let a whole mess of oil run into the river atop of all that sugar water, and *then* he tetched the whole blamed thing off with a match.

Well, *sirs!* I don't reckon thar ever was sech a biling and a brewing! The whole of Eel River jest bubbled and blazed and carried on somep'n scandalous. And when at last the fires burnt out, and the smoke clared, thar was the river full up with tree molasses.

Tony he sure was tickled at his smartness *that* time! But pshaw! come to find out, them molasses they wa'n't no 'count for nothing. They was jest so rank with burnt oil, they was n't even fitten for hogs, let erlone humans.

And it wa'n't no time nuther, 'fore Tony seen he 'd got the whole outfit into a awful fix. Thar was Eel River so stuck up with tree molasses from end to end that the waters jest natcherly could n't run. The waters could n't run, and course the logs could n't travel, and thar was Tony's big spring drive all tied up, and the river jest *ruined*.

And *bees* — Who-*ee!* every bee that was out that spring come a-hustling up Eel River with the ole lady and all of the kids. The dog-goned critters was a-swarmling, and a-stinging, and jest into *everything!* Every kinder bee that ever was! Why, they tell me they was even some of Paul Bunyan's bees come down from way up north somewhars, to git a taste of that sweetness. Paul Bunyan, he 's that great lumberjack they tells so many tales erbout, a person would come nigh thinking he was Tony Beaver heself. Them bees of hisn, they say, is jest the awfulest stinging critters ever heard tell of. Every

one of 'em 's nigh as big as a ox, and Paul crossed some of 'em once with a gang of moskeeters, and ever since then, the dog-goned cusses has had stings both before and behind.

Yes, sir! They sure was in a fix that spring! And Tony heself jest *could n't* git it figgered out how to clar the place of them bees, and git the river to running ergin.

Well erlong 'bout that time, Miss Betsy she hit camp. She did n't take more 'n erbout one look at Eel River all ruined like it was with tree molasses, and right black with bees, 'fore she hollers out, 'My *lands*, Tony! Why in the name of common sense don't yer finish the job?'

'Finish the job?' Tony says, kinder blank.

'Why, *sure!*' Miss Betsy answers him back. 'Here,' she hollers, 'you fellers jump round now, and run some more oil into that thar river.'

Well, all hands cert'nly was glad to have Miss Betsy take over the job. So they run the oil in like she said, and then Miss Betsy lighted the whole mess up once more. The river, she biled and bubbled and smoked from end to end ergin; but this time, when the flame died down, hold and below! all of that long sweetening had done biled down to short sweetening, and thar was Eel River all froze across with maple sugar. All the hands had to do was jest to go out and chop the blamed stuff loose, and let the spring freshets carry it away, and jest d'rectly the water was running nice and free, with the log drive going down stream, and all of them turrible bees burned to death.

Well now, course that was pretty smart of Miss Betsy. But still and all, it wa'n't much more 'n what 'most any of the woman-folks woulder thought of — and anyhow, Tony was pretty nigh sure he 'd of figgered it out fer heself in another pair of seconds. So

he jest kep' right erlong thinking of Miss Betsy as nice and common, and knowing that the real *big* feller in the Beaver fam'ly had a T to the front of they names 'stead of a B.

Course, Miss Betsy, *she* did n't think nothing 't all of it. She stayed round camp fer a spell, gitting things sorter straightened up, and speaking a kind word to them pore little dog-goned pine trees; and then, seeing as how the traveling was good, 'count of the blocks of maple sugar still in the river, she borrowed a cheer and a ole quilt from camp, and had the hands to hook her in a good-sized chunk of sugar, and she spreads the quilt out on it, and setting down in the cheer, opens her ole umbrel'. A little breeze come erlong, and Miss Betsy floated on down stream jest as pretty and nice as you please, going down to the levels, whar was a pore woman needing her, with a new baby on the way, and no daddy thar to do the gander walk, 'count of him having jest got kilt on a log drive. And as she floated on round the bend, the hands heard Miss Betsy singing a little song that went kinder this way, —

'Make the beds, and mix the dough;
Feed the chickens, and sew and sew;
Tend the baby, and milk the cow;
Fer a person 's job is here and now.'

III

Well, I reckon you fellers would of thought that was all of *that*, but it was outer all that big biling of tree molasses that Tony he got the great eye-opener I been promising you-all.

Course, that fire it was turrible hot, and it burned or melted or busted everything it tetched. Amongst tother things it melted a ole glass tickler laying alongside of the river whar some feller had throwed it. Thar was a gray rock laying close to it, and when the flame come erlong that melted the

tickler, it busted the rock too, and whatsoever was in the heart of that rock it got all melted up with the glass, and it sure did make a awful strange brew. Tony he found it laying thar mighty innocent on the river's edge. The glass had cooled off right thin like a window light, and was sech a peculiar color that jest outer pure idleness Tony picked it up and squinted through the blamed thing. And Great Day in the Morning! *he was a-squinting into the next world!*

Well, *sirs!* what Tony seen come at him so sudden it broke the breath right off short in his throat, and the hide all down the spine of his back kinder riz up in bristles.

He give sech a jump that the glass jerked outer his hand and busted itself up erginst a rock. But still thar was a piece left big enough fer a feller to see through.

Tony was all by heself out thar on the edge of Eel River. It was gitting erlong toward dark, and a ole bullfrog, setting in a puddle somewhars, was making a mighty big, round, lonesome kind of a noise in his throat. Tony throwed a cat eye down at that thar strange piece of glass, and then he looked all erbout him right easy — most 'specially he looked to the back of him. Then he glanced over toward camp, and it sure did supple up that stiff feeling down the spine of his back to see everything so nice and common over thar. Thar was the good hot smell of sody biscuits and coffee; and thar was Big Henry and the Sullivan feller in they blue shirts coming on down the ridge into camp, they axes over they shoulders, not keering nuthing fer nobody.

Well then, Tony he stoops over sorter stiff like, and picking up the glass squints through it ergin — and *thar ergin was the next world!*

What 's that you fellers say?

Well, of course I can't say for *sure* it was the *next* world. It mought of been the world right to the back of this one, and then ergin it mought of been two, three worlds on ahead. All I know fer certain is it wa'n't no sorter world Tony Beaver ever had seen afore.

Course, all of you fellers knows thar 's kinds of glass that 'll make little things look big, and tother kinds that 'll make fur-away things, like stars, look close; but this dog-goned glass done more 'n that: it showed things what was right spang up erginst this world, but what nobody did n't know was there.

Well, Tony he helt it up to his eye ergin, and jest looked *and looked*, with all of the looks he had. The last thing he recollected was hearing Jim Sullivan whistling 'Sourwood Mountain' over on the ridge, and the next thing he knewed, Big Henry was shaking him by the arm.

'Hey, Tony, whar air you! Hey, Tony! H-e-y, T-o-n-y!' Big Henry hollers, like Tony was fur away.

Big Henry 's shaking him jostled the glass outer Tony's hand, so he sorter come back to heself. And now the twilight was all gone, and seemed like it was way late in the night.

'Hey, Tony!' Big Henry says, still shaking him, and still hollering; 'we been a-looking, and a-hollering fer you half the night.'

'Half the night?' Tony says, in a kind of a daze.

'Yes, *sure!*' Big Henry tells him. 'Supper 's done eat and over a whole while back.'

'Supper?' Tony says, like his thoughts was coming through a fog.

'Yes, supper! *supper!* SUPPER!' Big Henry yells at him; fer he 's a hand what knows a holler to victuals will fetch a feller to heself when no other sound would.

Tony sets down on a stump kinder

weak-like. 'Big Henry,' he says, speaking like he was at prayer meeting, 'I been a-looking into the next world.'

'Come on back to camp, and sleep it off,' Big Henry tells him. 'You been a-drinking on a empty stomick.' Only Big Henry did n't use no sech genteel word as stomick.

But Tony he fishes up that piece of glass, and holds it out to the tother feller — and in the end, it was Tony led Big Henry back to camp.

Well, now, that was how the business commenced, and I tell you it wa'n't hardly *no* time 'fore the awfulest kind of a blight had fell over them hands up Eel River. Thar was all the spring jobs jest fa'rly hollering out to be done: tanbark to be spudded, logs on the skidways, and the drive jammed in the river. But in place of a camp roaring with work, thar was jest a turrible sickly silence over everything, and a gang of half-starved fellers setting in a circle passing a little piece of glass from hand to hand.

Oh, don't ast *me* what the glass showed 'em, fer I jest natcherly don't know. Not a feller thar could ever lay out in words what he seen. And if he had been able to, I would n't of listened, fer I know dog-goned well it ain't fer no common hand like *me* to go turning over the leaves thataway, trying to read the end of the tale 'fore time fetches it up natcheral.

And it wa'n't good fer none of them Eel River hands neither. They looked and looked so hard through that dog-goned little squint-hole, that they come pretty nigh looking theyselves right over the edge and into the next world itself. They jest honkered down thar on the river bank, passing the glass from hand to hand, licking they chops over what they seen, and every last one of 'em acting like a fool fer want of sense.

Tony he let 'em all look in turn, 'cept

ole Brother Moses Mutters. That ole preacher feller had the next world all figgered out and lined off in his own mind so nice, with harpers harping on they harps, and all like that, Tony was skeered he mought be right badly upso't if he was to ketch a glimpse of what it was like sure 'nough.

So ole man Mutters was the only one of 'em had any sense left, and when he seen how it was working on Tony and all them tother pore fellers, he tuck his foot in his hand and put out after Miss Betsy Beaver, and fotched her into camp.

When Miss Betsy got thar, she found that turrible blight over everything, with all of them stout hands so fell erway that they looked like a gang of razor-backed hogs. Thar was they boots and shirts and pants, with the hide and bones still in 'em, but looked like whatsoever it is makes every feller a real person had pretty nigh oozed away into the next world, leaving them all jest sorter pitiful shells of theyselves.

Well, Tony he did have the sense to know Miss Betsy, and he holds out the piece of glass to her and says, 'Hey, sis! Look a-here!' with a kinder maudlin smile on his face.

But he would n't let the glass go outer his hand, holding it right tight while she looked.

'Well, what do yer see?' he says, all swelled up proud like a toad, and waiting fer her to git excited.

'I don't see nothing outer the common,' Miss Betsy 'lows.

'Aw, sis', you air of the earth earthy, and jest natcherly *can't* behold celestial sights.'

Tony had to swaller some after he got them big words out, fer that was next-world talk that his tongue did n't come by natcheral.

'Tony,' Miss Betsy says, 'the saw-mill 's run down, the steers is loose and trampling up the whole world, and the

logs is jammed in the river; quit spying into the next world, and git on back to yer job in this one.'

With that Miss Betsy tried to snatch that blamed glass erway. But Tony he helt a-holt of it fer all he was worth.

So Miss Betsy let him be, and not saying nuthing to nobody, she went on over to the cook-house. Thar she fired up the stove, and commenced biling coffee, baking biscuits, and frying meat. And all the while she sung a nice little song, —

'Biscuits, and coffee, and bacon fry,
Come on and eat a-fore you die.'

Well, *sirs!* it wa'n't long 'fore the smell of all them good victuals come a-blowing down the wind to whar them pore fools, what had pretty nigh oozed all away into the next world, was a-setting. Big Henry and the Sullivan feller was the first to git a whiff of the victuals. When that smell come to 'em, they kinder woke up and put they noses up in the wind like you 've seen a hound dog do. And they snuffed, and they snuffed. And they had n't drawed in that smell long 'fore they knowed thar wa'n't nuthing in all the next world they wanted so bad as they wanted Miss Betsy's sody biscuits and coffee. With that they kinder flopped over, and then they scrabbled up on they hoofs and come a-losing to the cook-house, all lopsided and weak-like.

'Pore fellers!' Miss Betsy says, not even making 'em wash up nor nuthing, but jest setting 'em down and pouring they coffee into they saucers for 'em. 'Pore fellers! you sure ain't ready for the next world *yit!*'

Miss Betsy keeps right erlong feeding 'em, and cooking, and singing, —

'Biscuits and coffee, and bacon fry,
Come on and eat a-fore you die.'

And now, all mixed up with the smell of victuals and Miss Betsy's little song,

the tother hands could hear Big Henry and Jim Sullivan smacking they lips, rattling they knives, and lapping up they coffee, fer they was hungry, and did n't keer who knowed it. And at that sound, first one and then a nother of the other fellers busted loose from the next world, and come a-staggering into camp, yelping for grub like a hound on a hot trail; twill it wa'n't hardly no time 'fore Miss Betsy had 'em pretty nigh all sung home ergin, jest to the tune of sody biscuits and coffee.

But they was jest a few pore fellers so fur over the edge of the next world, that victuals could n't pull 'em back. And Tony he was one of 'em. So then Miss Betsy she went off on a nother trail, and sets all the hands to work what had been fed good. They was like folks come home from a far country, and they was mighty glad to roll up they sleeves and git back on the job ergin, being jest natcherly homesick for the sound of a sawmill running, and the feel of a axe-helve in the palm of a man's hand. Jest d'rectly the whole camp was roaring with work ergin; sawmill sending up squirts of steam erginst the ridge, axes chopping, trees falling, and the fellers whooping and hollering, cracking jokes, and smelling all good and hot once more.

Well now, you-all know they is jest a very few hands, not more 'n erbout one to fifty, say, what would rather work than eat; and them few pore fellers what was still stuck in the next world was this kind. Victuals could n't fotch 'em, but when they heard the mill running, and the axes ringing and ketched a whiff of tanbark and sweat all sorter mixed up together, the sap of this world commenced to run through 'em once more. They staggered up to they feet, all dry and stiff-like; and sorter slow, and uncertain, like they was remembering somep'n' from away

back, they pushed up they sleeves and spits in they hands — And *whoop-ee!* that was the charm that busted 'em loose, and set 'em right back ergin whar they belonged.

All, that is, 'cept Tony. He did sorter raise up with the rest, but he was holding the glass at the time, and seemed like 'fore he could stop heself, he tuck a nother big mouthful of the next world, and that turrible blight fell down over him ergin.

So now all the hands was home but Tony. Miss Betsy come on down to whar he was setting and commenced to sing to him; but now her voice did n't hardly sound human no more. It sounded like wind swishing through the white oak trees, and water running in spring. And this was her song:—

'Outer the earth come a red flower,
And outer the earth come a blue;
And outer the earth come rocks and rivers,
And outer the earth come you.'

Tony sorter stirred when he heard that song, like somep'n' was hollering to him that he oughter know. But it come to him mighty dim and distant.

Miss Betsy she lays her hand on his arm. Miss Betsy's hand, now, it's right large and weather-worn, and looks like the brown earth itself. She went on a-singing to him in that curious voice of hers that sounded more like running water and trees and birds, than it sounded human.

'Red flower, and blue flower,
A-shaking in the breeze;
And sap, sap, spring sap,
A-running up all the trees.'

And now Tony looks up at Miss Betsy, with that dim next-worldness commencing to blow off his face, like mists blowing off a mountain ridge.

Miss Betsy's hand slid on down and closed over his, while she kep' on singing.

'They's next worlds, and last worlds,
And tother worlds maybe,
But the green earth and the brown earth
Is world enough for me.'

Miss Betsy's fingers closed right tight over that thar piece of glass.

'Come on home, honey,' she says. 'The Spring's done come, and the birds is singing.'

She looks down at Tony, and he nods back at her kinder faint-like. And right then Miss Betsy pitched that turrible squint-hole into the next world away over into the middle of Eel River, whar could n't nobody ever find it no more.

And after that she tuck Tony back to camp, and fed him good.

Tony he eat, *and he eat*; and 'fore long he was all fed full, with the sap running through him good ergin, and powerful glad to be back whar he belonged, with both feet squar' to the ground, and the trees showing green erginst the sky.

Still and all, he's got to show off some before his sister.

'I reckon you thought I was acting mighty strange,' he says; 'but you don't know what I was a-seeing through that little piece of glass.'

'Why, of course I know,' Miss Betsy says, going right erlong scraping up the dishes, and gitting 'em ready to wash.

'Aw, no, Betsy, you don't know what I seen,' Tony tells her mighty grand. 'I was a-looking into the next world.'

'Why, cert'nly you was,' Miss Betsy tells him. 'But I been a-looking thar all of my life.'

'You what? What's that you say?' Tony asts her, still too wropt up in his own grandness to sense what the woman was saying.

'Why, *my lands*, Tony!' Miss Betsy busts out like she was jest clar *out-done* with the feller. 'Why, I was *born* seeing all them things you had to peek through a little squint of glass to even

ketch a glimpse of! And the more I sees of the next world,' she says, swishing the yeller soap 'round in the hot dish-water, 'the more I knows a person oughter git busy in this one.'

'Betsy! Why, *Betsy!*' Tony cries, so tuck aback he could n't hardly git his words out.

Miss Betsy quit swishing the hot soap-suds 'round, and rests both hands on the kitchen table.

'Tony,' she says, 'look at me — look at me right good.'

Tony done like she said, and all to once, right thar in his own sister's face, looking down at him over the rim of a common dishpan, it seemed like he could see all of them things, and more besides, that he 'd been a-peeking at over thar in the next world.

'Betsy! *Sister!*' he stammers out, jest so awe-struck that he kinder hunkered down on the ground at her feet, and reached out for to kiss her hand.

But at that Miss Betsy broke out in

a laugh, the strange tother-world look on her face wrinkled all erway, and thar she was ergin, jest Sister Betsy Beaver, what Tony had knowed all of his life.

'Aw, Tony,' she says, 'quit that foolishness, and take that dirty shirt off yer back so 's I kin git it into the washtub.'

Tony he laughs too, but he 's still mighty humble. 'Well, sister,' he says, 'if yer won't let me kiss yer hand, maybe you 'll let me help you hang out the wash, anyhow.'

And *that 's* how Tony come to find out that the real *big* person in the Beaver fam'ly had a B to the front of they names, 'stead of a T. And when them three little ole pine trees got word of it all, they pretty nigh laughed themselves to death; and all night long a feller could hear 'em whispering and swishing they branches together, snickering out, 'B-e-a-v-e-r! M-i-s-s B-e-t-s-y B-e-a-v-e-r, fooled T-o-n-y B-e-a-v-e-r!'

IS THERE A FOOLPROOF SCIENCE?

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THE task of human thought, as many have conceived it, is to explain the universe in which we live and of which we are living and conscious parts. That is a highly ambitious programme. We all 'accept the universe,' to use a familiar phrase, but without knowing exactly what it is we have accepted. Is it friendly, or hostile, or neutral? Is it dead or is it alive?

Facts are popularly regarded as antidotes to mysteries. And yet, in sober earnest, there is nothing so mysterious as a fact. One cannot name a single fact in nature, the whole truth of which is known to anybody. It was thought that Newton had discovered the whole fact of gravitation. Einstein is making that extremely doubtful. And if this is true

of single facts, what shall we say of that total fact we call the universe? It will be time enough to explain the universe when we have completely discovered it, which we are far from having done, as Hume so often reminds us. Some have even doubted whether it is a universe at all. William James calls it a 'pluralistic universe,' which is an indirect mode of saying that 'universe' is not the best name for it.

Should a time ever come when the total fact of the universe stood solidly before us, completely discovered, it would instantly explain itself, and so relieve us at a stroke from all our philosophical botherations. The explanation of the universe is not outside it, but inside it.

It would be more in accordance with the reality of things, and more modest on our part, if we were to say that the task of thought is rather to discover the universe than to explain it. Such a mode of statement has many advantages. One is that it would establish a more friendly relation between Science, Philosophy, and Religion. Instead of regarding these three as rival claimants for the explanation of the universe, we should then regard them as partners in its discovery. They would meet on the ground of common modesty. Each of the three, by frankly admitting that the fact before it was not the whole universe, but the merest fragment of it, would be in a mood to combine its efforts with the other two for enlarging that fragment into something more significant and more satisfactory. A change would then take place very similar to that which many of us are now desiring in the affairs of civilization. The field of knowledge, instead of being broken up into rival empires, each putting forth a preposterous claim to the hegemony of truth, would

become an organism of federated powers, a league of spiritual nations, engaged together in the coöperative task of discovering the facts.

Facts are too often spoken of as if they were poor naked things, which exist for the purpose of being exploited by our lordly intellects, while explanations are a kind of aristocracy whose function is to order the facts about and live by sweating them. Or again, facts are conceived as a voting democracy, or a vulgar multitude, which determines by a majority of votes the laws that are to 'govern' it. I suggest that all this is wrong. Facts are the true aristocrats of the spiritual world. We need to recover that reverence for fact which Carlyle extolled so highly, and deplored so bitterly, as the lost virtue of the modern world. Eagerness to find the facts must not be confused with reverence for them when found. Of such eagerness we have plenty; of such reverence we have not enough. Facts, as I said just now, are highly mysterious things—that perhaps is why they are so stubborn. It will tax the united resources of science, philosophy, and religion to explore the mystery which lies hidden in the humblest of them. Every fact contains a bit of reality, and since reality is alone divine, there is a good reason for reverencing it.

We are wrong also in regarding an explanation of the fact as something we superadd to the fact. Our explanations simply measure the extent to which the fact has deigned to honor us with its acquaintance. They mean that our intimacy with the fact has gone just so far. Get the fact complete, and you would have it completely explained. In one of the classical passages of philosophy Spinoza says the same thing. 'Reality,' he says, 'is that which explains itself and needs nothing else to explain it.' All

turns therefore on getting the fact, the reality. The smallest contributions to that end, whether made by a theologian or a man of science, will be gratefully received by mankind. No other contributions are worth anything. All others resolve themselves, as Carlyle would have said, into mere 'cant'—speech which has lost touch with reality, and is often most unreal when it takes the form of philosophical diction or of parliamentary eloquence.

Sir Oliver Lodge has recently declared that the nature of matter is to be in motion, and not at rest. Matter resembles a lively young child who never sits still unless made to do so. A tired mother once said to her little girl, 'Mary, why can't you sit still?' 'Because God won't let me,' said Mary. Well, matter is like that, according to Sir Oliver Lodge. If ever we encounter matter in a state of rest, the reason is that other matter moving in a contrary direction has brought it to a standstill. Even then it is not really at rest, but inwardly kicking against the check that has been imposed upon it, like the sitting child, and ready to start forward in one direction or another the instant the restraint is removed. So that what physics has to explain about matter is not why it moves, but why it seems to stop moving.

Professor Bergson has a similar remark about mind. In his treatise on memory he tells us that what psychology has to explain is not why we remember but why we forget.

II

I am not concerned at the moment to defend these statements. But either of them may be taken as an illustration of the true nature of science. Science, like matter and mind, like Mary also, is essentially that which moves. God

will not let it sit still. It moves in an infinite number of directions, and it moves endlessly in any direction in which it is started. Science is never static, never stagnant, never content with the boundary it has reached. It is always dynamic, always breaking bounds. If at any time it seems to be arrested by something it cannot explain, it is not really so, any more than matter is. The outer arrest serves only to throw it into an intenser state of inner activity, like Mary; so that we must think of it, not as passive in face of the obstacle, but as pressing against it with all its might and ready to break through at the first weakening of the resistance. Science, we may say, abhors a limitation, as fiercely as nature abhors a vacuum, and as fiercely as Mary abhors having to sit still.

Through forgetting this quality of science, the problem of its limitations has been misconceived. It has been made into a territorial problem. The mind of man in these days is much addicted to territorial problems, as we know to our bitter cost. The habit of thinking in political categories, which has done so much harm in other directions, has led many of us to blunder in dealing with the limitations of science. The attempt has been made to set up a kind of spiritual geography, in which the world of human interests is mapped out into kingdoms, this being assigned to philosophy, this to religion, this to science, and so on, each territory separated from the others by defended frontiers. To my mind the problem does not present itself in that form at all. To think of science as restricted to a kingdom is no less absurd than to think of it as imprisoned in a bottle, like the imp of Stevenson's story. All this talk about respective territories, about science having a mandate here and philosophy having a mandate

there, and religion having a mandate somewhere else, is a mere exercise in political metaphors that are utterly inapplicable to the matter in hand. The problem has no resemblance at all to the problem that was tackled in the Treaty of Versailles — and we ought to be thankful it has n't. Even if science could make such a treaty with philosophy and religion, we may be sure that it would not be kept for a day longer than either party found convenient.

Nothing could be plainer than the interpenetration, at every point, of the business in which the three are respectively engaged. The problem is not one of static relations like those between rival empires on a map, but of relative movements among different varieties of the same energy, which not only move incessantly, but move together if they move at all. It may be that one of the three moves faster than the other two, in which case the limitations of the two will consist in the fact that they do not move as fast as the first — a difference which may be greatly to their advantage. Napoleon said that, wherever a goat can go, a man can go. So too I am inclined to say that, wherever one of these three can go, the other two can follow. And the one that reaches the summit first will not stay there long unless the other two follow up with the oxygen and the supplies. But these also are metaphors. The point is that, from the moment we grasp the dynamic nature of science, we shall be on our guard against confining it in a limited territory of its own.

Science, philosophy, religion are not, then, rivals for the hegemony of the spiritual world, but coadjutors in a common enterprise, and the more there is of any one, the higher the part the others can play. You can be a *good* Samaritan when you have nothing but

oil and wine to pour into the wounds of your neighbor, and nothing but a tired ass to put him on. But you can be a still *better* Samaritan when science has taught you the art of antiseptic surgery and supplied you with a well-sprung motor ambulance to take the poor man to hospital. Religion would make us *good* Samaritans. With the help of science it can make us *better* ones.

We all revere the good Samaritan. But the only good Samaritan we can recognize in these days is the man who is using all the means that science furnishes to improve himself in the part. Otherwise we miss the point of the parable. Was it not the essential feature in the conduct of that good man that he went one better than the conventional moralists who passed by on the other side? We imitate him, therefore, by going one better than he did. That is the essence of what is meant by 'go, and do thou likewise.' If you should transplant the good Samaritan, just as he was, into the twentieth century, he would be inefficient. His methods of dealing with wounded persons were the best that were then and there available. They represented the limitations of science in the first century, and the infinitude of man's spirit in all ages. But they would be altogether inadequate on a modern battlefield or in a slum.

That may remind us of another thing. We are very fond in these days of asking what is the *Christian* remedy for our various social evils — for war, poverty, industrial strife, and all the rest. Ought we not rather to ask what is the *real* remedy for these things? May we not be perfectly confident that whatever the *real* remedy may be, that and no other will turn out in the long run to be the Christian one? An unreal remedy is not turned into a real one by clothing it in Christian phraseology.

Ought not those of us who claim to be Christians to begin our search for remedies from that end, making *reality* our centre-piece throughout? If we begin by asking first what is 'Christian,' we shall often find ourselves confusing eternal principles with antiquated methods of applying them. This mistake will be serious enough when we are dealing with a single man, who is bleeding to death by the wayside. It will be far more serious when we are dealing with wounded societies and with deeply stricken civilizations. In these great matters also we often go backward to the oil and the wine and the tired ass, when we ought to be going forward to antiseptic surgery and to scientific transport. We are specially fond of the tired ass, loading him with burdens he was never intended to carry.

For these reasons, we moralists ought to think twice before imposing limitations on science. Unless we are careful, we shall find that in limiting science we are also limiting ourselves. And yet it is a fact, and one of which we have little reason to be proud, that moralists have been busy for a long time in an unwise attempt to keep science in her proper place, to rail off certain enclosures within which she has no right to set her foot, the idea being that, unless our waters are preserved, we shall catch no fish.

These attempts at enclosure have come to nothing. Or rather they have served to provoke infractions at the very points where the barrier was set up.

In the country district where I spent my boyhood there were two woods. One was defended by the notice, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' The other was open to the public. The open wood I seldom visited; there was little in it to attract the adventurous spirit, all that was poachable having

been poached long before. But the prohibited wood was the scene of my most ardent investigations. The rarest birds built their nests in its trees. There were snakes also in that wood, and many a fearful joy. Even the distant barking of the keeper's dog did not deter me, for I had come to terms with the keeper.

Does not the history of science present a similar phenomenon? Have not many of her greatest victories been achieved on territory she was once forbidden to enter? By taking such elaborate precautions to guard our preserves from scientific poachers, have we not given a hint to these adventurous spirits that there was something inside worth poaching? Physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, biology, anthropology, psychology — where are these sciences doing their best work at the present moment? They are doing it behind the limitations, behind the barriers, behind the trespass-boards set up against them by the philosophers and theologians of the past. I have often thought that men of science would be more willing to keep within their limits if the other side were less forward to tell them what their limits are. There is no surer way to provoke infraction.

III

There is a method of dealing with our subject which resolves itself into a severe logical exercise. It is a difficult operation. Technically it is the question of the validity of certain logical categories. Can the logic we make use of in the natural sciences be carried over without modification into the science of the spirit? To many of us it has become clear that in passing from the things of nature to the things of spirit we must adapt the form of our logic to the new business, if we are to think as reasonable beings. Formal

logic for formal things; live logic for living ones. This is what I should argue for if I were dealing with the matter technically. The reader might find it rather tiresome. It is the sort of discussion on which one should embark only when he has the audience under discipline, and is able to impose penalties for not attending to what he has to say.

But fortunately the question has another side — what one may call its human aspect. Until the human aspect of it has been apprehended, we are not well planted for dealing with the logical difficulties. To that side let us now turn. We shall immediately find ourselves in the presence of one of the limitations of science.

So far as I can see, there is no kind of truth which cannot be wrongly applied. We have machines that are said to be foolproof. But there are no foolproof truths. We have strong rooms and Milner's safes and automatic cashiers that are said to be knaveproof. But there are no knaveproof truths. Fools and knaves do their business, not so much by believing what is false, as by misusing what is true. If there is any truth in this universe which would convert a fool into a wise man *merely by being stated*, I do not know of it. But I know of many shining truths, which fools have made use of to their own undoing, and which the tyrants of mankind have made use of for turning this fair earth into a ruin and a desolation. Some of them are scientific truths — they have ended in poison gas. Some of them are philosophic truths — they have ended in quackery, which is the poison gas of the spiritual world. Some of them are religious truths — they have ended in persecution.

In my studies of philosophy it sometimes seems to me that the philosophers have been trying all along to get truth

into such a form that nobody could misuse it. It is like the search for the philosopher's stone. They never find it. There never was a truth so strongly proved or clearly stated but some villain could exploit it for his own ends or some fool make a mess of it. Truth is, at one and the same time, the most splendid and the most dangerous thing in the universe. Some people, who have seen this clearly in the realm of the positive sciences, have thought that it would be otherwise in the realm of philosophy or of theology. But there is no safety there either. The harm that is done by the misapplication of philosophic truths may be more subtle in its operation but is none the less ruinous in its effects.

Every new statement of truth introduces new hazards into the life of humanity. When was civilization so richly endowed with truths stated and proved as it is to-day? And when was civilization in so hazardous a condition?

Here we touch upon a point which has a very important bearing on that oft-debated question of the relation of religion and science. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that religion possesses a realm of truth that is immune from scientific criticism. But what then? When you have safeguarded your truth from scientific invasion, when the theologian has effectively said to the scientific man, 'Thus far and not farther shalt thou come,' does it follow that you have also safeguarded your truth *from being made a wrong use of*? I cannot see that it does. I cannot see that religious truths are rendered immune from the danger of misapplication simply because the scientific man is not allowed to criticize them. Has the name of God never been taken in vain? Is there nothing at all in that terrible indictment of Lucretius: *tantum religio suadet me*

malorum? If natural science has yielded her poison gases, can we say that religious truth has never been made use of to poison life, to sow discord among brethren, to maintain abuses and to foster persecution? Can we claim that religious truth, any more than scientific truth, is either foolproof or knaveproof? Let us try to see this thing in its right proportion. What really matters for religious truth is, not to save it from criticism by outsiders, but to save it from betrayal by insiders. May we not say that a naturalist who makes a human use of natural science is nearer the Kingdom of God than a supernaturalist who makes an inhuman use of supernatural science?

There is an illustration of this in the civilization of ancient Greece. Greek civilization stands out preëminent in the admirable use it made of what it knew. Yet measured by our standards it knew very little. In the sphere of science their knowledge was elementary, but it led the Greeks straight into art, into the creation of things of beauty which are joys forever. Out of their elementary mathematics arose the incomparable proportions of the Parthenon. We, with a hundred sciences at our elbow, make our cities sordid and ugly; they, with the bare elements of two or three, made Athens beautiful and glorious. They had the secret of turning truth into beauty. They passed from truth to beauty with an ease of transition which the modern world has lost. What was truth to-day became beauty to-morrow.

May we not say that a little science turned into beauty is worth more to mankind than a lot of science turned into money?

Or think how Plato was educated. Plato was a great educationalist, but what kind of education did he receive himself? What would modern

standards say to it? No dead languages. Of course he knew Greek, having learned it at his mother's knee. He knew it far better than many of us know the English into which we translate him. But he himself could not translate the 'simplest sentence' of Greek, as set by a modern examiner, into English or into anything else. No Latin. No modern languages. No literature, save that of his native land. No Greek history after the year 347 B.C. He did not even know the difference between B.C. and A.D. No Roman history beyond the Samnite wars, if even that. No European history. Of all the lessons which history has been teaching mankind for the last twenty-three centuries, Plato knew not one. Nothing about the American Civil War, or about the World War.

And what about science? What about 'evolution'? Mathematics of the simplest, physics of the crudest, no algebra, no calculus, no laws of motion, or theory of gravitation. Nothing about the circulation of the blood, and the foggiest notions about the functions of the brain. Of astronomy a little, and yet a little that was surprisingly effective in expanding his imagination, in spite of the fact that it was upside down. But of chemistry, geology, biology, botany, physiology, as we understand them, virtually nothing. All these were as yet unopened chapters in the history of science. No printed books to tell him about them or about anything else. His whole library might have been carried in a wheelbarrow. No illustrated editions. No newspapers. No monthly reviews. No *Atlantic*. No South Kensington, with its stuffed gorillas and its models of the dinosaur. No British Museum, with its Library and its mummies. When Plato was born, King Tut-ankh-amen had already been sleeping his long sleep for seven hundred years, but no

Egyptologist had yet thought of putting him in a glass case.

Such was Plato's education. If we cannot say precisely what it was, we can at least say what it was not. It was neither classical nor scientific nor theological, in our sense of the words. What a limited outlook for a philosopher who claimed to be the spectator of all space and time! How queer the obvious is when you come to think of it! And yet, in spite of his limitations, — the limitations of his science, the limitations of his classics, the limitations of his history, the limitations of his theology, — Plato was not only a supremely educated man, but has left us in the *Laws* the profoundest treatise on educational theory that was ever written. How did he manage it? I leave that as a conundrum to the educationalists.

My own answer to it would be, that the test of sound education lies less in what we know and more in the use we are making of our knowledge. Plato made good use of his.

IV

An illustration of a different kind is furnished by the science of psychology, one of the most promising and ambitious of the sciences. I suppose that no psychologist will be offended by hearing it classed as a natural science. He would hardly wish it to be called supernatural, though some of its recent developments have an air of supernaturalism that makes them attractive to many. In the ancient world the millennium was promised when kings became philosophers. Nowadays we are more modest and think it enough, at least for a start, that our rulers should become psychologists. The medical profession is becoming deeply imbued with psychology; the clergy are dabbling in it and even members of

Parliament, who seldom study science, are beginning to take it up. Most important is the part which psychology is beginning to play in theories of education. It seems likely that in a few years we shall all be under psychological treatment of one kind or another — a rather fearful thought. For it is one thing to treat other people psychologically; it is another thing when everybody is applying psychology to you. I do not find it altogether a pleasant prospect. A time when every man looks upon his neighbor as an opportunity for practising arts of 'suggestion' is all very well so long as you think of yourself as the practitioner, and not as the neighbor. My own impulse in such a world would be to run away whenever I saw my brother man.

During the recent war the charge was frequently brought against the Germans that they were 'bad psychologists.' And so indeed they were. But they were bad psychologists not in the sense that they knew nothing about that science, — for they knew a great deal, — but in the sense that they made a bad use of what they knew. That seems to me a danger to which psychology stands exposed more than any other of the natural sciences. Instead of being a science which begins to work beneficent results the moment it is stated, it seems rather to multiply the danger points in the conduct of life. We make a mistake in assuming that psychology turns itself automatically into therapeutics. It can equally turn itself into the opposite — whatever the proper name for that may be. The tyrants and exploiters of mankind, the deceivers and the persecutors, become tenfold more dangerous when you arm them with psychology. Napoleon was an accomplished psychologist in his own department. Man is, at one and the same time, the wisest

and the most gullible of all animals; and the very qualities that make him the wisest are also the qualities that make him the most gullible. If you want to catch a rhinoceros, there are but two or three kinds of traps you can make use of. But a thousand traps lie ready for the deceivers of mankind. I do not doubt that psychology is a splendid tool in the service of beneficent motives. But in the service of sinister motives it leads to the invention of traps.

Among the current applications that are being made of psychology one of the most notable, though perhaps the least noted, is the so-called 'art of advertisement.' Has it ever occurred to the reader, as he contemplates the beauties of an advertisement hoarding, or the seductive young ladies on the backs of the magazines, that he is there and then being practised upon by astute psychologists — that he is, so to speak, under psychological treatment, and not exactly in the way of psychotherapeutics. There are colleges in America and elsewhere, extensively equipped foundations, where they study the art of advertisement, and psychology forms part of the curriculum. A careful study of their productions makes it clear that these experts know all about the group mind, the herd instinct, the psychology of the crowd, the subliminal self, the suppressed *libido*, autosuggestion, heterosuggestion, and all the rest of it. Many of them are masters in the art of hypnosis — hypnotism being the master principle of their craft.

McDougall and Stout, William James and Le Bon, Freud and Jung, have not prophesied in vain to these artists. Is it not a significant thing that the very same methods which my spiritual adviser makes use of to tranquilize my soul, and my medical adviser to restore my shattered nerves,

are also being made use of by these other practitioners to make me buy their whiskey or their pills? The hypnotic medium is a picture of the whiskey bottle, so presented as to fix your eye and be unescapable; or a smiling portrait of some cheerful Christian who has been brought back from the gates of the grave by taking the pills. By exhibiting these objects in due season, the will of the operator to sell the whiskey is transformed into the will of the patient to buy it — transformed, mark you, without the patient knowing that any such transformation has taken place. Which is hypnotism. What further proof is needed that the millennium is not to be brought in by the mere statement of psychological truths, by making psychology accessible to everybody?

V

Eugenics and criminology are other sciences, or would-be sciences, to which the same considerations need to be applied. Neither of these is either foolproof or knaveproof.

With regard to eugenics, there is, it must be confessed, something highly attractive in the dream of a world governed by an efficient birth-control, under which the breeding of desirable human types would be promoted or enforced, and the breeding of the undesirable restrained. But, in democratic countries at all events, such a system could not be effectively worked without a general agreement on the definition of a 'desirable' and of an 'undesirable' type. On that point it seems likely that great diversity of opinion will always exist even among enlightened persons. And even if we suppose that these diversities were reduced to the one difference between Liberal and Conservative, — the Liberal breeding for the largest variety of

types, the Conservative breeding for the few types already proved by experience to be valuable, — even so, it would be extremely awkward to be governed now on the one principle and now on the other, as well might happen in a voting democracy.

And the position would be still worse if it be true, as the pessimists assert, that the voting majority is already composed of undesirables. Carlyle, for example, was deliberately of the opinion that the people of Great Britain were 'mostly fools,' and the people of America 'mostly bores.' The statement is probably a gross libel on both nations, but we should have to be very sure of its falsehood before entrusting either nation with self-government on eugenic lines.

And worse things are not impossible. Were the British or American people, for example, ever to fall into the hands of a government like that of Russia at the present moment, it is certain that many of us who now regard ourselves as eugenically entitled to breed and multiply would be classed as 'undesirables,' and eliminated forthwith.

With regard to criminology the danger is still more obvious. A science which acquaints us with the conditions under which criminals are produced, and thereby enables us to prevent their production, is no doubt of the highest value, but on condition that the noncriminal classes, as crime is defined by respectable persons, have the application of it.

But in a world which has produced a thinker like Nietzsche, and a government like that of Russia, we cannot count on crime being always defined as the respectable middle classes are now defining it. If philosophers of the type of Nietzsche should ever become 'kings,' or governments like that of Russia extend into our own countries, the science of criminology would be

instantly turned against the very classes which have created it, and are now looking to its teachings to rid them of evildoers. In Russia several notable criminologists have already been shot. One was discovered by an English traveler, clothed in rags and selling newspapers on the street in Moscow.

And, short of these extremities, even a slight change in the definition of crime would suggest applications of criminology by no means in harmony with the interests of men and women now regarded as eminently virtuous. Of criminology, then, — as of eugenics, — we may confidently say that it is neither foolproof nor knaveproof.

And if this holds true of the sciences we have named it holds true of the rest. They all stop short at the point where the choice has to be made between their right and their wrong application: the one leading to the things that hurt, and the other to the things that heal. At that point, approaching the question from the human side, we encounter the final limitation of natural science, and, let me repeat, of supernatural science also, if there be such a thing.

VI

In the history of the human mind we observe a kind of race, a race between science and life, in which the science that explains our life never quite overtakes the life that is being explained. It is an exciting phenomenon. Science is the pursuer; life is the pursued; and we may observe that the more science quickens its pace in pursuit, the more rapidly does life speed on ahead of it, so that the one can never overtake the other. Every new acquisition of knowledge thrusts our life forward into new conditions and raises the rate at which we are living. By learning to understand our life up to date, we put

ourselves in a position to live differently henceforward.

When science declares the law of their action to human beings, she provokes them to make themselves exceptions to it. Tell me, for example, that all men are liars, and you at once suggest to me the desirability of beginning to speak the truth; so that, when science comes upon the scene to-morrow, she will have to modify her law and say 'all men are liars *except one*.'

Or give me a statistical uniformity; for instance, that men lie six times out of thirteen. At once you suggest to me the desirability of reducing the proportion, and new statistics must be compiled accordingly.

And so it goes on. I am always just ahead of your scientific generalizations about me. Nay, it is precisely your telling me what I am to-day that puts me on my mettle to be something else to-morrow. The life of the human mind thus presents itself as an endless movement, in which the march of science, whether natural or supernatural, never quite overtakes the final problem of its application. The point where responsibility rests upon us all lies just ahead of the last point reached by advancing science, and is continually being thrust forward by the forces behind it. The more the pursuers quicken their paces, the more the fugitive quickens his.

This inability of science to overtake responsibility is what I mean by its limitation.

The applied sciences are no exception; they are, rather, the chief ex-

amples — precisely those which are most easily misapplied by bad men. Applied science will tell you how to make a gun; but it will not tell you when to shoot or what to shoot at. Do you say that moral science will look after that? I answer, in the words of St. Paul, that 'I had not known sin but for the law.'

Moral science, in revealing the right use of my gun, inevitably reveals the wrong use also; and since the wrong use will often serve my selfish purpose better than the right, my neighbors run a new risk of being shot at and plundered. A bad man armed with moral science is another name for the Devil. If Mephistopheles had been examined in this subject by a modern university, he would have carried off all the prizes. At that point moral science and natural science are in the same boat.

How shall we name this fugitive something which science can never overtake? I have called it 'life.' Others, more correctly perhaps, would call it the spirit, the soul, the self, the mind, the will. I do not think it matters greatly what we name it, so long as we recognize, first, that it exists, and, second, that it carries the fortunes of humanity.

Let education look to that! This is the point where all the enterprises of education, and all the activities of religion, which is education raised to its highest power, come to a focus. If we educate at all other points, but fail to educate at the point of responsibility, we shall inevitably come to no good end.

DRIFTWOOD

A STUDY IN ODD JOBS

BY FLORENCE J. CLARK

THERE are good and bad burglars (speaking from the burglar's point of view), just as there are good and bad poets, and good and bad lawyers. There is the competent burglar, who loves his work, and there is the incompetent burglar, who is simply holding down a job.

Eugene A. Brown belonged to the second class. Although he had committed several burglaries, he was not a born burglar. He had simply drifted into them as he had drifted into all his experiences, and with the same lack of success. After spending a few months at Blackwell's Island as the result of the failure of one, he was more than ready to drift into something else. It was in this open frame of mind that we made his acquaintance.

He walked into the Settlement one day with a letter of introduction from an employer who had lately dispensed with his services—not because he had been a burglar (the employer was a broad-minded man), but because, apparently, he could be nothing else. The letter called attention to these two outstanding facts and suggested that we find suitable employment for him.

I read the letter and glanced at Eugene. He was twenty years old or thereabouts, tall and lank, with rather a small head topping his thin length, light hair, blue eyes, large hands, a bad complexion.

He sat down and began to talk in a drawl—a complacent drawl, without color, without feeling.

'I want a job. I've got to get to work.'

'What kind of work can you do?' I asked.

'I can do any kind of work. I've had experience in all kinds of work. I can do office-work, I can be a wagon helper, I can do laundry work—' He went on with a list of accomplishments so long and so varied that it was bewildering to listen to them.

'How many jobs have you had?'

'Sixty-five.'

'How old are you?'

'Twenty.'

'It is n't possible,' I said. 'You have n't lived long enough to have had sixty-five jobs.'

He stuck to his guns obstinately.

'Can you tell me all the places you've worked and the names of your employers?'

'Yes ma'am.'

'Go ahead.'

He started and I took the time and trouble to list them all; for even in my, as I thought, rather wide acquaintance among job-losers, he so far outdistanced all the others that he had me barking up the wrong tree.

It was no trouble to him to tell them. In fact I soon discovered that so long as the recital was about himself Eugene's talk never ceased voluntarily.

It made no difference whether the facts were to his credit or to his discredit. That whatever he had done could not have been done better was so strong a conviction with him that it kept him strictly truthful.

Lying implies a degree of self-criticism to which Eugene was a complete stranger.

He gave a careful and accurate list of sixty-five names and addresses, and a minute description of the exact nature of the work required in each. It was necessary to cut short much interesting matter. Suffice it to say that in the end he had thoroughly convinced me that he had indeed been the possessor of sixty-five jobs.

'You seem to be able to get jobs. Why don't you keep them?'

Followed another long recital. About half he had left, about half had left him. Without much effort they had come (undesirable jobs they had been, where vacancies are common and applicants scarce), and when effort had been required to hold them, they had as easily slipped away.

'Driftwood,' I thought as I looked at him. 'Can it be put to any use?'

His talk flowed on like a running brook.

'You know I've been on Blackwell's Island?'

'Yes. What was that for?'

'Unlawful entry.' He seemed to enjoy the phrase: it sounded dignified and important. He had been committing a burglary alone, he had got caught, he had been sent to Blackwell's Island.

And on this subject he spoke with the nearest approach to feeling that he ever exhibited. For nothing whatever on Blackwell's Island met with the approval of Eugene A. Brown. The crowning insult came when he had been made grave-digger. That had headed him toward reform.

We started him in with a mental test with which he was greatly pleased. To be asked innumerable questions and to have his answers recorded word for word approximated his idea of proper appreciation. To the disgrace of our mental measuring-rod be it said that he tested normal.

We saw Eugene fairly often for a while. In the end he proved too much for us. He had four charitable societies working for him, none to his satisfaction. One of us found him a job. It was not to his taste and he was soon out of work again.

'He's just a tramp,' was the verdict of his particular good angel. 'Let him find a job for himself.'

In view of the fact that he had already found sixty-five for himself, this did not seem unduly harsh. Indeed, as someone facetiously remarked, the job for which he seemed made was manager of an employment agency.

At last he solved his own problem, however.

We did not see him for a long time. But one day he dropped in unexpectedly, looking as cheerful as his principles allow. The world is always on trial with Eugene. He does not permit any momentary piece of good luck to put him off his guard.

'I've got a job now — had it for quite a while.' The same imperturbable drawl.

'What is it?'

'I'm a night watchman in Hell's Kitchen.'

It sounded staggering but, I remembered, Eugene had told me in the beginning that he could do anything.

'Is it a good job?'

'It pays pretty good. I get eighteen dollars a week. I would have got fifteen, but the last man that had the job got murdered, and they had hard work filling the place, so they raised the salary.'

This was evidently a matter for congratulation.

'What do you do?'

'I have to walk along Ninth Avenue from Thirty-ninth to Fifty-ninth Street, up and back once during the night, and watch the stores.'

'Is it dangerous?'

'Unless you understand the job, it is. You don't want to be attracting too much attention.'

'Have you had any trouble?'

'One night something happened. I was going along Ninth Avenue and I saw the door of a store open. It did n't look right to me, so I went in. I walked into a room with a curtain between it and another room. I did n't like to go behind that curtain alone, so I went out to get a policeman. I did n't see none around, so I went to one of them police boxes and rang it. I waited for about two hours and then a policeman came up in a taxicab. When I explained to him what was the matter, he said he'd have me arrested. He said it was n't no emergency and them boxes is for emergencies only. He was worked up because he'd got caught off his beat. When he got through talking, we went into the store and behind the curtain.

'There was a man in there sound asleep in bed. We woke him up and asked him what he was doing there. He said he was the proprietor and belonged there. But it did n't look right to me to go to sleep in Hell's Kitchen with the door open. So we made him get up and dress and go to the police court. He was terrible mad. The judge decided he was the proprietor and had n't ought to have been woke up. But it did n't look right to me.'

'If you should see burglars entering a store, what would you do?'

'I would n't do nothing. They pay me for watching their stores, not for losing my life.'

'Would n't you whistle for the police?'

He pitied my inexperience, but he was patient.

'They'd see me if I did that. I'd tell a policeman if I saw one. But there ain't much use looking for a policeman round there. They're very seldom seen.'

Here followed a little digression upon the habits of the policemen of Hell's Kitchen.

'They're mostly off their beat, and when they're on their beat, they're drunk. When they're drunk, they're liable to arrest anybody just for fun. They're up to all kinds of tricks. One took off my watchman's badge the other night. It was n't any use to argue with him, 'cause he was awful drunk. I had to follow him around for about four hours, in stores and out of stores and everywhere he went, before he'd give it back. In one store he threatened to shoot the proprietor because he would n't give him a drink. He asked my advice, and if I had n't advised him not to, I suppose he'd have done it. When he got tired of me following him, he gave me back my badge.'

He returned to the subject in hand.

'I'm the best watchman they've ever had; I know how to handle burglars. You must do it easy, don't go stirring them up. This ain't no job for a hero. He'd only lose his life and the firm 'd lose an employee and the place is hard to fill. I'd tell a policeman providing I saw one. That's the best anyone could do. If I don't see no policeman, whose fault is it if the place gets robbed?'

I felt that he had sized up the situation to a nicety. He was evidently the round peg in the round hole. It was odd to reflect, however, that of all his sixty-six jobs (counting burglary as the sixty-sixth), it was the one least to his

credit which had qualified him for the best position he had ever held.

He got up to go. 'I can't stay any longer. I came in this morning because I had to go to the hospital. I got a cold last week. A man in a drug store gave me some medicine free. I've took it all. I thought maybe at the hospital they 'd give me some more.'

He went off to the hospital to keep himself fit for his job.

So Eugene had found a niche. Of course there should be no such niche. No man should pay Eugene to guard his valuables — and no man will for long.

No, Eugene, this job will not last much longer than the others. You have no place in the sphere of usefulness. Flotsam of life, caught a minute, now here, now there, drifting at last to the open sea.

PENDULUM

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Now the stealthy sunrise hoverer
 Hangs like a long hawk-shadow over the sea;
 And now the wings of doves whirl stealthily,
 Shaking shadowy water as they whirl.
 Let earthworms tunnel in their cool closets, stir
 Tremendously in the dew; let the blunt bee
 Nose buckets of damp gold. . . . What is that to me?
 What is beauty without an interpreter?

 Egypt — and no Rosetta Stone to read
 The mockery of the sphinx; Dante in Dis
 Stark blind without the eyes of Beatrice;
 A spring dawn twittering, dripping bead after bead
 Of fire: and I without your love as dumb
 As any clock without its pendulum.

WHO IS RIGHT?

BY W. O. MENDENHALL

THERE is a distinction between truth and facts which seems valid. Perhaps a single illustration will make clear the distinction. It is a fact that one must look toward the east in the morning to see the sun; that during the day the sun seems to rise in the sky, crossing the meridian at noon; and that in the evening one must look westward. These are facts, but what is the truth? For centuries it was proclaimed as truth that the sun would move across the sky during the day, and that at night, by some device or other, he crossed to the other horizon. Those who challenged this statement of truth and proclaimed another were branded as heretics; but now their statement is accepted, namely, that the earth moves rather than the sun. Thus from the same facts different notions of the truth are obtained.

A small group of Americans found themselves on board a vessel bound for Europe in June. As they became acquainted, they discovered that they disagreed about many things. It was apparent that their interpretations of the facts which they might observe would be different. However, they were agreed about one thing. They had a common desire to learn the truth and to report facts accurately. Following is an attempt to report some of these facts. However, the writer is conscious that occasionally he will stray into the realm of trying to state what is the truth. In such cases he hopes to report the basis of the conclusions reached.

Poverty in England

It is a fact that, as I came out of the door each morning from the vicarage where I lived in the Whitechapel district in London, I frequently would see an old man wearing an overcoat, with a cap drawn down over his face. It appeared later that the reason he wore the overcoat was the lack of clothing under it. He would be seen putting his hand down into the garbage-pail of the family who lived near, to find a piece of chicken-bone, or some peelings, or a tomato-skin, that he might carry away in his pocket to eat or gnaw upon. He was hungry.

It is a fact that we could walk around a block or two and on another street see a woman standing just off the curb in the gutter, facing the sidewalk. At a casual glance one would think her to be about fifty years of age. If one looked a little more closely, one would decide that, in spite of the lines in her face, her years were less than thirty. She held in her arms a child who could hardly have been three months old. Through much of the day she would stand there, holding out shoe-strings for sale to the passers-by. There was no place for her to sit down and no place to put her child. She too was hungry.

It is a fact that there were at that time about 1,300,000 men idle who wanted to work. Coal was being sold below the price for which it could be produced in England — the coal from Germany which was being delivered

as Reparations. Manufactured goods were being sold wherever there was any buying-power in Europe below the cost of production in England — goods manufactured in Germany by the sweated labor which is a result of the rapidly depreciating mark. Ships were lying idle and rusting in the harbors because of the oversupply of shipping built during the war. With miners, shop-workers and shipbuilders idle, there was poverty among the laborers in England.

It is a fact that, while there has been a plan for extending the opportunity of public education to children from the fourteenth year to the eighteenth year, this plan has been postponed indefinitely by the Government because taxation is now so high that they cannot increase it for the additional schools. With income tax six shillings in the pound, or thirty per cent, the nation must abandon for the time being that which corresponds to our high schools. Thus the children suffer.

As we were going through the old Castle of Warwick, we noted the many pieces of armor and of arms whose dates must have gone back for centuries. We were told that every piece had been worn or used by members of the family whose name is so intertwined with the history of England. As we saw these and the paintings of the various members of the family as well as of former kings of England, and as we learned of the famous artists who had worked there, we gradually came to realize what an old home is; for there is no such thing in America. We had heard people say in America that they hated to leave the old home; but we could hardly realize what the words might mean to a family as ancient as this one. Then, when we inquired how it happened that repairs were being made so completely here, we were told that the estate is now rented to a

Chicago millionaire. Taxes are six shillings in the pound.

We heard lecturers twice a day for a month, and not one of them complained because America insists on payment of the war debt. We learned that the money borrowed from America was loaned to France; that England financed herself through all the years of the war — through those years when we were selling her munitions at high prices, as well as the later years when we were her ally. We learned that France up to date has paid nothing on principal or interest. Thus England is paying the debt of her allies to America, and her tax is six shillings in the pound.

To get the English point of view fully with this background, let us remember that the conditions of war which still exist in Europe are destroying the markets, and thus produce the idleness in England. Many English people feel not only that France is maintaining an army relatively larger than that of Prussia in 1914, but that she is assisting in the maintenance of the armies of Poland, Jugoslavia, and Rumania. Also they ask: Against whom can the new air-fleet of France be used? Hence the insistence of England that justice be done to Germany, so that she may begin to work again, that conditions may become normal in Europe. England remembers that, after the defeat of Napoleon, in the making of the treaty of 1815, she insisted that France should be given a chance to come back, so that normal conditions might again hold sway in Europe.

Fear in France

One morning we sat in a garden in the grounds of an automobile factory in Paris and listened to a man from the Foreign Office. The question was being raised persistently: Is France really getting Reparations in the Ruhr? This

man pointed to one of the managers of the plant, who was still in active business life, as he said: 'That man and all his age have seen this thing twice. They saw the German armies cross our border in 1870 and 1871. They knew of the treaty which Bismarck presented. They have trained up their children through a generation to prepare for the next catastrophe of that kind. They have seen it come, and now they all insist that it must not happen again. Their children must not live through their growing years under the same shadow, and be forced to prepare for the same conflict. We must have security.'

The members of our party carried with them these words, 'Reparations' and 'security,' as they sought the truth about the Ruhr. In a conversation with another prominent man these questions were asked again and the additional one: How can France get security by her activity in the Ruhr? The reply was: 'It would be well for all Europe, and we think it would be well for the Germans themselves, if we could undo the work of Bismarck.'

Members of our party were thoughtful. What was the work of Bismarck? We remembered reading of many kingdoms; Prussia, Hesse, Bavaria, Saxony, Westphalia, and others; then came Bismarck, and these quarreling States were united into the great nation whose armies had crossed that boundary twice. We compared the French phrase, 'undo the work of Bismarck,' with the English phrase, 'Balkanizing Germany.' We discovered that they were saying the same thing. The difference was in point of view. A little later we heard other phrases in Berlin and Essen — 'dismemberment,' 'tearing us to pieces.' We discovered that they were saying the same thing from still another point of view.

We took these words, 'Reparations'

and 'security,' up to Arras, to see some of the devastated areas. After crossing Vimy Ridge, we went on toward a partly built stone tower which appeared in the distance, at the top of a long, gently sloping hill. A little more than half a mile from the tower we climbed from our automobile and walked up the slope, moving all the time among white crosses. When we reached the tower, we discovered that we had not gone to the other side of the cemetery but only to the middle, and we could look down the hill beyond as much farther, over another area of white crosses. As we wandered among them, we found on each cross a name, and we began to realize that they were individuals, persons, who were buried there.

As we looked back along the path up which we had come, we saw a small family — an elderly man, an elderly woman, and a young woman. They wandered out among the crosses until they came to the one they were seeking, and there they left flowers. We realized that this time the name on the cross was the name of a son in the family. Quickly we looked in another direction and there was coming another small family — a woman of about thirty and two little children. They found the cross for which they sought and left their flowers. This time the name was the name of a father.

Some new meaning began to creep in to our understanding. All told, we counted seven such families with the fresh flowers. Then we looked about, and saw the flowers of yesterday and those of the day before, and then the days blended into one another as the more faded flowers were seen. One can hardly stand at the centre of Lorette Cemetery and view one hundred thousand white crosses, and fail to sympathize with the French when they say, 'security.'

Starvation in Germany

We found in Germany that many of the stories so well known in America of the violation of Belgium had never been heard — the stories that were true. We also found that many of the stories so fully believed in America had never been heard — the stories that were not true. Likewise, in the Ruhr we heard many stories, which perhaps were true, that we were sure were not heard in France. Also we heard many stories, which perhaps were not true, that one did not hear in France. But the little children heard them, as did the French children hear the stories from Belgium. Thirty thousand children were sent out from Essen for the summer, to be fed and housed in the homes of German families all over the Reich. We wondered: did they carry all these stories? A woman was chatting with a little boy of nine, a member of one of the families just being deported. They talked about the shops and the railways, and she asked him what he would do when he grew up, expecting him to say that he would be an engineer or a mechanic; but he answered, 'Fight the French.' There are seventy-five million Germans in Europe and forty million French. We were told that there are six German children being born this year to one French child, and we wondered: Will France get security this way?

We had been told of the advantages of the mark's depreciation — that there would be a nation without a debt, that all the farmers had paid off their mortgages. Two stories illustrate the German point of view. A German woman laughingly said one morning: 'I was getting some potatoes, and I suddenly realized that the price of those potatoes would pay the mortgage on my house, so I stopped and paid the mortgage, ten thousand marks.'

Another German woman to whom this was said remarked: 'But I know the man who held the mortgage on the house, and it was one fourth of his life savings.' In a soup line was an old man. We inquired about him. He had been a thrifty shopkeeper. He had worked hard and saved. He had retired a few years ago with 100,000 marks (about \$20,000 then). This would keep him and his wife in their old age. The day we saw him a pound of beef cost 800,000 marks, and he was in the line waiting for his dish of soup.

A little later we sat in one of the committee rooms of the Reichstag building in Berlin. This was the day that Stresemann was building his first Cabinet. There was some disagreement about one of the appointments, and the Government was not formed until the following day. On this account we had opportunity to interview some of the men concerned. In talking with one who is well known in America, we asked him also: 'Why is France in the Ruhr?'

He said: 'Certainly not to get Reparations, for one does not destroy the earning power of those from whom he wishes to collect.'

We hinted that it might be security, because twice in this generation the German armies had invaded France.

He said: 'Yes, twice in this generation — the generation we know best. But in the generation of our grandfathers Napoleon crossed that boundary twice.'

These are some of the facts. One wonders what is the truth. Is it the truth that the Germans are all Huns? Is it the truth that the English are cold and selfish, always balancing Germany against France? Or is it the truth that the great masses in all these nations desire peace above everything else? Perhaps the English sincerely want only normal conditions and business as usual, so that they can work and

earn and prosper. Perhaps the French really want only security. Perhaps, if they could be assured of safety, they would be fair and even generous to Germany. Perhaps the Germans are also kind and law-abiding and lovers of children. Perhaps they would be glad to pay Reparations if only they could go to work and eat again.

In America — What?

America has a unique prestige with her vast wealth, and her surplus of foodstuffs. All recognize her as disinterested. All have seen the effects of her good-will. In England it is said: 'If America had not withdrawn, the Reparations commission would not be simply a French instrument.' In France it is said: 'If America had not withdrawn, we could have been guaranteed security and we should not have been obliged to enter the Ruhr.' In Ger-

many it is said: 'If America had not withdrawn, we should have had a square deal.' In America it is said: 'We must not become entangled in the miserable politics of Europe. The League of Nations is impotent. The hatreds are beyond our understanding.'

What is the truth? Is it true that all Americans simply wish to cry, 'Fire! Fire!' That they rejoice because the present means of fighting the conflagration is unsuccessful? Is it true that they do not wish to take any part that will be helpful to the European peoples? Is it true that 'An American and a publican went up to the temple to pray'? Perhaps even in America the mass of people is composed of those who care, who sympathize, and who desire leadership to show them how their country can be of service in the world.

May they soon have such leadership!

CENTRAL EUROPE TO-DAY

BY JOHN CRANE

I

THE break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1918 threw Central and Southeastern Europe into chaos, from both the political and the economic point of view. Although only two states, Czechoslovakia and Poland, were formed following this quick dissolution, at the close of the World War other existing states greatly enlarged their territory and population at the expense of the former Hapsburg empire.

One of these new states, Czechoslovakia, received its entire territorial

allotment from Austria-Hungary, while Poland, on the other hand, acquired its territory from the three former Central Powers, Austria, Hungary, and Germany. For this reason the practical problem of unifying Poland is more difficult of accomplishment than that of bringing harmoniously together the various elements within the Czechoslovakian republic. Furthermore, though Poland is quite rich from the agricultural standpoint, she falls far behind Czechoslovakia in industrial

and commercial organization. Therefore, while her population is more than twice that of the Czechoslovaks, the latter are in a position to support a stronger, more expensive government.

Lastly, one must in all fairness realize that Poland's retarded progress in the last few years has been not a little due to the havoc and destruction inflicted upon that territory during the war.

The creation of the new states called for new politicians, new bureaucracies, new governmental organizations. In Czechoslovakia itself advantage was taken of the former Austrian bureaucracy, which before the war contained great numbers of Czechs (Bohemians). On the other hand, the civil service of the old Magyar kingdom had relatively few Slovaks.

This fact, coupled with that of the lack of general education among the Slovak people, inevitably meant that the bureaucracy of this new republic was composed largely of Czechs. This situation brought forth a most delicate problem, as the Slovaks rightly consider themselves the equals of the Czechs, and therefore reason that more of their own people should be represented in the civil service of the republic. Like so many other questions in Europe to-day, the solution of this difficulty is a mere matter of time.

The new states fully appreciate the fact that the peace treaties of 1919-20 are the legal basis of their national existence. They also realize that these treaties, which have caused so much trouble and misunderstanding in post-war Europe, are far from perfect instruments of peace. Their statesmen recognize the imperfection of these documents, but contend that this unfortunate situation is not entirely their fault, for they can prove that they had little power of a decisive nature in the Paris negotiations. However, in every

diplomatic controversy which is the concern of their country these men are, by the very nature of things, forced to base their arguments on this fundamental fact about the inviolability of the treaties.

Everyone looks eagerly forward to a far-reaching revision of the peace treaties, but the Allied leaders know that the time has not yet come to carry on negotiations along this disturbing line. The outraged, incensed feelings caused by the frightful hysteria of recent war experiences must first disappear, in order to bring fair, constructive, coöperative work within the range of possibility.

II

Above I have spoken briefly of the new Poland and of the new Czechoslovakia. What of the two once powerful states which, when working in harmony under the Dual Monarchy, dominated all Middle Europe? First of all, as to Hungary: Hungarians, unlike the easy-going Viennese, have never at heart accepted the Paris peace settlements. While Austria languidly crumbled, Hungary gambled desperately on the excited hopes and the national fears at the close of the war. Hungary's general policy has been profoundly influenced by the filibustering tactics of Germany; yet it is noteworthy that she has been in a position to be more aggressive. Hungarians look upon Czechoslovakia as their archenemy, — for the latter is the most stalwart member of the Little Entente, — much in the same manner as the Germans look upon France. Twice since the Armistice Hungary has launched desperate attacks upon her northern neighbor. In May 1919 Bela Kun's Red Army struggled to throw Europe into the grip of the Communists by attacking the key to the peace

situation—Czechoslovakia. And about two years later Hungary, under a White Government, struck Czechoslovakia again with the same unrestrained zeal and determination.

Magyar politicians, like those in Germany, have been willing to lay waste their own country in order to escape Reparations payments. Nevertheless, there are good indications that public sentiment in Hungary has cooled down considerably and that her leaders are no longer able to rely upon the aggressive spirit of patriotism which prevailed throughout the country only two years ago. This change of opinion was aptly revealed by Hungary's entrance into the League of Nations last September.

The Allied Powers, particularly France, went far out of their path to secure from Hungary extraordinary guaranties, upon admitting her to League membership. Hungary's plenipotentiaries at Geneva accepted these humiliating conditions in a splendid spirit, thus accomplishing her first act of constructive statesmanship for some considerable time.

At the moment, few people, either here or abroad, caught the fundamental significance of the fact that Hungary of her own free will had joined the League of Nations. Yet it is certain that this unobserved act on Hungary's part was one of the determining factors which threw the European balance of forces to the side of peace when France stepped into the Ruhr last January. To illustrate the point: Germany at that time was of course quite helpless to resist France by force. It is further understood that, had Poland moved her restless army in any aggressive way, Red Russia would have again attacked her western neighbor, thereby precipitating a general European war on top of the critical situation in the Near East. As it was, Russia did not feel

warranted in taking this risk until Poland had made an aggressive move. To return to the balance of power in Central Europe during the last days of January: Hungary had already attacked Czechoslovakia twice during the four years since the Armistice, and would have attacked again had her own people not been impoverished, famished, and dispirited. Her supreme opportunity to wreck the whole post-war organization of Central and Eastern Europe came when France went into the Ruhr. But, alas, the conventions she accepted upon becoming a League member effectively stopped her from again disturbing the peace of the world. Had the peace been broken by Hungary, at this critical juncture, there is no question at all that Russia would have been sufficiently encouraged to throw her armies once more against Poland.

In a conversation which Mr. Charles R. Crane had with Count Apponyi last November, this distinguished Hungarian statesman pointed out that his country could never recognize the validity of the loss of Slovakia and Transylvania, but that it was now ready to accept the transfer of Croatia to Yugoslavia. Therefore, Hungary has now a serious quarrel with but two of her four neighbors. It seems fair to say, then, that Magyar politicians have at least abandoned the means of war to regain those parts of Czechoslovakia and Rumania which she rightfully considers hers, and now propose to obtain them by the peaceful method of diplomatic negotiation.

It is a curious turn of events that some of the Hungarian politicians, if not the people themselves, have taken up the Hapsburg game. Of course Budapest office-seekers realize that the Hapsburgs, more than any other political force in Central Europe, do not accept the dissolution of the Austro-

Hungarian Empire as final. Up to that point the politicians seem ready to make whatever use they can of the bankrupt Hapsburgs; yet, as matter of honest fact, the once glorious, now corrupt, ruling house of Austria and Hungary has no proper place in the new Hungary. This point is amply substantiated by the outburst during the war of bitter anti-Hapsburg feeling all over the ancient empire.

This violent opposition to the Hapsburgs in Hungary outlasted the war in the form of active suspicion of even Austria herself. The two former Central Powers whose crowns had been united under one head for four centuries went to the brink of war against each other in 1919 over the Burgenland incident.

Immediately after the Armistice Hungary sent an armed force in to occupy and latterly annex this slice of rich territory. Dr. Beneš, the Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, offered to arbitrate the dispute, though his compromise plan was not formally accepted until about six months ago. Consequently, the relations of the two countries are now once again established on a secure, peaceful footing.

At the end of the war Austria collapsed and proceeded well along the road toward complete disintegration. People all over the world were fooled into believing that Austria, with a population of six and a half millions, could never support Vienna, where more than two million Austrians were to be found. It is true, Austria could not regain her political and economic equilibrium without outside help; but no strong nation was willing to let another come to Austria's rescue single-handed, and thus Austria continued to sink until the joint action taken last September at Geneva opened up to her the road of recovery. Needless to say, the material recovery of Austria, followed and helped

by new constructive forces on the spiritual side of the people, has greatly aided the whole progress of Central Europe this year along the path of reconstruction and reconciliation.

Keen observers recognize that some day, perhaps not far in the future, Austria may be joined to Germany, if anything united is left of that unhappy country. To have linked Austria with Germany at the end of the war would have been foolhardy unless perhaps it could have been accomplished immediately before peace negotiations were even commenced. The present situation, however, requires that first Austria, as well as Germany, must learn to stand on her own feet. If the dream of a complete union of the German-speaking peoples is to come true, Austria and Germany must be assets to each other — not liabilities. Moreover, this problem goes well beyond the realm of such considerations and raises questions of a fundamental nature. First, Germany will think twice before admitting more than six million more Roman Catholics to her fold. Again, the new political balance of power in Germany — the old struggle of Austria against Prussia — should be carefully looked into. And lastly, it must be realized by interested parties that through the annexation of Austria, German trade and commerce would quickly acquire a powerful Danubian character.

III

If the Paris peace treaties constitute — from the external standpoint — the legal basis for the new Central Europe the Little Entente is the greatest single force in upholding the new order of things from within. The victorious allies of Central Europe, the Czechoslovak legions, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, saw at the outset that a close regional understanding was necessary

to realize their programme. This programme was formally accepted as the basis of the war aims of the greater allies.

The keynote of the Little Entente is to be found in a series of bilateral treaties that have a distinctly non-aggressive character. Perhaps Dr. Beneš, backed by his collaborator, President Masaryk, has been more responsible than any other one person for making use of the forces of coöperation which have always been potentially present in that part of the world. If the most interested and most active party of the Little Entente is Czechoslovakia, her closest ally in the new arrangement is her sister-Slav state, Yugoslavia, to the south. Czechoslovakia needs the help of this enlarged state in balancing the power of Hungary, while Yugoslavia herself is in need of Czechoslovakia's influence to keep Italy within her proper limits on the Adriatic and its hinterland.

Rumania, a non-Slavic state, is the third member of the defensive loose federation known as the Little Entente. Like Yugoslavia, Rumania's position is extremely weak on many sides. Without noting, except in passing, her difficulties in the south with her Bulgarian subjects, there is also the critical case of Bessarabia in the east. It is only necessary, so far as Central Europe is concerned, to say that the real insecurity of her position lies in Transylvania. Rumania is much in need of a balance in power to keep Hungary from snatching this ancient province, which she has always considered an integral part of greater Hungary.

From the above outline, one can easily see that the Little Entente has a great plenty to do in keeping the status quo without any of the member states branching out into the field of new aggressions.

In the spring of 1922, Skirmunt, the

Polish Foreign Minister, came to a practical realization of the fact that his country had distinct interests in Central Europe, and consequently arranged for Poland to become formally an associate member of the Little Entente.

Skirmunt came to this important decision in spite of the fact that Poland's most crucial problems are to be found in her relations with Germany on the west, Russia on the east, Lithuania on the Baltic. Behind this decision undoubtedly the Polish Foreign Minister was well aware of the fact, pointed out by President Masaryk in *The New Europe* (1918), that Czechoslovakia and Poland could not exist singly and alone as independent states. Already many times in history, Masaryk observed, the fall of one of these states had been quickly followed by the dissolution of the other.

With the exception of the League of Nations, it is no exaggeration to say that the Little Entente is the greatest force for the preservation of peace — such as it is — in Europe to-day. The Little Entente has dealt more successfully with the difficulties of the Central European situation than anyone or anything has been able to do with those in Western Europe. Its prestige is already immense, as shown by the fact that many Governments well outside of Central Europe, including those of Italy and Greece, have wanted to become member-states. The requests of these states to join the federation have been rejected — not at all because of the desire to check the unifying and coöperative forces at work in the world to-day, but in the realization of the basic fact that the Little Entente is a purely Central European affair, and by becoming unnecessarily involved in questions outside of Central Europe, would lose its usefulness and effectiveness.

IV

We noted above that the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian empire led to economic and industrial chaos in Central Europe. This disarrangement of well-established economic forces was sufficient to bring about considerable chaos; but one must also bear in mind that four years under strenuous war conditions would in themselves have caused endless trouble and unrest. Many people knew that, regardless of the outcome, four years of war spelled the doom of the empire of fifty-one millions of people, more than half of whom were held in alien subjugation.

In Central Europe to-day there are certain natural trade routes. Besides these natural factors, one must take into consideration the artificial paths of commerce and railways, established by the Hapsburg empire for strategic and military purposes. In Austria before the war all roads were constructed to lead to Vienna, and, with its natural advantages, Vienna became one of the great trade-centres of the world. Similarly, in Hungary, all roads led to Budapest. This dual plan worked admirably; but in its operation it was deliberately unfair to the peoples who later, as a result of the war, were freed from the commercial as well as the political yokes of Vienna and Budapest.

The new states and the enlarged states realized it as their first task in economic reorganization to supplement these artificially stimulated highways of trade, which favored Vienna and Budapest at the expense of smaller centres of population. New railways, which correct the balance of the economic system there, are opening rich new fields for commercial activity and exploitations.

One great hindrance in the new economic development of Central Europe is the high-tariff barriers. But

normal conditions of commerce tend to break down restrictions of this kind, while the forces of coöperation have already succeeded in lowering these walls, as a result of the great number of most-favored-nations treaties concluded in the last two or three years. Meanwhile, because of the disappearance of the old established order of negation and oppression in Central Europe, railway traffic and river traffic are now being worked out and expanded along coöperative lines, so that in a few years' time the natural economic forces of Central Europe will be given free play to develop themselves to the fullest possible extent.

As a result of the great growth of nationalistic feeling which culminated in Europe during and after the Great War, it was necessary for the statesmen and politicians in Paris to make drastic provisions for the protection of the minority populations in the new national states. Whereas in the Europe of four or five centuries ago the frontiers of states were determined by religious groups of peoples, the basis of nearly every European state nowadays is in the new nationalism.

Nationalism as a movement began to gain force in the early decades of the nineteenth century, as a result of the French Revolution followed by the Napoleonic wars. Periodically throughout the century the fires of nationalism would break out in Europe and, after several bloody revolutions, they met with marked success. Beginning with success in Greece and Belgium in the early thirties, severe nationalist outbreaks followed from the forties to the seventies, resulting in the liberation of Italy and Germany. It was not until the end of the Great War that Poland and Czechoslovakia realized their liberation and that all the Yugoslavs and Rumanians were freed from their alien masters.

Like all other political and economic movements, nationalism attained such great momentum that it overstepped its proper limits. In the countries of Central and Southeastern Europe national groups are found so intermingled that the pure national state is a recognized impossibility, and the proposition of self-determination must, therefore, be carried out in a modest way.

The basic idea of some of the treaty clauses is the protection of minorities. It is simply grounded on the proposition of an honest equality of both treatment and rights. These provisions, in a word, guarantee freedom of conscience and of education, equal civil privileges and equality before the law. It is aimed to allow minorities to live their own lives in a way which is consistent with their cultural, religious, and economic heritage.

It must be recognized, in dealing with the complex problem of minorities, that only in certain circumstances can a given group be detached from one country and brought together with the major part of that race in another. In Bohemia, for example, the Czech and German populations are so intermixed that it would have been quite impossible to segregate the Germans in order to join them either with Austria in the south or Germany in the north and west. Likewise the Czech population, amounting to some two hundred thousand, in Vienna, cannot be separated from Austria and joined to Czechoslovakia, however desirable that would seem.

In eastern Czechoslovakia there are more than six hundred thousand Hungarians. For the strategic reason of railroads it was necessary to include in the new Slovakia three junction-points in purely Hungarian territory. Some day, when the Prague Government carries out its railroad programme, these three strategic railroad

centres, deliberately created by the old Hungary, will lose their vital importance, and it is hoped that at that time a readjustment of populations along the Hungarian-Czechoslovakian border will be in order. Such a rearrangement cannot possibly be carried into effect, however, until public sentiment in that part of the world has steadied down considerably.

Czechoslovakia has been trying very hard to deal with its various minority elements in a fair and just manner. Psychologically the problem has been exceedingly difficult, especially when we consider that the Germans within her borders were quite confident that the war would come out in their favor, and had in fact drafted a programme in 1916 — with the coöperation of Berlin and Vienna — which envisaged the political and cultural annihilation of the Bohemians, who under the Austrian monarchy still had successfully defended a fair number of their ancient rights.

The Germans, not expecting an adverse outcome of the war, were in a quite impossible frame of mind in late 1918, when the Czechoslovakian republic was created and organized, and, naturally, have not yet been able to adjust themselves to the new conditions. They obviously were not seeking a basis of equality with their Czech countrymen, but simply a domination, as sinister in its conception as any part of the German war programme.

When within one country there are two powerful racial groups, one working for domination, it is very difficult for the other, no matter how enlightened her politicians may be, not to be driven into a similar frame of mind. It was quite natural that at the close of the war the Czechoslovaks would not stand by and wait for the Germans to change their old point of view before going ahead to draft a constitution

and to set their government into working order. It will be some time yet before the Bohemian Germans are willing to coöperate politically with the Czechs. Nevertheless, it is a happy thing to note, in fields of agriculture, industry, finance, and education, where politicians have little opportunity to exploit the feelings of the people, that the forces of coöperation are already well at work.

The question of the Hungarian minority in Czechoslovakia is far more difficult than that of the German, for the reason that Slovakia was before the war an integral part of Hungary while the Bohemian countries — Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia — were recognized to be autonomous units under the Austrian monarchy. A great percentage of the Hungarian people still consider Slovakia an integral and necessary part of Hungary, from all points of view, and have perhaps not yet seen how impossible the situation was for all those concerned, up to the close of the war. Nevertheless, Hungarian feeling has quieted down considerably in the last year, as evidenced by Hungary's entrance into the League of Nations. In fact, Czechoslovakia and Hungary were at the point of reaching a working agreement, when the unfortunate murder of a Czech official on the Hungarian border occurred. This untimely incident will now delay serious negotiations for at least another six months.

V

Looking at the European situation from the widest point of view, we may say that the last year has seen the danger spot in Europe shifted from Central Europe westward. The occupation of the Ruhr was the outward evidence that Franco-German relations are the key to European reconstruction

and reconciliation. With the Near East crisis somewhat allayed and Central Europe making progress in the work of reconstruction and readjustment, the world now looks anxiously toward Western Europe, with the hope that the crisis caused by the Ruhr occupation and other untoward events will soon pass away before the legions of peace and understanding.

As for Central Europe, it was the Ruhr occupation which blocked the forces of peace and coöperation in the most effective way during the last few months. Had it not been for the sound common-sense of the Austrian programme put into force last fall, and the firm stand of Czechoslovakia which kept the balance of the scales in favor of peace, as well as the unwillingness or inability of the Budapest politicians to throw Hungary into another war, Central Europe would now be in process of complete chaos and disintegration.

Perhaps it would be interesting to note the reasons why Czechoslovakia, so far as Franco-German relations are concerned, must tend toward a neutral policy rather than toward one favoring her French ally. To begin with, it was evidence of her strength that she has been able, unlike Poland, to turn down completely the pleas of France for military alliance. Even Marshal Foch, during the spring tour of the two countries, seemed quite incapable of convincing President Masaryk and Dr. Beneš of the necessity of this alliance.

The factors which forced Czechoslovakia to reject this French alliance were probably the following: —

(1) Czechoslovakia has a German population of more than 3,000,000 souls which she must convince that the important thing is the common welfare of Czechs and Germans in particular and the peace of Central Europe in general.

(2) Czechoslovakia's main difficulty

in the path of reconciliation is the Hungarian question. Inasmuch as the Hungarians played the German game with perhaps more violence than the Germans themselves, they must be dealt with in the most far-seeing way possible.

(3) Czechoslovakia is surrounded on three sides — the north, the west, and the south — by German peoples, and to take any aggressive measures against the Germans, either externally or internally, would spell the end of her independent existence. Her only hope is along the path of reconciliation and readjustment.

(4) Czechoslovakia built up the Little Entente for the purpose of keeping peace in Central Europe, and she is no way ready to have the Great Entente, which has already caused so much trouble since the Armistice, play a dictatorial rôle outside her recognized sphere of activity. She is convinced that Central Europe can be run far better by the Central European peoples than she can by any other group in the world. This is the very basis of the Little Entente idea.

VI

The events of the last six months of this momentous year — 1923 — have had, in the broadest sense of the word, a very important bearing on the processes of reconstruction and reconciliation now at work in Central Europe. For the sake of clarity, it will perhaps be best to summarize these developments under three headings, as follows: the Corfu incident and Central Europe; the question of a final solution of the Reparations problem; and the negotiations for the reconstruction loan to Hungary. A brief analysis of these problems should throw an illuminating light on Central Europe to-day and what it will in all probability

stand for in the realm of international affairs in 1924.

First of all, why was Central Europe — that is, why were the individual states of Central Europe — concerned with the humiliating treatment which Italy accorded Greece not long ago, followed by her suspected attempt to make the Adriatic an Italian lake? It is of the sheerest unimportance to discuss whether the domination of the Adriatic was Mussolini's real motive in occupying the Greek island of Corfu after the murder incident at Janina, because in every international crisis parties whose national or commercial interests seem menaced always speak and act just as if this were in reality the case.

At any rate, Yugoslavia considered her security threatened when Italian forces landed at Corfu in the first days of September, for negotiations between these two countries had once again come to a critical impasse over a definitive settlement of the Fiume question. With Italy standing guard at the mouth of the Adriatic, of what use to Yugoslavia would be any commercial rights at Fiume, the only outlet to the northern part of her state, in the event of further haggling between these two Governments? The whole Corfu incident inflamed public opinion in Yugoslavia as a gross violation of the rights of small nations, and, backed by England and the Little Entente, she sought a solution of the Italian-Greek affair which would make Italy withdraw her forces from the eastern side of the Adriatic.

It was my good fortune to be in Geneva when some of these matters were under deliberation. There the problem was to find a solution of the quarrel which would not further disturb the very delicate international situation. It is not for me here to pass on the merits of the League's action

in referring the dispute to the Council of Ambassadors in Paris; suffice it to say that the League Council considered this method the wisest way to make the general situation no worse than it already was. The Council of Ambassadors regulated the difficulty simply by accepting the recommendations for the solution which the Council in Geneva had worked out.

So much for the bare political side of the Corfu incident, so far as Central Europe was affected, and its happy ending. A glance at the map of Europe between the Baltic and the Mediterranean will at once reveal why both Czechoslovakia and Austria, in particular, are vitally concerned that the régime of free trade shall continue on the Adriatic. Both these countries do considerable exporting through the port of Trieste; in fact, more Czechoslovakian trade goes through this seaport than through any other, excepting only Hamburg.

Secondly, it is not a matter of surprise to note that all Central Europe anxiously awaits the final settlement of the Reparations problem. Until Germany is given a fair chance to stand firmly on her own feet and to assume her just and recognized obligations, the smaller European states, naturally more dependent on one another than the larger ones, find it exceedingly difficult to put their own affairs in good order. Furthermore, these countries bordering on Germany are far from indifferent when it comes to standing by to watch the processes of disintegration hard at work in that state.

The break-up of the German Reich may not come as quickly and easily as most observers would have us believe; nevertheless, every step along the path of dissolution brings on further political and economic disturbances which profoundly threaten the

stability of the entire world. As for Central Europe's concern in these untoward economic developments, one must bear in mind that Germany is the best buyer of goods from Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Switzerland, and — before the war — from England as well.

However, the essential interest of Central Europe in the immediate solution of this perplexing problem was not made sufficiently clear until President Masaryk and Dr. Beneš, the astute Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, made their official trip to the Allied capitals of Western Europe in late October. The negative significance of this eventful visit was simply that the Poincaré Government failed to persuade Czechoslovakia of the wisdom of a military alliance with France under present conditions; but this result was a foregone conclusion from the outset. Positively, one may say that the outcome centred around the world-wide movement for a conclusive regulation of the Reparations tangle. Happily, President Masaryk and Dr. Beneš came to London when very important negotiations were taking place between the principal Powers with a view to finding a basis for calling a general conference to consider Reparations and Germany's capacity to pay. Although it would be idle to speculate on what practical results will come out of these conversations, which were certainly given an added *raison d'être* by the timely presence of these two well-known statesmen, it is safe to say that the British Government was exceedingly happy to learn precisely how Czechoslovakia in particular and Central Europe in general stood in this all-important matter.

Thirdly, while the problem of Reparations affects Central European conditions very considerably from the outside, the plan for Austrian and

Hungarian reconstruction is a question which touches the very heart of its political and economic organization. Above, reference has been made to the encouraging results of coöperative work in reviving Austria during the past twelve months. As for Hungary, the proposition of her financial restoration is psychologically and politically so utterly different from that of Austria that it could not possibly have been dealt with at the same time or in the same way.

The gradual abandonment of aggressive policies on Hungary's part during the last two years has from the very beginning foreshadowed some kind of outside aid for her in order to facilitate the processes of internal readjustment necessary in this newly constituted state. When the Turks so masterfully upset the impossible conditions imposed on them by the Treaty of Sèvres and by subsequent secret agreements, the Magyars took heart and increased their lively propaganda for the revision of treaties in their favor.

Last spring the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, went to Paris and London to make his brilliant plea for an international loan to save his country from imminent ruin. For well-known reasons, Count Bethlen returned to Budapest without the loan, but he had successfully stimulated wide-spread interest in Hungarian affairs. Meanwhile, in the early summer, conversations between Czechoslovakia and Hungary were resumed, while Dr. Beneš was persuading other members of the Little Entente that Hungary's appeal before the Reparations Commission and the League of Nations should be met with all due consideration. On September 29, the Council of the League addressed an official communiqué to the Reparations

Commission, where the plan must first be worked out, that the League would approve of any measure aiming at the financial restoration of Hungary which the Commission might agree upon and submit to the League.

As the programme has already been elaborated in detail by the Reparations Commission and was announced publicly on October 16, it may be assumed that something will be done in the near future for Hungary to aid her to put her financial and economic house in order.

VII

In conclusion, it is particularly fitting to note that at the present moment relations between Hungary and Czechoslovakia are the key to the peaceful consolidation and development of Central Europe.

Central Europe is a region of small, interdependent, national states. Under the active leadership of Czechoslovakia, the full force and meaning of this fundamental fact are just beginning to be realized. Economic laws must be taken into serious consideration, not violated and defied; the moral laws of human relationship must be wholeheartedly accepted and applied by states when dealing with one another and with their minorities. Further racial struggles resulting in bloodshed and desolation are utterly stupid and out of the question; through coöperation and understanding must come the solution of the perplexing social and industrial questions of the day.

In a way, this is perhaps the way Central Europe looks at the New World. Will it not soon mean that the phrase, 'the Balkanization of Central Europe,' will be utterly discredited and relegated to the past, as the genesis of the United States of Central Europe comes radiantly to life?

AN ERA OF CONSOLIDATIONS

BY FRANKLIN SNOW

THE so-called 'best thought' in the country to-day favors a consolidation of our approximately 1900 railways into some eighteen or twenty large systems. While at first thought this may appear to be an almost superhuman task, it should be borne in mind that there are but 200 'Class I' railroads, meaning those with annual revenues in excess of \$1,000,000, the other roads, for the most part, being short lines with light traffic and scanty earnings. Inasmuch as the majority of these roads serve as feeders for the larger systems with which they connect, and in many cases have but this one outlet for the traffic which they originate, the logical consolidation for such lines is obvious from the outset. In making an analysis of the situation, it becomes apparent that there are fewer than one hundred important railroads to be merged into the proposed score of enlarged systems, and of these, there is little argument as to the proper amalgamations for many. Yet the proper, logical, feasible, and desirable affiliation of these comparatively few important roads is the bugbear of the proponents of the entire subject, and about this controversy revolves the principle of consolidation itself — either voluntary or otherwise.

'Merging' railroads is by no means a new practice. Every important system in the United States to-day is merely a consolidation of a number of small railroads, which originally were constructed to meet local needs, but which eventually found it to their ad-

vantage to affiliate with their neighbors in order to facilitate the handling of through freight and passenger traffic, to make common use of rolling stock and other facilities, and to reduce overhead costs of organization and management. Thus, in less than a century, our railroads have grown to a point where we have a number of systems, each of more than 10,000 miles of road, notably the New York Central Lines, the Pennsylvania System, the Southern Pacific Company, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Possibly other companies would be included in this category if we were to add to their own mileage the mileage of roads controlled by them but operated as independent units.

It is a well-known and generally lamented fact that not all these mergers have been consummated without financial loss to investors; for the manipulations of the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early years of the present one wrecked many fine roads in which small investors had purchased securities. Yet, regardless of the purposes of certain manipulators and their *modus operandi*, the fact remains that the results of their work, on the whole, have been beneficial to the country in thus bringing together numerous small, independent roads into larger and more compact units of transportation.

In other words, the results may have justified the means employed.

To-day we are confronted with a different situation. We must view with deep concern the fact that thousands of miles of road not only are not even earning operating expenses, but are incurring such alarming deficits that the Interstate Commerce Commission constantly is being requested by the owners of these lines to permit them to abandon the operation of the properties and to sell the roads for junk. Yet the construction of these now defunct railroads originally was the means of inducing settlers to locate along their rights-of-way, and the villages and towns which have grown up from such beginnings will be deprived of all rail-transportation in many instances by the abandonment of their railroad.

Partly as an experiment, the Commission recently allowed the Kansas City, Mexico, and Orient Railway — a bankrupt line operating through the Southwest, which was ready to give up the ghost — to cut its rates to a point below the scale of its competitors, in the thought that this would attract sufficient traffic to warrant continued operation of the road, and thus protect the panic-stricken towns and individuals that relied upon the carrier to bring them their supplies and to carry their produce to market. However, this is an isolated case. Our present rate-structure is already hectic, and to upset it further by establishing differentials in favor of poor railroads is a policy open to serious comment.

As a panacea for the difficulties of all the railroads, — not only the unremunerative short line, but the almost bankrupt larger system as well, — consolidation of the railroads was proposed. The impetus was given by the Transportation Act, 1920, which was passed when the railroads were returned to their owners at the termination of Federal control. By the terms of this Act, — the authors of which were Con-

gressman Esch (now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission) and Senator A. B. Cummins, aided by the counsel of eminent economists, railroad executives, and other authorities, notably Walker D. Hines, then Director-General of Railroads, — the Interstate Commerce Commission was ordered to investigate possible combinations of railroads which might produce greater economies in operation than are possible under independent management. Permission was granted the carriers to make such consolidations as should be deemed to be for the public welfare. Thus, a complete about-face was effected from the provisions of the Sherman Act, which, it is understood, was enacted primarily to guard against railroad manipulations. Consolidation, by the terms of the later Act, became not only legal but desirable for the good of the country. Yet the Commission has no mandatory powers to enforce its recommendations as to consolidations. It can only *approve*; it cannot *order* desirable mergers.

There is much to be said for and against the principle of consolidations. In its favor, it is contended that expensive terminals, both freight and passenger, now often operated solely for competitive purposes, may be unified; that many competitive trains, handled often at a loss but yet considered by the railroads to be effective advertising-mediums, may be withdrawn; that the expenses of soliciting traffic with many 'off-line' agencies may largely be eliminated; that various departments, by consolidation, will find it possible to curtail their expenses to an amount considerably less than the aggregate of such expenditures by the present individual lines, those cited particularly being accounting, purchasing, traffic, and legal, while the abolition of many official positions, it is asserted, will result in

huge pay-roll economies. On the operating side, it is maintained that many long hauls necessitated by competitive practice to meet the short-haul rate will be eliminated, and that equipment will be put to more efficient use by reason of bringing together under one administrative officer the cars and engines belonging to the several units of each consolidated system.

It is as easy to refute these alleged advantages as it is to propound them. Taking these in order, it may first be noted that the terminals now in use were built for the public's convenience solely. While a unified use of certain passenger stations by all railroads in various cities would be a distinct advantage, the same does not apply in all instances to freight terminals, for this reason: an allocation of the several freight stations in a particular city between a limited number of merged systems might result in such reassignment of stations as would take away from certain lines their choice location and transfer them to other systems with which they have a more direct physical connection. Shippers who have built plants adjacent to the freight stations, or to various spurs of railroads over whose lines it is advantageous for them to ship, might find that their factories were on roads which would not carry their goods direct to the territories in which they marketed their products. A time-consuming switch movement then would be involved.

Regarding the 'competitive' train which may be operated at a loss, the traveling public has been educated to a point where it considers it not only its privilege, but its actual right, to discriminate between several roads (and numerous trains on each of these roads) when making out an itinerary. If consolidation means the curtailment of such opportunities, the traveler will not be likely to favor the principle. Again,

while many trains may be 'competitive' as between the original and final termini, the balance of their route may lie through territory which enjoys no other service, and a curtailment in the number or speed of trains would seriously affect numerous communities. An example of this was furnished by the Railroad Administration's efforts to control the competition between Chicago and St. Louis, where the Illinois Central, Chicago and Alton, Wabash and Chicago, and Eastern Illinois operated trains on practically the same schedules. 'Staggering' these schedules undoubtedly was an economy to the Administration; but ask the man in central Illinois what *his* opinion is of a service which prevents him from running down to St. Louis and back in a few hours. Under the schedules at that time, some communities found themselves with but two trains each way a day; and in many instances, these ran through many towns at inconvenient hours of the night. The American public will stand for no diminution in train-service, hence those urging consolidation cannot look to this as a means of introducing vast economies.

Combining the detail departments of individual roads — such as accounting — into one organization presumably will result in a considerable saving; for the inter-line accounting, at present necessary, requires much clerical labor, and being work of a highly technical nature, the salaries paid are relatively high. Smaller staffs also would be required in the purchasing, legal, and traffic departments, yet all of these branches are among the smallest in the railroad service and the savings would not reach an appreciable figure. Furthermore, it would take years to establish new systems and routine, and the jealousies resulting from the demotion of many officers and employees would militate against a smooth-working machine.

In fact, it is this very question of what to do with the officers, from presidents down, whose duties would be restricted by a consolidation of the companies with which they are connected, that is causing real concern. Manifestly, it is unfair to discharge officials who have given their entire life's service to a company; while to subordinate them to officers of other roads (who may be younger and less experienced men) is certain to cause friction. One solution, of course, would be the maintenance of an independent organization on each line of a consolidated system; yet if this were done, even the small economies possible by merging the various units, or departments, would be lost. For many years it was asserted that railroad officials were paid enormous salaries. Recently these salaries have been made public, and it has been found that few executives earn over \$75,000 per annum. In fact, with the exception of the presidents of a few of the largest railroads, the great majority receive less than \$50,000, while in all instances, the emolument of the vice-president is approximately half of that of his chief. Salaries of lower officials scale down proportionately, so that the general freight and general passenger agents, with whom the public comes in closest contact, receive, in most instances, \$6000, or less.

These salaries are mentioned in refutation of the claim that railroad officers are overpaid; and as it is obvious that the amounts are not larger than are paid to executives of other important industries and in commercial business, it can readily be seen that few visible economies can be effected through this source. And even assuming that, in a merger of several railroads, a complete amalgamation of the several independent departments, such as traffic, accounting, purchasing,

and legal, shall be accomplished, the experiment may prove a costly one; for it is by no means certain that officers who have managed such departments on roads of perhaps 5000 miles will be able to expand to the responsibilities of roads of thrice that size and revenue.

The same applies to the chief executives. Competent and hard-working as most of them are, we have no precedent to prove that a president of a railroad of 5000 or 10,000 miles of line is big enough, or energetic enough, to manage a system of 20,000 to 25,000 miles. During Federal control it is true that seven Regional Directors managed all the railroads, some of them having some 50,000 miles of line under their supervision; yet in this case the situation was different, for each of the various roads under each Director still maintained its own organization and identity and was run by a Federal manager (in most cases its pre-war president, or general manager). Pursuing this line of thought, that is, the availability of men competent to handle railroads of 20,000 miles, it is of note that the Pennsylvania System and the Erie Railroad both have decentralized their roads into four 'regions,' each with a responsible executive directly on the ground, each region being operated as an independent railroad, to all purposes and intents. Thus, experience would seem to warrant a decentralization of authority, rather than the reverse, as would be the case under consolidation.

The reduction in transportation costs incurred in handling freight by circuitous routes to meet the short-line rate may not be so great as anticipated, inasmuch as it is planned to maintain a certain amount of competition between the enlarged systems. However, this is a matter which hardly can be resolved into dollars and cents, for routing freight is largely in the control of ship-

pers, and it is certain that they will voice strenuous objections to any plan which will restrict this privilege.

It can be seen that both the antagonists and the protagonists of the consolidation theory have much in their favor — each is fortified with apparently sound and logical arguments, yet the other group contends that its counterassertions refute such objections. And while many are engaged in an academic discussion as to the *theories* of consolidation, — for instance, whether or not a concentration of routine work into the larger departments of a consolidated system is desirable and likely to promote efficiency and harmony, or whether it will throw the work into a chaotic state by the added burdens and responsibilities assumed by officers and men; and whether or not it is constitutionally sound to *force* a strong railroad to absorb a weaker one and inflict on the stockholders of the prosperous one the debts and deficits of the poorer one; and finally, whether the consolidation of all the railroads into some eighteen or twenty large systems will not make nearer and easier the ultimate step of merging these systems into but one railroad, Government-operated, or -owned, or both, — while these discussions are rife in many quarters, others are looking at the practical side of the matter and are endeavoring to merge (on paper) those railroads in which it will be for the best interests of all concerned.

In the event that railroad mergers are made mandatory, there are, as stated, a number of logical and desirable amalgamations upon which all authorities agree. But there are many others upon which there is no harmonizing of views. Furthermore, there is, in various sections of the country, an amount of local pride and sentiment which the advocates of consolidation must overcome before they can con-

summate their plans. The case of the New England roads is an appropriate illustration of this. These railroads, notably the Boston and Maine, and the New Haven, have suffered and still are suffering, from the attentions bestowed upon them several years ago by the financiers backing Mr. Mellen, then president of the latter road, in his plans to merge the Boston and Maine, and through it the Maine Central, with the New Haven. Possibly, had the amalgamation gone through, it eventually would have proved beneficial to New England; for whatever else one may say of Mellen, the fact remains that he was a sagacious railroad-man. However, the attempt was frustrated, and the New England roads have been in an impoverished condition ever since.

While there is no consensus of opinion, it is felt by the majority of students of the subject that these lines should be merged with connecting trunk-lines. An exhaustive report compiled last summer by the Associated Industries of Massachusetts favored this solution of the problem. But complications have arisen. A committee representing the governors of the New England States and headed by Mr. James J. Storrow, of Boston, recently made public its findings and urged the formation of a local New England railroad. New Englanders are sensitive about their railroads. They do not welcome the suggestion of 'absentee management,' and fail to perceive where New York or Philadelphia would better serve their interests as the executive headquarters of their railroads than Boston can.

Local financiers assert that there is sufficient capital, and railroad officers contend that there is available talent, to finance and manage the New England railroads as a distinct entity. Local pride must be reckoned with, for it has a very definite voting-strength;

and, after all, if consolidations are to be made mandatory, Congressional action will be necessary.

In the Southeast, communities along the lines of the Seaboard Air Line fail to see wherein they will benefit by an amalgamation of that road with the Illinois Central, the headquarters of which are in Chicago, and which in turn is controlled by the Union Pacific, still farther to the west. Nor is it entirely clear what is to be done with the Florida East Coast, a privately owned railroad of some 760 miles, famous principally as the road serving Palm Beach, Miami, and Key West, although it also originates a growing volume of fruit and lumber traffic. Professor William Z. Ripley, who prepared a tentative plan of consolidations for the Interstate Commerce Commission, suggested that the road be left as an independent line, and urged the same treatment of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac, which is primarily a bridge line of 115 miles between Washington and Richmond, used jointly by the Seaboard and Coast Line freight and passenger trains.

The Southwest is not likely to favor the merging of three of its four competitive systems — the St. Louis-San Francisco, the Missouri-Kansas-Texas, and the St. Louis Southwestern — into one system, leaving the Missouri Pacific (Iron Mountain) as the only other line from St. Louis to Texas; nor is it satisfactorily explained wherein either the Great Northern, or the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul will be benefited by consolidation into one road, inasmuch as the Great Northern's financial interests are primarily with the Burlington. Financial interests, such as inter-company holdings of securities, must be studied with almost as much care as is given to the actual operating and traffic features. The Northwest voices its objections to a merger of the

Spokane, Portland, and Seattle with either the projected Burlington-Northern Pacific or the Great Northern-St. Paul, preferring that the road remain independent for the joint use of all.

These are isolated cases, yet typical of the sentiment in various parts of the country.

Call it local pride, or what you will, it is a factor which must be considered, for it is apparent that no section will favor mergers which will not positively promise benefits to the territory affected.

And behind it all are the cold-blooded statisticians, waiting, pencil in hand, so to speak, for an opportunity to compute the savings to be derived from this revolutionary step. Alas, this is where the rub occurs. No man can definitely prophesy any appreciable sum that may be saved. It is not enough to state casually that Great Britain has undertaken the step which we now contemplate, for the situation is not analogous to that in this country. Our traffic is by no means concentrated in a limited territory, nor are distances comparable.

The problem in the United States is unique, and we must study it on its merits as applied to our own peculiar conditions.

Fundamentally, the purpose of consolidation is twofold — to promote economy in operation, and, through that means, to reduce charges to the public. The burden of proof rests on those advocating the change, and *definite proof*, rather than hypotheses, it should be. As the writer has pointed out elsewhere, a reduction in freight charges of less than ten per cent is negligible. The total freight-revenue of the American railroads approximates \$4,000,000,000 annually. To reduce rates even by ten per cent, it thus would be necessary to introduce econ-

omies, through the consolidations, amounting to \$400,000,000 a year. Perhaps it can be done, but only the most sanguine economists dare assure us that such will be the case.

Consolidating railroads into some eighteen or twenty systems is a vast and intricate undertaking. Not only must we be prepared to see our favorite railroads, in many instances, lose their names and identities, but we must be ready also to turn a deaf ear to the lamentations of faithful officers and employees of many lines; for unquestionably many of these will face demotion, if not honorable dismissal. In

either case, it would be well to consider in advance whether or not esprit de corps will be fostered by this step; and if not, whether the resulting discontent is not likely to reduce proportionately the savings which are being estimated by many theorists.

Few railroad officers thus far have directly opposed the consolidation plan. Few legislators have taken a definite stand either one way or the other. Many newspapers have leaped to a hasty conclusion that it is a panacea for all railroad difficulties. It were well for the Nation to be sure before it leaps.

IS CIVILIZATION MENACED?

THE PLIGHT OF EUROPEAN EDUCATION

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

WHAT for me is the saddest feature of the European upheaval is the menace to education. This review of the conditions in the Old Continent will not be uniformly gloomy: I shall endeavor to draw a cheerful conclusion, for it has become more than ever a duty to preserve one's faith in the ultimate sanity of mankind. But I must begin by painting a somewhat dark picture.

Apart from a few thinkers who have incidentally, here and there, referred to the danger of Europe losing its homes of culture and becoming the victim of a cultureless mechanism, there has been extraordinarily little attention paid to this aspect of the tragedy that threatens a considerable part of the world. I was, however, glad to see that

Mr. Bertrand Russell recently described in his splendidly sincere style the gravest consequences of the World War. He showed that it is no idle and conventional phrase of rhetoric to assert that 'almost everything of value to art and literature and science has been produced in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean.' Are we now to revert to barbarism? Such was the question which he asked, and, startling as it may appear, it is a question that presents itself inevitably to those who are witnessing the degradation of our taste, as expressed in the wild manifestations of modern art that are without any solid foundation, in the mad whirl of social life, in the vulgarity that assails one at every corner. There has

been an undoubted perversion, not only of the masses but of the classes, in Europe, — and I am not sure that the perversion has not reached America, — since we engaged in the dreadful business of killing each other, followed by the more dreadful business of completing the economic ruin of each other.

Such a book as *La Garçonne*, by Victor Margueritte, however exaggerated it may have been, however disgusting was the revelation of the decadence that has afflicted certain sections of society, is perhaps an eye-opener; but although it created its little sensation, it was itself symptomatic rather than curative. It depicted the frivolity, the heedlessness, the vice of those who are so devoid of hope that the future and the things of the spirit are to them of no account. But it is not the moral side of post-war society that troubles me. These phenomena might pass. That our own generation has been spoiled by the hideous events of the last decade is of comparatively little importance. If we were only sure that the curse would be lifted for the next generation, we could repose in peace. It would be, however, an entirely different matter if we saw that the generations that are to come after us were becoming rotten at the root. Only the invincible health that is in humanity can save us. There come into my mind the magnificent lines of Swinburne when he wrote of the year's burden of 1870: —

Fire and wild light of hope and doubt and fear,
Wind of swift change and clouds and hours that
veer,

As the storm shifts of the tempestuous year;
Cry wellaway but well befall the right!

Hope sits yet hiding her war-weary eyes,
Doubt sets her forehead earthward and denies,
But fear, brought hand to hand with danger, dies,
Dies and is burnt up in the fire of fight.

We could be indifferent to everything, — the economic perturbation,

the mania for pernicious pleasure, the malice and uncharitableness and hatreds that are rampant and that are heading us for a new war, — if only we could be sure that, while national currencies collapse, while moral currencies collapse, while intellectual currencies collapse, the education of the young was not collapsing. It is precisely because, as it seems to me, education is in danger, that Western Civilization is in danger.

I

There have been any number of mournful prophets, since the cessation of hostilities, even more than the hostilities themselves, left us dazed and blind and groping for the old landmarks and finding them not. While the war was proceeding, there was a certain exaltation which made us turn deaf ears to those who insisted on the fact, all too dramatically and pathetically obvious, that the nations of Europe were committing suicide. Shrewd Oriental philosophers, with their deceptively mask-like countenances, quietly announced that not many years would pass before the yellow races would dominate the desolate cities and plains of those regions of the earth that the white races could neither govern nor develop in peace. There were several books written by Occidental thinkers to demonstrate this rather far-fetched thesis. Our very industrialism and science, we were told, — as indeed we are still being told, — would be the cause of our perishing, since we prefer to apply them, not to the increase of our possessions and happiness, but to our destruction and mutual murder. More materialistic English and American prophets indulged in foretelling the economic perdition of Europe, and the reduction of the entire Continent to desperate peoples concerned only with the means of procuring daily bread.

These dismal prophecies, however, did not end with the cessation of actual fighting. There was a brief period of almost universal optimism after the signing of the Armistice. We seemed to believe that mankind had turned down a dark page of history, and that on the following page there were written only comfortable things. A new heaven and a new earth were dawning. Alas! this mood did not last long. The era of permanent peace and of good-will between nations vanished as the statesmen in the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles put their signatures to a document which consecrated the struggle and the opposition of the peoples.

The main fact about this black treaty, written in the blackening blood of millions of men who had died in the hope of a new charter of liberty and of love, was its insistence on Reparations. More money has quite literally been thrown away in the attempt to extract Reparations than could have been obtained almost immediately from the vanquished countries had a reasonable arrangement been then and there proposed and accepted.

Henceforth Europe was condemned to the futile pursuit of obtaining, or evading, impossible payments. And this meant that there could be no real peace, no stability, but only a revival and exacerbation of national sentiments. This is why Europe has gone giddily to the verge of bankruptcy. This is why bitter feelings have been bred. This is why what the French would call *Je-m'-en-foutisme* has become prevalent. A well-known English statesman is said to have declared: 'If this policy continues, your grandchildren and mine will see naked savages walking down the Champs Élysées.' There is a sense in which this is already true — as may be ascertained by anyone who watches the nocturnal closing of certain dancing establishments; but,

taken seriously, the assertion is of course hyperbolic.

Naturally every partisan of a creed or of a special political doctrine has his own explanation of the present conditions. The Communist blames the greed of the Capitalist and the docility of the Middle Class. The Peasant attributes the evil to the wickedness of the big cities. The Liberal ascribes it all to economic fallacies. The Internationalist thinks that we owe our woes to the neglect of the League of Nations. The Nationalist fancies that, if only we had crushed the enemy a little more thoroughly, all would have been well. The Anti-Clericalist in some countries attributes the responsibility to the influence of Rome. The Conservative finds the sufficient cause of all ills in the agitations of Moscow. The sincerely religious man is inclined to find the seat of the trouble in the decay of spiritual forces. Everybody has his diagnosis and everybody has his remedy, though some of the remedies would probably be worse, if that be possible, than the disease.

Some of us who have been living in Europe during these troublous times consider that the real menace lies in the breakdown of education — or, to remain a little more optimistic, its threatened breakdown. It is not particularly in Germany that the peril lies, though perhaps Germany, which, with France and with Austria, was the real centre of education before the war, suffers most intensely. I have just been reading an appeal which comes from a group of well-known Englishmen and Englishwomen who are in touch with various relief organizations operating in Germany. It is truly distressing to peruse their declaration, which I do not for a moment doubt, since it is confirmed on many hands. They have chiefly in mind the misery that exists among the professional classes from

which the intellectuals of to-morrow must be recruited. Their so-called fixed incomes have shrunk to almost nothing. The whole year's income may be spent upon a few loaves of bread. For lack of underclothing men and women who were formerly content to live modestly but comfortably, conscious that they were striving to add to the sum of knowledge or carry on the intellectual mechanism of the world, are obliged to wear newspapers. Milk and meat cannot be procured. In Heidelberg and in Giessen and in Leipzig, as well as in Berlin, these conditions are prevalent. One need waste no sympathy on the mere money-makers, who will always find the wherewithal to live in luxury. One must condemn unreservedly the industrial magnates, who have, by their selfishness, their speculation in the distress of others, brought about such a state of affairs. But one can surely spare some sympathy for their innocent victims. The effect on education is certain and deserves careful analysis.

II

If there is one fact that impresses itself above all others in our daily life in Europe, — though less, if strikingly enough, in France than in Russia, Austria, Germany, and the Central European countries generally, — that fact is that the generation now growing up and in the schools has not the same facilities for education that were possessed by its seniors. Not merely are laboratories working with totally inadequate equipment; not merely is the cost of new books and foreign magazines practically prohibitive for the majority of European students to-day; not merely are professors and teachers so underpaid and so harassed with personal problems that they can do neither themselves nor their pupils

justice; but in far too many cases the eager young searcher after knowledge and technical training is undernourished, poorly and shabbily clothed, uncomfortably housed, and forced by financial lack of resources to do work outside his study hours that taxes his health. Getting an education under circumstances such as these becomes a feat to be accomplished only by the strongest; getting an education on terms comparable with those bequeathed to the student generations before 1914 becomes utterly impossible.

For what the war did, 'beyond a peradventure,' was to create the New Poor. In nine short years we have seen the virtual disappearance all over Europe of the comfortable middle class, from which the intellectual professions were formerly chiefly recruited. In countries outside France the financial upheaval has reduced those who had saved a little money, and who received a modest income from rents and investments, to poverty; but in France, too, the salaries and incomes of the intellectual class have not kept pace with the increase in the cost of living. For example, it might have been possible before the war to live in the *Quartier Latin* on 200 francs a month. It now requires practically 1000 francs a month to keep a young man at school in the capital, while the entire expense of a full course of study for a degree — quite apart from board, lodging, clothing and other living expenses — is estimated to-day at 50,000 francs. This last sum alone is a fortune for just those classes who desire most to have their sons properly trained. What is true of France applies with even greater force to other European countries.

Then there is another consideration that is too often overlooked. Before the war the professional class in Europe could anticipate, if not a life of material luxury, at least one free from carking

care; and in addition it enjoyed respect and even veneration. This was for the 'intellectuals' not an indifferent motive in building a life-career. To-day, all this is changed. So miserable is the lot of the majority of the intellectual class that it is looked upon more as an object of charity than of admiration. Think of the pitiful and scandalous standard of values implied in the suggestion, advanced in all seriousness, that professional boxing matches should be promoted in order to provide funds for the colleges. The proletariat — the factory worker and the peasant — has somehow managed to keep up its standard of living by constant increases in wages or in prices for its product. The profiteer and the industrialist have been amply able to look after themselves. It is the middle classes that have had to endure the worst consequences of Europe's post-war disorganization. Is it any wonder if the younger generation of that class no longer wishes to follow its elders to the same life of privation without honor? Is it anything to be astonished at, if the young men of to-day in Europe are hardly thinking of the professions or the learned pursuits? If, rather, they look forward to a life that holds out a promise of big financial returns in a world where only money talks?

The utmost significance is to be attached to such newspaper reports as one I have before me, which comes from Geneva, and which I reproduce without alteration: 'The International Commission for Intellectual Coöperation, instituted by the Assembly of the League of Nations, has just met under the presidency of M. Henri Bergson. The Commission received several communications upon the intellectual situation in the world. The reports showed that intellectual culture is more or less abandoned. M. Luchaire, who was charged with the direction of the

inquiry in the Latin countries of Europe, reported upon the crisis in pure science, and he signaled a disquieting diminution of the love of disinterested work.'

Thus, though we may speak about 'demoralization' after the war, and comment sadly on the laxity of moral standards, the assertiveness of newly acquired luxury, the glitter, and the false gayety, it is not so much the older generation that is taking part in this dance of disillusion which distresses us: we reserve our fears for the younger generation, to whom hectic pleasure-seeking and frank selfishness have become the criteria by which life's values are judged. The things that were honored in 1913 are no longer honored to-day — and no one has been quicker to appreciate this fact than the contemporary young man, who judges more by example than precept. Rewards go to the ruthless and the daring, not to those who embody the ancient virtues. Least of all do they go to the intellectual class. And far too often even the pretense is not maintained that the old integrity and ideals have any more validity.

Besides the actual hardships and difficulties of his own student career, if he chooses to enter the professional or intellectual life, the European young man of the middle class in this day of 1923 — for it is largely from this class and no other that the mentally trained of the Continent have immemorably sprung — has to combat the unpleasant suspicion that, even if he succeeds, the end he is seeking in the post-war world of reality is absurd. The game, he is coming more and more to feel, can hardly be worth the candle. So, more and more, he is tending to give it up.

It is this condition of affairs that I have in mind when I say that the possibility of a breakdown of the

educational system in Europe is very urgent — and that this possibility constitutes the real danger to civilization.

III

But why should this threatened breakdown of education constitute the real danger? I know many observers, well aware of the above facts, who decline to be perturbed. There are even those who ask whether it really matters that learning should be discouraged — especially when considering the ruin to which traditional learning has brought Europe to-day. Perhaps the world will be better off if there is a break in the educational system; a new and sounder point of view may be developed.

Well, I cannot share this view. I am not this type of skeptical obscurantist. While I hope that I possess none of the popular illusions about education as a panacea for every ill we encounter in the world, or as a method for somehow extracting brilliant ideas and leadership from people who have the natural capacity for neither, still I believe that nearly everything we have come to treasure in civilization is the result of generations of trained and disciplined minds carrying on, each in its own way, and with the innovations and changes necessary for its own age, the great traditions of the intellectual life.

For, after all, the peasantry in all countries to-day, as always, resemble each other in essentials. What gives distinction to a nation, what differentiates it from its neighbors, is its minority, its élite. The homely virtues of mere industry are admirable, but they are hardly sufficient even to permit a nation to survive. In the old days, a tribe or group had to develop the military arts, or it ran the danger of sudden extermination. Since the industrial revolution, a nation has needed technical leaders in science and engi-

neering, to solve the economic and trade problems of the modern world, or it ran the risk of being left behind in the great race for supremacy. Can it not truthfully be said that, just because the intellectual élite of Rome was allowed to decay, Rome itself declined? If the traditions of Aristotle and Plato had been kept up in Greece as living things rather than as glorious historic memories, would Athens have become a feeble and impoverished city?

In any event, whatever the survival value to a nation of its intellectual élite, — and I believe this value to be very high, — there can be no question that its cultural value can be measured almost completely in terms of the vigor and insight of this special class. Music, art, literature, painting, the theatre, without which the life of a nation would be of little importance whatever its accomplishments in other directions, are, after all, the contribution of a particular minority. If we who believe these things to be genuinely significant wish to see them continue, it is of immense importance that the torch of truth be taken up by each relay of humanity, and that the search for knowledge and the cult of beauty continue.

As we know, however, the continuance of this search and cult is something that cannot be broken even for a single generation without irreparable damage. The tradition of learning is one which requires many years to bring to perfection; it is our social heritage; and if it were ever completely lost, mankind would descend with dizzy speed to what may be called a sophisticated barbarism. Even the hiatus of a single generation is of extreme danger for all of us. Already I am wondering where the leadership and the technical skill necessary to pilot the ship of the Continent through the next few difficult years are coming

from — to say nothing of the leisure and intellectual energy that are prerequisite for a great art or a great literature. Initiative and ambition seem to be disappearing. Socialism in its worst sense of envy and jealousy is spreading with amazing rapidity. Life in Europe to-day has too widely become a mere material struggle for necessities. There may soon be none left to carry on the heritage of the years, to keep alive those things that have given the civilization of Europe hitherto its essential human value.

Thus I come again to the contention with which I began. It may be true that the civilization of Europe as we have known it is not worth saving. I do not raise that question, nor should I attempt to answer it. I say only that, granted that it is, the real menace to it lies primarily in the present threatened breakdown of education.

IV

I have already spoken of the difficulties of the student of to-day in Paris, pointing out that it is inevitable in the present financial situation of the middle class in France that a big proportion of the boys in the colleges should have been compelled to take up menial or unsuitable occupations. Some of the pupils at the Sorbonne play different instruments in the Paris moving-picture houses or in the night-restaurant orchestras. Investigation has shown that seventy per cent of the law students are clerks, advertising agents, commercial travelers, even night porters at *Les Halles*. It is rapidly becoming the rule and not the exception to have to earn a living during the period of studies. One can hardly pretend that the ordinary student of to-day can devote sufficient attention to his cultural formation.

In Paris, too, — Paris, the centre of

civilization since Abélard taught, — the equipment of the schools is becoming obsolete. At the Muséum some of the microscopes are *thirty years old*, and there are not sufficient funds at the disposal of the educational authorities to permit them to buy new ones. Americans, American women above all, must be aware of what their generosity meant to Madame Curie, and how without that splendidly spontaneous help she never would have been able to continue her higher researches into the therapeutic values of radium. Every day the newspapers of Paris contain suggestions of new methods of raising funds for the 'laboratories of France,' sometimes by 'tag days' (an innovation in France, but a long-familiar method in the United States, though I doubt if it has ever been used there to raise money for colleges), sometimes by *fêtes de nuit*, sometimes by special vaudeville and circus performances. The salary on which a French instructor supports himself and his family every month would not equal the pay of a New York bricklayer for five days.

Discouraging as all this is, nevertheless the status of education is excellent in France — as compared with other European countries hit by the war. The plight of the intellectual classes in Russia, of course, is now familiar to all the world. But it is almost as bad in other countries. Some time ago a friend of mine from Oxford visited Vienna. On his return he told me that he had met young students who for months had lived on nothing better than beetroot and similar comestibles. Recently a circular was issued by English bishops, in which it was stated that some of the students and their teachers in Central Europe were quite literally starving. I hardly believe that the physical misery, with its attendant psychological despair, of the student

and professorial classes in Europe needs to be reiterated. The great amount that America has done to alleviate this misery, though it has not compensated for the basic economic dilemma of the intellectual class of the Continent, has shown that the facts are appreciated in the United States.

One other fact should not be forgotten: it is rapidly becoming impossible for ideas to circulate freely among nations. Because of the fall of the currencies of different countries and the wild vagaries of the daily exchange, students in Europe consider themselves lucky if they have enough to buy books and magazines in their own language. Even libraries and universities cannot afford to keep up their subscriptions to foreign technical magazines; and the purchase of general magazines — like the *Atlantic* itself, for instance — is now a luxury indulged in only by the very few. In France, where the currency is relatively very strong, a book published in America at five dollars (and the conscientious student would like to buy three or four such volumes a year) costs ninety francs to-day, as compared with similar books written in French costing seven or eight francs. Students in Central Europe are dependent almost entirely on the goodwill and thoughtfulness of their confrères in England and the United States, to send them used copies of books and magazines, if they are to have any notion of the intellectual winds of doctrine in English-speaking countries. German and Austrian students cannot spare the money to buy even the much cheaper French books.

This locking-up, so to speak, of the younger generation in Europe within the confines of its own language, this inevitable intensification of the nationalistic spirit, at the very time when the Continent is torn by far too many nationalistic passions and jealousies,

is particularly unfortunate. The things of the spirit and of the mind know — or should know — no frontier; and it is precisely during the generous years of youth, during the normal period of a young man's school and college work, that he is most susceptible to the influences which make for understanding of, and sympathy toward, foreign countries. It goes without saying that Europe needs this international attitude more to-day than almost ever before. It needs more idealistic and tolerant young men with visions that look beyond the confines of their own particular country; there are a sufficient number of organizations like the *camelots du roi* in France, or the superpatriotic Fascist cliques in Germany, with their ill-disguised invitations to the youngsters to become applauded hoodlums.

Yet, at just this time in European history, when as never before improved communication facilities have brought peoples nearer together in a physical sense, when the invisible wireless-telephone waves can travel from Copenhagen to Milan, and when, above all, the countries of the Continent need some spiritual nexus to bind them together in a communality of interests — at just this time the economic structure is so smashed that those who would be the most valuable helpers in this vital task, the students and the intellectuals, are more isolated from each other than at almost any time during the last three or four decades. Europe demands internationalism to-day, if it is to be saved. Education has always been the greatest force making for it, and young students have always been its warmest protagonists. But education is breaking down, students cannot communicate with each other. Intolerant and rasping nationalism — with little opportunity to break the spell of its social

pressure — is what the young man is, unless strenuous efforts are made, likely to encounter in his environment to-day.

V

If I left my analysis of the education situation in Europe at this point, I might well join the prophets of despair of whom I spoke at the beginning of my article. But there seems to be in human nature some deep, self-preservative instinct which, when all the indications that a superficial observer can note combine to a pessimistic conclusion, somehow asserts itself with a vigor and directness that refute every prediction of calamity. So it is in Europe to-day. I shall not lay stress on the obvious fact that adversity is a gymnasium of bracing virtues, and that the young men who are persisting in their work and resisting contemporary temptations are being moulded into fine characters. I prefer to point to more positive and hopeful signs.

To begin with material things first — there is always, to put it quite frankly, America, which has never yet, so far as I know, failed to respond to an appeal that touched its moral conscience. The amount of private and semi-private benefactions that have come to the Continent from the United States, solely for the purpose of helping European students and professors through their daily living problems, is already astonishingly high. But other nations — and particularly the students in those nations — have heard the call of their unfortunate contemporaries over here. The students in happier circumstances last year united to send support to the students of Europe, and solely among themselves raised the considerable sum of almost three quarters of a million dollars, all of which went in a practical way toward helping some 70,000 European students

of eleven different nationalities. This year a similar campaign is under way, and the universities of North America are assisting in it. Your European Student-Relief Fund is, I believe, working efficiently.

Furthermore, the students of Europe themselves are not content to be the mere passive object of charity from America and foreign nations. They are trying to help themselves. They have organized coöperative student purchasing bureaus, where clothes and supplies can be bought at the lowest possible price. They run student restaurants, student shoeshops and tailor-shops, student printing presses and student laundries. Most important of all, perhaps, they now direct big employment agencies for their own members, where the most useful and profitable work, that at the same time conflicts least with their intellectual duties, is found for hundreds of young men. In a word, they are developing qualities of self-reliance and leadership under the pressure of necessity. Not always do they succeed in coping with the difficulties, chiefly not of their own raising; but they are making an intelligent effort, and with sufficient encouragement may yet actually come through. At all events, they are not supinely giving way to despair.

Even Governments, preoccupied as they are with their political and economic problems, are beginning to give heed to the educational needs of the rising generations. In the new Baltic states, for example, observers agree upon the remarkable keenness shown by all classes of the population on the subject of education. Czechoslovakia allocates a considerable part of her income to the same purpose. In almost all countries in Europe to-day is growing the conviction, gained from sad experience, that the problems of reconstruction will be solved less by

armies and diplomatists than by trained technical and scientific experts.

In France itself, one of the most hopeful signs of the Government's growing awareness of the urgency of the situation is the institution of the new 'loans of honor,' which the experience of other countries — that of the United States above all — has shown to be practicable and not a waste of resources. Scholarships for the *lycées* and *collèges* are given fairly freely in France; but after the age of eighteen the student has hitherto been left pretty much to his own resources. But after a hard political struggle in the Chamber of Deputies the *prêt d'honneur* has at last been voted, the money advanced to be paid back, without interest, within ten years after the beneficiary receives his diploma. The loans are to individuals and not for the purpose of subsidizing any particular institution, and it is emphasized that the relations of the State and the Church are in no way changed, and that the fundamental secular laws of the country remain untouched. Morally, the loan has a good effect on the student himself, since it teaches him that a service must never be lost, and that what society has given must be returned. Financially, the capital advanced does not disappear for good, but is retrievable. In both respects this is better than the scholarship system, for there the money is given outright: it is gone for good, and the student is under no obligation whatsoever. The State has begun with the comparatively small sum of 2,000,000 francs; but there is little doubt that this will be added to in the future by private contributions to the fund.

VI

To turn from these more practical considerations to the spiritual forces

at work in Europe that give ground for hope, is to come at once upon manifestations of fine and high ideals. France, her detractors repeat too stridently to-day, is hopelessly and inordinately Chauvinistic. But there is already under way a project for the building of a great *Cité Universitaire* on the outskirts of Paris, where students of all nationalities can come and pursue their intellectual labor on terms of equality with other students. Certainly this is an extremely strange way of encouraging the Chauvinistic spirit. And the erection of a Moslem Mosque — the only one in Western Europe — within the city hardly indicates that France is the prey of narrow religious intolerance.

Yet it is the attitude of the students themselves that gives the strongest ground for encouragement. At a recent conference in the town of Turoff, in Czechoslovakia, eighty-three students, representing thirty different nationalities, met together to consider how they might help each other and promote the cause of European peace. The significance of this passage in one of the students' reports on future relief work should thrill anyone truly interested in the cause of international amity: 'Instead of giving and receiving countries there should be, in future, a coöperative work of all student bodies, grounded in the thought of the solidarity of students in all countries, as an omen of the road which the peoples of the world should tread.'

This passage was signed and approved by members of a conference which included a dynamite mixture of racial, religious, and political hatreds that would have destroyed in one hour any meeting dominated by lesser ideals.

For me, then, the most satisfactory thing is the growing recognition of the fact that education is international. In the *Christian Science Monitor* of a

recent date I observe that the foremost educators of sixty nations met at what is called the first World Conference on Education, in San Francisco, and formed a World Federation of Educational Associations, with the preamble to its constitution beginning: 'Whereas educational aims are universal —' and having for its object 'to secure international coöperation in educational enterprises and to cultivate international good-will.' During the Conference Dr. William B. Owens, President of the United States National Education Association, declared: 'Education is international. Geography, mathematics, the sciences, and other subjects, recognize no boundaries of peoples and nations.' It was resolved to set aside May 18 of every year as International Good-Will Day. I do not know how far such a day will be observed, but it would be excellent and full of promise if, indeed, on one day out of every 365 we could induce all men and women in all lands to think of the various members of the great human family with a kindly desire for coöperation and with a determination to work for the advancement of the world.

It is through the channels of education that there may be set coursing around the globe the beneficent idea of world-citizenship. Neither history nor economics is national. Arithmetic is not the prerogative of any country. Political science, like chemistry, is universal in its application. The mysteries of natural laws must be elucidated for everybody. If knowledge can make

life in the material sense less onerous in one place, it must make life less onerous in another place. We must learn to think of ourselves as all pupils in the same great school. Dr. P. W. Kuo, the head of the Chinese delegation well said: 'One of the functions of the university is to search for truth, and the truth is everywhere and at all times, and is not limited by racial and national boundaries. The very word university suggests universality of ideas, of interests, and of sympathies.' So that there must be no writing in a despairing way. Back I go to the poem of Swinburne and I repeat: —

From days laid waste across disastrous years,
From hopes cut down across a world of fears,
We gaze with eyes too passionate for tears,

Where faith abides, though hope be put to flight.

Though France were given for prey to bird and beast,

Though Rome were rent in twain of king and priest,

The soul of man, the soul is safe, at least,

That gives death life and dead men hands to smite.

And I think too of the old Breton legend of the isle of Ys, which is submerged by the sea. On clear and calm days — so the legend as recalled by Renan runs — one can look down and see through the waters the towers still standing and hear the bells chiming the hymn of day. We too, in Europe, looking down through these difficulties, can see the splendid steeples, and can hear the ascending hymn of courage and of hope.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CHESS AND FOLKS

I ACKNOWLEDGE a personal debt of gratitude to the old Quaker lady who remarked that 'folks is folks.' She meant, I take it, not only that human nature as a whole is much the same the world over, but that our several human natures are capable of classification among a number of broad, and more or less well-defined, subdivisions. If I get her meaning rightly, then my own scanty experience and limited observation — which do not for a moment compare with her superb cosmopolitanism — repeatedly corroborate the profound wisdom of her remark. Folks *is* folks. And folks fall into classes as inevitably as coal falls into its various pockets. This I say, despite the fact that I am a thick-and-thin, bitter-end, stand-pat individualist, with a magnificent scorn for all the precisianism and mechanism of modern psychology.

Speaking of psychology, in its earlier and safer days psychology took note of at least three great classes or subdivisions of human nature. They were called, I believe, temperaments, and they were the sanguine, the bilious, and the phlegmatic. It was an unfortunate terminology. It suggested bloodthirstiness, jaundice, and a bad cold. Perhaps the terminology was unable to live down these unfortunate suggestions, and therefore quietly died. At all events, it has vanished — which is just as well, for it was quite inadequate.

There are a great many more than three subdivisions of human nature: nearer three score. Chemistry has its seventy-odd elements, all equipped with their affinities or antipathies for

each other, and from a careful manipulation of these we get our various chemical compounds. Why should we not say that humanity has its seventy-odd elements, or prismatic colors if you prefer, from a blending of which we get that wonderfully intricate and fascinating thing called 'folks'?

That these subdivisions are world-wide and persistent is amply proved, to my mind, by the royal game of chess. My encyclopædia tells me that chess is an exceedingly ancient game, whose origins are uncertain, and that it may have been devised or invented by the Persians. Wherever and whenever it was originated, I insist upon believing that it was the work of some primitive psychologist, some shrewd, whimsical observer of mankind, who thought to beguile a leisure day by caricaturing a few of the typical human characteristics in a set of ivory images, and then out of their relations and interactions fabricating a game that should be indeed a royal game, fit for the diversion of caliphs and grand viziers.

For example, take the first piece that comes to hand, a pawn. I think I love him best, too. What does the pawn typify in human nature? What, but the great class of ordinary human duffers! He cannot do anything very well. His powers are exceedingly limited. He is exposed to danger from every side. Nobody cares when he is down and out. But he has his good points. He begins well, even if he does have to slow down. He plods straight ahead, one step at a time. He usually starts the ball rolling, and never goes backward, and never knows when he is beaten. Have a little care how you ap-

proach him, for with a sudden side thrust he will get you if you are within reach, be you proud prelate or haughty knight. And then, 'once in a while, he can finish in style,' when through the contemptuous carelessness of his superiors he quietly slips into the king row and assumes regal powers.

Here is the king. I am in doubt whether he typifies the moneyed proletarian or the timid politician. At all events, his function is to be protected, to profit by the labor of others. He is your true conservative. What he likes best is to get things in just the right position, and then keep them so. He hates to move, and when he does, it is only a step at a time, in any direction that is open, and only to avoid danger. He is timid and feeble and apprehensive. Yes indeed, I know a lot of kings.

Next to a pawn, I love a castle. He stands for the honest and forthright class. He is direct and powerful. He works straight up and down, straight right and left. His paths do not deviate. His angles are all square. He has a long arm, and is a power in the land.

But it is hard to love a bishop (I mean a *chess* bishop). He is just the antithesis of the castle: indirect, oblique, diagonal. He never comes at you squarely, but always on the slant. Just when you are about to perfect your position and win the game—Look out! there is a crafty, watchful figure lurking in the corner, ready to pounce sideways upon you, and bring you to ruin. I wonder why they called him a bishop.

We all know the class of people typified by the knight. They make an imposing appearance, and give promise of great ability. Show them the objective, and they will dash boldly at it, with a warning 'Have at you!' But at the last moment they sidestep. You cannot say whether they will dodge to the right or to the left, but you are perfectly

certain that so long as you stay directly in their path you are safe. Perhaps they are infirm of purpose. Perhaps second thought reminds them in the nick of time that discretion is the better part of valor. But they never carry a line of action straight out. Like the poor marksman, the one thing they never hit is the thing they aim at. It is easy to lose your temper over them, but at least they enliven the monotony of life. They introduce into every occasion the element of surprise.

'Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen!' Resourceful, powerful, without scruple or limit, regardless of all save her own regal will, headstrong, ruthless, proud, and domineering, committed by the exigencies of the game to the service and protection of her lord, and yet filled with patent contempt for the very thing she serves and protects, resenting the fate that obliges her to serve another when, by reason of her supreme ability, she feels herself qualified to command all—such is this queen. Without her, the game becomes a dull and perfunctory endeavor to postpone defeat. But so long as she is present hope never dies, and the game never loses its note of haughty defiance and aggressiveness. Yet, thank goodness, the class of people whom she represents is small. Without that class life would be stale and insipid; but with too many of them it would be unendurable.

I never see a chessboard with its pieces arranged, without seeing back of it, in dim fanciful outline, the various classes of people which its ivory pieces represent, with their various characteristics and self-consistencies. And I never watch the game played without telling myself that here in miniature is an epitome of the great game of human interactions and relationships.

It becomes inevitable to push the analogy one step farther. If only one could play the game of human life with

something of the same knowledge as to the nature of the pieces employed, and with something of the same prevision as to their powers and limitations and the way they are bound to move, what an inordinate amount of disappointment and bad temper it would save. Most of the passionate reproach we feel toward our fellow men for their failure to do what we expect would much more justly be turned against ourselves. We are usually at fault in expecting them to do things they are not designed to do, in asking them to move in ways foreign to their nature. This might be avoided if we would take the trouble to get acquainted with human nature in its various types and groups, and to master the law of their characteristic moves. The player does not call his knight a fool because it cannot move like a bishop. He calls himself a fool for expecting such a thing. Similarly we have no ground for complaint if a man in the pawn class fails to act like a man in the queen class. How can he? He does not move that way. Our criticism might much better be reserved for ourselves. We have not studied the pieces. We have not learned their moves.

Of course the game of life employs a far greater number of pieces than can be accommodated upon a chessboard. We shall have to make room for many more participants. Here John Bunyan can help us tremendously. We can borrow at once his Mr. Talkative, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Judge Legality, Neighbors Obstinate and Pliable, old Mr. Despondency, and his daughter Mistress Much-afraid. And, drawing upon our own experience, we may add many others — a piece in the form of an ostrich, who knows it all; another fashioned after the similitude of a goat, who is forever butting in; another armed with a hammer, the inveterate critic; still another running and breath-

less, always late. There are many more — some lovable, some not, but all interesting.

The great game loses none of its charm from these additions. It becomes more fascinating because more intricate. But no matter how numerous the pieces, the rules of the game remain unchanged. Study your pieces; learn their moves; then adjust yourself to them in such situations that the moves you expect them to make will be the moves which pieces of that nature are doomed to make — and there you are.

The Irishman who got his pigs to Dublin by heading them toward Cork had in him the makings of a chess-player. If he possessed a knowledge of human nature comparable to his knowledge of pig nature, I venture to assert that he lived a quiet, contented, dispassionate, and profitable life. For if it is true that pigs is pigs, it is equally true that folks is folks.

LEFTOVERS IN LIVING

PROBABLY the only man who never made a practice of keeping things year after year, which might or might not come in handy some time, was Robinson Crusoe. And he does n't deserve the credit for this seeming hardihood of character: fate really was the factor which decided for Robinson that he should give up every bauble and trinket. Noah had two of everything, — really piggish of him, in a sense, — and between these two poles are to be found all of us.

How many times have we stood before some bit of furniture, picture, or what not, and had to decide whether we should keep it or not. Perhaps we were moving into a smaller dwelling, and found that a dear davenport would make living in the future one tortuous twisting. So we stand looking at it —

wondering. Then memory begins to play us strange tricks. How many fine old friends have sat upon it, how many pleasant chats were held within its hearing. We get sentimental about it, swear that never, never shall we part with it — and send it away to a storage warehouse.

Letters are terrible things to cast one into interminable quandaries. There are those charming long ones we get from Aunt Mary, who lives in the country and who knows how to tell of all the little happenings so vividly and interestingly. Every time we get one we read it over once, chuckle at half a dozen good things, and promptly save it. After carrying it around in a coat pocket, we put it in a corner of the desk, with others of its kind which some day will be taken out and read again.

Of course, the day never comes; we are so infernally busy, and the old letters wait in their pigeonhole — aging and growing yellow. But another day does come when we have to decide whether to keep the million or so letters we have on hand, or move into a more commodious place. Then there is nothing to do but burn them and stay where we are, or keep them and change our address.

I once knew a man who had saved every letter he had ever received. His correspondence, eliminating the advertisement end of it, might not have impressed one as voluminous. His relatives wrote him every Christmas and on his birthdays, and on other gala occasions. Yet even these birthday and Christmas letters, when collected and saved year after year — well, the accumulation was absolutely staggering. But he was no mean saver, this man. He kept the advertisements as well. If you ask him why he keeps them, he just nods his head wisely, as if he had some secret information along the line of amassed correspondence, and says,

‘Well, I might need them some day.’

Medicines are almost as bad as letters. Nobody can bear to throw away any medicine; at least, I have never heard of anybody who has done it. Even special prescriptions for special ailments, which will never come again, are kept. Pills might come from the South African diamond mines for all the care people bestow on them, hoarding them year after year. On all these little round boxes is a message. ‘Take one before meals,’ it says. That is all. We have n’t the least idea what it is for, unless we have thought to write more descriptively on it somewhere ourselves. All we know is that, if the enclosed pills are taken, one before meals, something may be cured. So we keep the little boxes in the medicine cabinet as time rolls on.

We even have arguments about them regarding their true nature. We come down with a slight cold and decide we ought to take something. Into the medicine cabinet we plunge and pore over all the bottles and pill-boxes. As we remember, the special box we are looking for, which we had during our last cold the preceding February, was a black one, and the pills were a sickly white in color and must be taken one every three hours. But no, somebody in the house says those are not for colds, but were for the dog when he had the colic. They get us another box, which looks just like it on the outside but which contains some surprising-looking pills of a violent red shade. We are about to take one when another member of the family comes up and asks us, — rather hurt he is, too, — why we are taking his pills for rheumatism.

After this there is only one thing to do. Get another box from the druggist for your cold — a box which you will file away with its companions in the medicine chest. We mark it with a cross, so that we shall know later on

that it is for colds — but by the time we get another cold we shall have forgotten what the mark meant and have to begin all over again.

Many people simply cannot bear to throw away clothes. So far as we know the cycles in clothing never whirl around again and hit us in precisely the same way. Why a man should want to hoard all the old trousers and hats he has ever worn is a mystery. A more unsentimental thing than either a pair of trousers, even of passionate hue, or a derby hat, would be hard to discover. Yet many men have scores of such articles.

Women especially have an uncontrollable mania for keeping things hoarded in trunks and dark cardboard boxes. We stand back in silent reverence for anybody who has a real sentiment over an old wedding-dress, or something of that nature. That can be understood, appreciated. But any woman who could have a true and tender sentiment about *all* the things she had in her attic would be — well, much too sentimental.

And we know it is n't sentiment because we've listened. They delve into one of their unfathomable cardboard boxes and fish out an emerald green ostrich feather of tremendous size. They hold it up to the light, run it through their fingers, then apparently go into a sort of trance. 'Now *what* could I use that for? Of course it could n't be dyed anything but black, and black is n't being worn. I wonder if — But no, it is entirely too garish as it is. Still, one does see them — Now, perhaps with white satin and a little ornament — Hum —' That is n't sentiment.

It would seem as if the attics and cellars must have reached the bulging point of saturation by this time, could hold no more; but the automobile has made its demands on the dark niches as

it has made other demands. We started in years ago with a small car when quaintness ruled the fashion in cars. We eventually wore it out — or it wore us out — and we had to part with it.

There were many precious things on that car, special contrivances which we had bought or, perhaps, had had made, and there seemed no good reason why these should be thrown in with the departing machine. We would keep them and perhaps use them on a future car. So we gathered all the extra spark-plugs, inner tubes, shoes, special wrenches, and miscellany, which were not actually a necessary part of that car. Purists in conscience would call it stripping a car, but that is really splitting a hair. They had not come with the car when we purchased it so why should they go away with it? These things were carefully cleaned and filed away in some safe place. Then we bought another car.

This one was of a totally different kind in size and character. The spark-plug thread was metric gauge instead of the other possible one — sure to be. The tires were much larger in circumference and diameter, and therefore our salvaged treasures of rubber were of no value. The special wrenches could be used nowhere on this new car unless as hammers; and we had two hammers, so these were not needed. In fact, not a blessed item of the first car would fit anything on the second one.

It was disappointing, and we felt quite cast down about it for a time. But then a bright thought struck us: this was by no means the end of cars; in another year we might have still a different car, and *some* of these things would *have* to fit; it would be beyond the limits of reason to believe that two cars would be foreign in every part to our savings. So we kept right on saving them. Not only that, but the second car accumulated some leftovers,

and when that was sold we had two separate sets of accessories. We could now reasonably aspire to cope with anything in the automotive line and put our spare parts to good use.

This third car was what is called a special one. That is, the factories build them according to their own designs and, with evil cunning, put in threads and dimensions that nothing can fit save their own brand. Bolts were purposely inserted everywhere of a thread not recognized by the people who make bolts. Consequently, when we needed a new bolt we had to send to the special factory and get its special bolt — and pay a special price for it.

We had two sets of spare accessories now — and a third car. Nothing salvaged from the first two cars would fit anything on the special third car. It had been a waste of time and energy to save them apparently. But we held on grimly; sometime we would get a car that would take some of these things and be glad to get them. It even occurred to us that it would be a splendid idea to buy a fourth car some day — with all our present store of parts in mind.

But somehow or other we never do get a car that will utilize these leftovers. One year, tires of enormous circumference and slender diameter are the thing. Then the next season the tire-makers go quite mad over things that look like big rubber doughnuts, hardly any hole and mostly tire. When they don't do something of this sort, they start fooling with the rims and put a brand-new bead on, to confuse everybody.

Other things go out of style. We saved some beautiful leather straps with polished brass buckles from our first car. These held the wind-shield taut; at least that is what they were made for. Black leather and shining brass! We folded these in flannel and

waited for a chance to use them. No car since then has had a place for them. They simply are n't used — that 's all.

One thing I have kept to the last; perhaps I should have mentioned it first, because it is a mystery, and mystery makes for suspense, and suspense will make any paper simply irresistible. This last thing is the collection of articles, or parts of articles, which gave the word 'miscellaneous' its name. You will find this collection in a drawer somewhere in the house. It has been years in the collecting. No human being has ever found a use for more than half of one per cent of the things in it. He never will. They are things too valuable to throw away — and of no use whatever to retain.

Bits of old wire, a flat-iron handle with a piece gone from one corner; a part of an imposing gas-light fixture; a once gorgeous pipe-case which held a quaintly designed carved pipe, now broken; one end of a curtain rod; two padlocks, the keys of which are missing; a bit of what is supposed to be part of the good ship Cristobal Colon which came to an untimely end in the Spanish-American War; a souvenir showing how much art a penman could put on a bit of birch bark and dating back to the World's Fair at Chicago; a china mug, on which in Old English is the sentimental phrase 'To A Friend'; an eraser got up to resemble a bullet. To go on enumerating the articles in this collection would be a cataloguer's job. It is a staggering lot. Why such things are saved, nobody knows.

Once in perhaps a lifetime, a collector of this sort of thing finds a use for one of the items. A worst twist of fate could hardly happen. It is just that little coincidence that makes people go on hoarding up unintrinsic treasures. They remember it.

We speak of a saving grace, but there is also a saving nuisance.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD FORGETTERY

'How does it happen, doctor, that I can't remember as well as I used to? I carefully put things away, and then I have absolutely no idea where to look for them. As for names, I am hopeless. My memory goes back on me in so many ways, it worries me all the time. Ought I take a memory course or a vacation, or do you think there may be something *really* the matter? I have been looking up my ancestors and find one or two cases of insanity not so very many generations back. You might just as well tell me the worst.'

Thus many a conscientious patient, past middle age but still vigorous and hard-working, will consult a brain specialist, and for no weightier symptom than increasing forgetfulness. And the fatherly physician — for they all are fatherly when encountered in their native lair, the office — will gradually evolve from his worried patient how much work he is swinging, how many houses he is running, how many family cares are always on his mind.

'Now let's look the situation over critically,' the doctor continues. 'You are over fifty years old. Can you climb mountains with your old-time agility? Do you still, when playing tennis, prefer singles, or are you satisfied with doubles? Do you eat as much as you used to thirty years ago? The answer is no. Then while you have eased up on your legs and heart and stomach, you are putting more and more on your mind. And because your mind balks, you make matters worse by introducing the confusing element of worry. You admit you still have the power of reason and the power of concentration, both qualities requiring high intelligence for which memory serves as a tool. And you admit that

your memory holds the important facts in readiness for you; so your only complaint seems to be that your mind can't remember all you would ask of it. Why try to remember so much? Try not to. My prescription for aging patients suffering from your malady is this notebook,' concludes the doctor with more than a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. 'Here is a drawer full of notebooks and extra leaves, all at your disposal. My one request is that you come to me for refills and the sooner the better.'

The patient departs. A great weight is lifted from his shoulders, while he looks forward to the carrying-out of the doctor's advice as simplicity itself. But he has no conception of the difficulties in changing the habits of a lifetime. His conscientious, overworked, scolded mind was so accustomed to hanging on to every item that came within its grasp that it had no conscious outlet, no method of scrapping the daily riffraff of facts that percolated in through the eyes and ears. Even bridge, which he dearly loved and often applied as an antidote for the cares of the day, pursued him in the small hours of the morning. Every card of that important hand where he might have made a grand slam would mockingly pass before his eyes. Not a memory course but a forgetting system was what he needed. A dinner appointment popped in and out of his mind every half hour; and as for a lecture engagement, he might as well not attempt any serious work the day that nightmare was hanging over him.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens, a mere sculptor, who made no pretense to the slightest business ability, knew enough to make the postman take the part of a daily reminder. Saint-Gaudens would write his appointments on post-cards and arrange with his wife to mail them to his studio at appropriate

dates. This may have been a little hard on the wife, but it shows that he realized that it was absolutely impossible to put his best energy into his work and keep track of outside details at the same time.

It was not only engagements which constantly unsettled our friend's mind, and the general press of business, but also making a final decision. If a purchase were to be made, — a new stove perhaps, — he would find himself mulling over the comparative advantages of coal, electricity, and gas long after the new stove had been set up. To expect to obtain the best results of concentrated effort where self-criticism was constantly interrupting the train of thought, was like expecting a school-boy to solve a problem in geometry while he was wondering whether or not he would have a chance to play in the football match that afternoon.

Observing himself from the new point of view of trying to forget, our friend was dismayed at the uselessness of the items which stuck in his mind. How often he had laughed at his hopelessly inaccurate wife, who never remembered any figures! But this superior attitude gradually passed through a period of questioning tolerance and ended in admiration. If *he* could only forget as easily! The household cares never seemed a burden to her, though without any visible worrying she forced the expenses within the allotted budget even in the lean

months. A good sense of proportion more than balanced her vagueness.

Of course, there were always some facts which our friend needed to hold in his mind. As an aid to his memory he found the well-known method of forming an association or mental picture a great help, as was also the old-time custom of repetition. Conversely, facts necessary for reference but not to be memorized were jotted down in a 'memory jogger' with the greatest speed, 'lest he remember.' With but little practice he was soon able to whip out his notebook and pencil with such agility that these reference items were successfully prevented from forcing an entrance into his memory department. This closing of the memory department by conscious effort was the first decided step toward recovery. Soon the problem resolved itself into consulting the notebook often and filing away the items of permanent value where they could be brought to light when needed.

The improvement of the patient was astonishing. The dull aching in the back of the head occurred less and less often and the suspicious attitude toward his perfectly good mind was a thing of the past. When with a smiling countenance he called at the doctor's office to ask for a notebook refill, no embarrassing questions were asked. The doctor merely congratulated the patient on his new acquisition of a first-class forgettery.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves was Director of Flying Operations at the Air Ministry of Great Britain in 1918, after two years' service as Chief-of-Staff to the Royal Flying Corps, Middle East, an organization which embraced four theatres of war. In January 1919 he was appointed British Air Representative at the Peace Conference, was later British Air Adviser to the Supreme Council and the Council of Ambassadors, and at the same time to the Council of the League of Nations. Until his recent retirement he was for three years the British Air Representative on the Interallied Military Committee of Versailles, which, under the presidency of Marshal Foch, has been primarily responsible for ensuring the execution of the disarmament clauses of the Peace treaties.

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Langdon Mitchell, son of S. Weir Mitchell, physician, poet, and novelist, inherits his father's genius for diagnosis. A member of the New York bar, he has for many years been an author and playwright. Theatre-goers will recall especially 'Becky Sharp' and 'The New York Idea.' **George Madden Martin** is known to every American school-girl as the author of *Emmy Lou*. Her more recent volumes are *A Warwickshire Lad*, *Children of the Mist*, and *March On*.

* * *

James H. Ryan is a professor of philosophy at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. **Parkhurst Whitney**, who writes for us a story of the workings of a small boy's mind, is a new *Atlantic* contributor. **Elizabeth C. Adams** in her sensible postscript to our discussion of marriage and divorce makes her first contribution to the *Atlantic*. **H. R. Dilling**, who translates for this issue the diary of the Arctic explorer Thorleif Moksleby, frozen to death near Kobbe Bay, in the winter of 1922, is a Norwegian journalist who, for the past seven years, has made his home in

America. **George Villiers**, a new English poet, will be remembered by *Atlantic* readers for his 'Coming Down to Dinner,' (March), and 'Blessed Are the Moments,' 'Values,' and 'Prayers' (April).

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Such a freshet of autobiographical writing has risen from the presses in late years that it is time someone discussed the whole matter of intimate writing and especially the peculiar happiness which comes both to its writers and readers. **Agnes Repplier** makes this the theme of one of her wisest and pleasantest papers. All that we are permitted to say of **M. E. B.** appears in the editor's note at the head of the article. His dream experience is genuine. **George Soule**, for many years a student of social and economic problems, is a director of the National Bureau of Economic Research, and since its foundation in 1920 a director of the Labor Bureau, Inc., which renders professional services to unions in economics, accounting, and engineering. He defends unionism in the important discussion inaugurated by F. Lauriston Bullard.

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One of the many reasons why readers like **Margaret Prescott Montague** is that old friends are to be met with in most of her stories. **Tony Beaver** appears in 'Up Eel River' (May *Atlantic*) and also in 'The To-day To-morrow' (August). Readers of Robert Frost's last volume of poems will be interested in another version of Miss Montague's theme. Miss Montague's new novel, *Deep Channel*, was published last fall by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Dr. Jacks** is editor of the *Hibbert Journal* and Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. **Florence J. Clark** has been a worker at the Henry Street Settlement, New York City, for twelve years. **Joseph Auslander** is a teacher of English at Harvard University. A book of his poems will be published in the spring by Harpers'.

With England expecting to starve unless Germany be allowed to recover and furnish her a market, with France pointing to 1870 and 1914 as her justification for the Ruhr, with Germany slipping toward chaos and intimating that unless she be granted life she will drag all Europe with her, a sense of bewilderment comes over the American mind. Some of us are partisan, but most of us, like **W. O. Mendenhall**, are simply asking, 'Who Is Right?' Formerly a professor of mathematics, Dr. Mendenhall is President of Friends University, Wichita, Kansas. **John Crane**, son of the Honorable Charles R. Crane, former Minister to China, is secretary to President Masaryk of the Czechoslovak Republic and so writes from a particular coign of vantage. **Franklin Snow** is a student of railroad problems, and a writer on railroad economics. He is editor of the railroad column of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Few newspaper writers in Europe are better able to discuss the terrible question, 'Is Civilization Menaced?' than **Sisley Huddleston**. During the Peace Conference his dispatches for the *Westminster Gazette* won him wide recognition, and he is now Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, a position which many regard as first in the newspaper world.

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Among the novelists whom Joseph Warren Beach scores for 'sawing the air' and using 'proud words' to excess, are Hugh Walpole, Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Frank Swinnerton. Mr. Walpole in the most courteous of briefs opens the case for the defense:—

THE HAGUE, THE NETHERLANDS
November 24, 1923

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I have just read with much pleasure the two articles by Professor Beach of Minnesota that have appeared in your numbers of October and November. Will you permit me a few words in reply? Not indeed in my own defense. I bow my head and can only say as did the small boy to his schoolmaster in Ribiera's famous story: 'Sir, mother thinks you take a prejudiced view.'

It may further interest Professor Beach to learn that I have arranged in my house a system whereby, whenever I write the word 'suddenly,' a bell rings, the household is roused and hurries to my reproach; so much good his articles have already wrought.

But I write rather in search, like Rosa Dartle, of information. Professor Beach must intend one of two things in his articles. He is either pillorying certain writers for the iniquities of their styles—but implying at the same time that they are writers of merit—or, as I sadly fear to be the case, he is insisting that these are writers of no merit at all, men who have endeavored to cover up their nakedness with extravagance and empty volubility. If he is doing the first of these there is little point in his articles. If he is speaking of writers of merit he can find tricks of style, redundances, exaggerations in the very highest examples. The monotonous 'wailing' of the characters of Henry James, the wooden stiffness of Hardy's middle-class dialogues (his peasants talk marvelously), the redundances and sentimentalities of Dickens, the false affections of Thackeray, the verbal ugliness of Walter Scott, the clumsiness of Balzac—there is no end to the criticisms that may be made.

These are great names and Professor Beach's retort would, I am sure, at once be: 'It is exactly because I hear on occasions the names of miserable popular novelists mingled with the names of these great ones that I am out to expose such wretched pretensions.'

He hints again and again, if he does not openly declare, that none of the writers named in his articles are honest writers, that they are humbugs and are themselves claiming high station because they have been financially successful.

It is this insinuation on the part of Professor Beach that I am writing to contradict. To take only three of his names,—those of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Hergesheimer, and Mr. Frank Swinnerton,—it is unfair criticism to select certain extravagant passages from their works and to imply from these quotations that their authors are impostors. The creator of *Babbitt*, the author of *Wild Oranges* and *Java Head*, the author of *Nocturne* and *Young Felix*, are not so to be described.

These men are yet young but they have already achievements to their name impossible of denial. Professor Beach would better look at his *Christmas Garland* again and ask himself whether already the names of Swinnerton and Lewis are not as worthy of inclusion as several there present. I venture to think that the pictures of middle-class London life, drawn for us by Mr. Swinnerton, will live longer in English letters than the historical romances of Mr. Hewlett, the *Babbitt* of Mr. Lewis as long as the *Forsyte* of Mr. Galsworthy.

But these comparisons are empty. I would only suggest that the selection of fragmentary quotations from authors, great or small, is too easy a game for the serious critic.

HUGH WALPOLE.

Two points in Philip Cabot's 'Adventures in Christianity' (December *Atlantic*) have brought us an interesting letter from the Reverend S. Leslie Reid: Mr. Cabot's remarks upon our neglect of Hell, and of fasting!

Mr. Cabot argues that the effect of our neglect of Hell has been to empty our churches. Again he argues that were the doctrine revived and preached upon during the coming year, the churches would have to hang up the sign, 'Standing Room only.' Is there a contradiction here? Only a slight familiarity with the history of modern thought should indicate that the passing of the doctrine of Hell has something back of it far deeper than either empty pews or full pews. In philosophy to-day monism is upon the throne; dualism is under the ban. We have one God, not two. There may be a Purgatory where men resist the light for a time; but a Hell, where an Evil God reigns and where there are men who throughout all eternity will resist the good is a conception quite out of line with what a great many now consider the best philosophy of the ages.

The question of fasting is interesting but impracticable. The old type of fasting (no longer advised) is about the only sort open to our average church-member to-day; they must go right along with their work. The type Mr. Cabot advocates would require wealth, leisure, servants in the home, and a much better state of social well-being than is afforded to our average working men and women. We need to-day, not only a personal experience of salvation, an escaped Hell, and an assured Heaven; we need, even more than that, religious folk who will harness up their emotions and their ability and their money to the work of bringing in the Kingdom of God upon this earth. The great weakness here seems to be the lack of a 'social gospel' and a theology for the same.

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Here is an Anglican Catholic comment upon Mr. Cabot.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A great number of your readers, Anglican Catholics and Roman Catholics, will sympathize deeply with Mr. Cabot's interesting record, in your December number, of his religious experience in fasting and confession. They will be, however, at a loss to understand his treatment of these practices as adventures or discoveries, when they are the commonplace of Catholic life and have been for two thousand years.

All over the country there are Episcopal churches, quite apart from the Roman churches, whose congregations habitually practise auricular confession with absolution, and where fasting is practised in connection with religious devotions and on many other occasions and at many seasons.

So in regard to 'retreats'; there are now, in the Episcopal Church, permanently established 'places of retreat'; and many churches, several times in the year, are converted into retreats 'where we can go,' as Mr. Cabot says, 'to fast and pray.'

The highest testimony to Mr. Cabot's appraisal of the value of fasting is the fact that in the main services in these Episcopal churches, as in all the Roman Catholic churches, fasting in connection with and preparation therefor is required not only of the priest but of all the laity actively participating therein.

Reactionary Protestantism, as it from time to time revives the discarded beliefs, devotions, and discipline of the pre-Reformation Church, demonstrates that these were indeed rooted in the Christian religion and integral parts of Christian life. There are few more valuable contributions to this conclusion than the notable record made by Mr. Cabot in the *Atlantic*.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

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The *Atlantic* invades the East!

SINGAPORE,
October 23, 1923.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There are not many places further from No. 8 Arlington St. than Singapore, and when the September number of the *Atlantic* arrives, on October 22, there is cause for rejoicing. Letters from home, coming by the same mail, are read in the office, but the *Atlantic*, with its wrapper intact, is put away in the drawer of my desk until the day's work is done. At long last the clock strikes four, and with the *Atlantic* in hand I step out into the sun-baked square to wake up my Malay syce. He knows the meaning of the thin brown package, and heads the old Ford straight for home. It is a bungalow seven and a half miles from town, on a hilltop overlooking the Straits of Malacca. At the back, the green jungle stretches away to a purple distance, and the road winding up through the rubber trees ends at the bungalow door.

Tea is ready on the verandah, but it must wait until I have taken off my clothes, wet with perspiration since I put them on in the morning. A few dipperfuls of cool water scooped from a Shanghai jar in the corner of the bathroom

serve as a shower bath, and for a brief moment banish all thought of heat. Then, with a sarong around my middle, I am ready for tea.

Ah Fong has been with me for only a month, but he has remembered everything: sliced fresh limes instead of condensed milk, hot buttered toast, and fat chunks of an enormous Borneo pineapple. Through the verandah rails I can see the ocean glistening in the distance. A rickety-looking pilgrim ship bound for Mecca is threading its way among the islands, and two Malay fishing-boats are beating up into a pool of ripples nearer shore. The sun is still high, so there will be light enough to read by for at least another hour. Shall I begin at the end with the advertisements of 'round the world tours,' or start in the middle with the article by Bishop Lawrence? Before I begin with either I'll move over into that long chair, placed where it will catch any possible breeze, and call for a whisky soda. After all, the *Atlantic* does n't arrive every day, and this hour won't come again for another month.

Am I the same person who, not so many years ago, thought that his mother should give up the *Atlantic* and subscribe to some magazine with pictures, or is my literary appreciation the result of two years in the sinister East?

Looking at you from another angle, I am,

Yours,
J. H. L.

* * *

Of the many curiosities which 'A Week-End with Chinese Bandits,' by Lucy Truman Aldrich, aroused, the most burning question is clearly, 'What became of those rings?'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please tell anyone who is still interested in the subject that my rings were found. When I reached Peking, a week after the Shantung affair, Mr. Naill wrote asking me to redraw my map, more in detail. Both he and Mr. Babcock were too busy to take the long trip into the country to search for them, but Mr. Babcock sent his Chinese boy with my bandit as a guide. They found the little town and the hill above it quite easily. Then, the boy says, he searched the hill for hours, sinking at last to the ground exhausted. Idly putting his hand into the crack of a rock by which he sat, he found one ring — and then the other. Holding them up in front of him, they caught the light just as my bandit and a small boy from the village came over the top of the hill. So he had to tell them they were found.

In that way the village learned the news. As soon as it was night and everyone asleep, the

boy says he got up and stole away — in deadly fear that he would be murdered and the rings stolen. This is the boy's story and I am afraid he made it as dramatic as possible to gain face and incidentally a larger reward. Mr. Babcock sent my rings up to Peking wrapped in the little crumpled map which I wish now I had kept. The emerald is badly scratched and cracked, which makes it more interesting as a souvenir, but I am New England-y enough to regret the loss of value. No one in China had the slightest idea they could be found — which added to my joy in getting them back.

LUCY T. ALDRICH.

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Ramsay Traquair has read the retort courteous by Griffis Marsden to his 'Women and Civilization' — and here is what he says: —

I find myself in agreement with almost everything in it. Any criticism I could make would be on mere matters of detail and the use of terms. One idea I should like to contradict, not of this article but of many letters which I have received. I am not a 'woman-hater.' I hope that the women will continue to exert themselves even more actively than before in all departments of life. My serious quarrel is with the men on this continent who are leaving all the things which as a man I must think important, the art, the abstract science, the literature, the higher thought, to the women (who are not nearly so good at them as they are). The women are all quite awake here, as I know, but the men are asleep in their offices and on their golf links (except a few).

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Two Franco-Americans write us on the 'Ruhr' question in complete disagreement, as follows: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read Mr. Cassel's article, and wonder if you would care to know how the matter strikes an impartial reader, all whose sentiments, indeed, were against Germany in the recent war. I was in France a year as a director of the *Foyer du soldat* with the French army from the time of the battle of Château-Thierry.

It is clear enough to us all that France's real aim is to destroy Germany and render her forever incapable of further mischief. What confuses us and prevents us from seeing our clear duty is our consciousness of the fact that, if Germany had won the war, she would have acted precisely the same toward France. But what should we have done in that case? Should we have looked idly on?

Our action during the war shows that we should not have tolerated any such treatment of France by Germany. Why then should we tolerate such a treatment of Germany by France, whose ability so to treat her is due solely to our action? For it is common knowledge that France unaided could never have conquered Germany, and could never have been in a position to do what she is now doing — holding Germany down by the throat and making impossible demands upon her, while refusing to take the suggestion of her allies and submit the matter of Reparations to an impartial tribunal.

But, someone says, what about the future, if we interfere thus? Should we not have to guarantee France against future aggression by Germany? To that the simple answer is that our action during the war is a sufficient guaranty to France that we would never stand idly by and see her dismembered and enslaved by Germany. Unless, indeed, we now continue to stand idly by and allow France to dismember and enslave Germany!

What should we do then? Plainly, instead of weakly suggesting to France the submission of the Reparations question to a judicial tribunal, firmly give France to understand that that is our will.

Having a French name and none but French ancestors on my father's side, and having done what I could to help France during the war, I shall hardly be accused of pro-German sympathies. My sympathies have never been and are not now for either France or Germany primarily, but for justice.

Professor of Romance Languages C. GUILLET
COLORADO COLLEGE.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I take advantage of the hospitality reserved in your columns to your readers, to express to you and your subscribers the astonishment which Mr. G. Cassel's article has caused me.

It is regrettable that its author did not inform himself a little, before writing. I am convinced for instance that he would not have spoken of the enormous military expenditures of France if he had known that compared to the pre-war period the French army has been reduced 25 per cent, and the length of military training cut down 50 per cent; or had he known that at the present there are in the Ruhr only the normal recruits doing their military service, like all Frenchmen of twenty-one, and that it costs hardly more to

keep them there than in French barracks. I am convinced also that he would have avoided speaking of 'the highest legal authorities in England' finding the occupation illegal, had he remembered that a few months ago the British Cabinet and those same authorities, not knowing as yet that British Commerce would be affected, declared the occupation perfectly legal.

I would suggest his reading the Versailles Treaty, of which he does not seem to have heard, and the French Answer to the English Note of August 1923. These are interesting documents! I also urge upon him, and this will perhaps be more to his taste, the reading of a German document, Max Harden's latest book, (*Germany, France, England, 1923*). He would find the following sentences, which would no doubt surprise him: 'We are lied to to-day as in war-time. To hide the shortcomings of administrations, abuse is heaped upon France, upon Poincaré.' 'After all,' Mr. Harden points out, 'what France is doing to-day does not differ materially from what Germany did after the war of 1870. (Does Mr. Cassel know that such a war has ever existed?) Germany then occupied French soil until the last centime of the indemnity of five billions of francs had been paid, and five billions were more than three times as much as Germany's entire war-costs. But what a difference between the policy of fulfillment of the French and the policy of subterfuges adopted by Germany to-day.' These are Maximilian Harden's words!

This dispenses me from any further arguments. One cannot expect sentiment from an economist: honor, country, five invasions in less than 125 years, a million and a half dead, 600,000 mutilated, all this does not exist for an economist who only thinks of the market, and has never heard of the Lusitania. One cannot ask him to be a psychologist, but one can insist on his at least knowing his figures. How does Germany pay for her enormous purchases of copper, cotton, and machinery from the United States?

One last fact ignored by Mr. G. Cassel: There has been a war between France and Germany; there has been a treaty which registers the obligations of the vanquished. On the other hand America fought by the side of France as an ally. This creates a slight difference — that Mr. Cassel does not seem to understand — which makes that France can speak to Germany, who attacked her traitorously, in a different tone than that which is employed between allies.

P. LECOMTE DU NOÛY, D.Sc.

